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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
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SELECTIONS

FROM

THE LETTERS

OF

CAROLINE FRANCES CORNWALLIS,

AUTHOR OF

"PERICLES: A TALE OF ATHENS," "SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS,"

ETC.

ALSO

SOME UNPUBLISHED POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

20182

AND

An Appendix,

CONTAINING "PHILOSOPHICAL THEORIES AND PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIENCE,"

(*Being No.* 1 *of the* "*Small Books on Great Subjects.*"

ETC. ETC.

LONDON:

TRÜBNER AND CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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PREFACE.

TWENTY-TWO years ago a little book was published, entitled "Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experience," *by a Pariah.* It was the first of the series of "Small Books on Great Subjects," of which the twenty-second and last number, on "The State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity," appeared in 1854. These books, published anonymously and almost unaided by advertisements and reviews, attracted considerable attention both in this country and in America; second and third editions were called for; and not a little curiosity was expressed in many quarters as to who the "few well-wishers to knowledge," whose essays evinced so much conscientious research and logical thought, might be. But the secret of their authorship was well kept in the small circle of intimate friends to whom it was confided; and no one, least of all the critics, who speculated upon the pursuits and calling of the men whose strong grasp of mind they admired and applauded, ever suspected that it was to one unfaltering intellect and to one untiring pen that all the more important numbers of the series were due; still less that it was the intellect and the pen of a *Woman.*

Two motives of over-mastering force to her induced her to withhold her name and disguise her sex from the public; but she desired the editor to make it known after her death, and to give such particulars of her literary life as might be deemed likely to be of value and interest to others besides her own immediate friends.

The strong reasons which induced Miss Cornwallis to write anonymously, though of great weight thirty years ago, have now lost their force; so complete has been the change in the tone of society and of public opinion generally, and so little is there now of the sneering, ungenerous spirit which used to be so ready to crush any woman who had the temerity to write a book. No woman who has anything to say worth hearing upon any subject need *now* fear that her sex should furnish an *à priori* argument against her knowledge being accurate or her conclusions wise; and if there be still lurking prejudices against female authors and "strong-minded women," they have now no influence to deter any woman from publishing anything she pleases, and but little weight with the public in its opinion of what she writes. But it was not so thirty years ago; and it was therefore a natural precaution in one who believed, with an irresistible and almost passionate fervour, in the paramount importance of the truths she spent her life in seeking, to eschew whatever she deemed likely to prejudice the fair reception of her writings by other minds.* This was one motive: the other, which

* "Of course I do not wish you to mention," she wrote to a friend, in 1841, when the "Pariah" came out, "that *I* have any hand in forming this kind of conspiracy; that a certain knot of philosophic friends mean to

largely influenced her, was due also to a phase of opinion which is passing away.

The prejudice against women's books was the natural result of a low estimate of women's powers, and a narrow conception of their duties as moral and responsible beings. She felt, as all who think seriously on the subject must feel, that the old theory which denied a woman learning because of the natural inferiority of her understanding, and then pointed to her ignorance and bad logic as convincing proof of her weakness of intellect, was as pernicious in its consequences as vicious in its reasoning; and she, conscious of great power, and looking upon the frivolous education of women and their consequent small influence for good, as a great and very pressing evil, was inspired with an ardent longing to prove that one woman, at least, could master great principles and apply them with singular force of reasoning; that it was not beyond the reach of a female intellect, self-taught, and beset with obstacles, to produce treatises

preach a little common-sense to the world, is no more than the world will soon know if it reads the tracts. There is a degree of ridicule still attached to the meddling of women in philosophy which makes me wish to avoid having my name mixed up with the known or unknown writers who may choose to give their views to the public in this fashion. I would not willingly throw any let or hindrance in the way of what I think a great and worthy purpose. When the condition of my sex is righted, a woman may perhaps contribute what God has given her of talent, to a good purpose without calling forth coarse jests and offensive expressions, and then the world will get civilized the faster, because it will have the use of *all* the intellect which its Creator has turned loose in it. The Chinese women are to have their *feet* released, by a late imperial decree, and I hope the time will come when our women will have their *minds* released from the degradation they are now subjected to."

And, again, when the Small Book on "Criminal Law" was in hand,— "If it were once known among lawyers that that tract had come from a female pen, they would never read it."

which should win applause from competent judges, in theology and in history, in science and in philosophy, in education and in law; and it was in a spirit of triumph in which no mean or personal feeling had place, that she delighted to remark how "through the long series, no hostile criticism had discovered a misrepresentation or a mistake." Nothing distressed her more than to be told (as, of course, she was told) that she was an exception, and that her own attainments afforded no argument in support of the opinion she so strenuously held upon the natural equality of intellect in the two sexes. She considered that women were themselves in great measure to blame for the prevalence of a state of opinion which cramped intellectual development and withheld civil rights; and hence she believed that every individual woman who showed herself capable of handling great and important questions, was contributing something towards the future admission of the right of the whole sex to higher culture and greater freedom. She lived, happily, to see that Englishmen are not slow to remedy injustice when it is set broadly before them, and that English legislators were ready to free their countrywomen from an oppressive and unjust law, without waiting for the fulfilment of the impossible condition that they should first prove themselves to be as hard-headed as the hard-hearted husbands from whose ill usage they prayed to be protected. She watched with the keenest interest each step in the important movement for securing to married women the profits of their own labour, the discussions of the Law Amendment Society, the presentation of the Petition (signed by upwards of 3000 women) by Lord Brougham and

Sir Erskine Perry, and the final adoption of the measure by both Houses in 1857. She hailed the new law as a public recognition of principles which she had long held and constantly advocated,* but which she had not hoped to see acted upon in her lifetime; and she devoted the last efforts of her pen,† when sorrow, and sickness, and age had impaired her bodily powers, but left her mind undimmed and her indomitable energy unabated, to the furtherance of the cause she had so dearly at heart. For to her it *was* a cause, and that of the deepest import to the highest interests of humanity.‡ According to her convictions it was not a matter for speculation, or opinion, or argument; it was a *truth*, the denial of which caused the greater part of the misery of human life, and which it was the bounden duty of every woman, by every means in her power, to fight for and maintain. According to her system of mental philosophy, the chief beauty and dignity and excellence of human nature spring from force of intellect; she therefore believed that to admit any difference between the natural capacities of the sexes was at once to acknowledge female inferiority *in all things.*

* Namely, that a woman, though married, is a reasonable being with human rights, and not, as the ancient feudal doctrine taught, a chattel without them.

† See two articles in the *Westminster Review*, on the Property of Married Women: No. XX. October, 1856; and on The Capabilities and Disabilities of Women: No. XXI. January, 1857.

‡ In a letter to a friend on the subject of the treatment of young criminals, she wrote in 1853—"The great difficulty in all such cases, is the finding people qualified to conduct such establishments, and nothing can better show the rottenness of our social system and the formalism of our religion, than this acknowledged difficulty, and how *that* is to be remedied without emancipating those who have the charge of the first years of childhood from the *namby-pamby-nesses* of society, I know not."

Consequently she laboured to prove that there *was* no intellectual difference, and that *therefore* civil and all other rights could not be withheld from women without injustice.

But those who have been accustomed to set down such views as the offspring of womanish (or unwomanly) vanity and petulant rebellion against nature, can little conceive the spirit in which she advocated a theory which ran counter to all the habits and prejudices of her education, and which experience denied; those only who knew her personally can comprehend the desperate tenacity and touching sincerity with which she held her convictions, or the heroic persistency with which she strove to carry out all that she believed they imposed upon her; those few only who knew her well can do justice to the pure disinterestedness of motive which made her as indifferent to fame on her own private account, as she was eager to secure it on other grounds. "Did I tell you," she wrote to a friend in the early days of her authorship, "of the very flattering notice of the published lecture* in the *British and Foreign Medical Review?* The perfection of the *style* is particularly praised, and it finishes with saying if anybody wishes to have a pattern of what a lecture on an abstract subject ought to be, he must read that. I long to knock all the big-wigs together by-and-bye, and say 'it was a *Woman* that did all this. . . . . A *woman* that laughed at you all, and despised your praise.' If, like Caligula's wish, I could put all *man*kind into one, and leave you to say that

* "On the Connexion between Physiology and Mental Philosophy. Delivered by the Rev. John Barlow at the Royal Institution. May 14th, 1841."

in its ears when I am gone quietly to my grave, I think it would be glorious. It is as a woman, and not as the individual C. F. C., that I enjoy my triumph; for as regards my own proper self, I like to creep in a corner and be quiet—but to raise my whole sex, and with it the world, is an object worth fagging for. Heart and hand to the work!" &c.

As her work went on, and success beyond what she had anticipated rewarded her labours, and showed that they were appreciated,* her unselfish ambition

* In the second edition (1847) of his "History of Modern Philosophy," Morell writes:—"In the meantime there are some other minor manifestations of sympathy with the present eclectic philosophy of France, springing, too, in some cases, from sources where it was least to be expected. Any one may satisfy himself of this by directing his attention to a series of works published by William Pickering, termed "Small Books on Great Subjects." In one of these little treatises, entitled "Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experience," there is a new psychological classification of our mental phenomena, into—I. Material and Animal Functions, those subjected to bodily change; and, II. Spiritual and Unchanging Functions. In another of them, there is a deduction of man's spirituality and immortality from the power of the will: in fact, both these treatises are strongly characterized by their giving prominence to the notion and the power of self, and assigning it its due place in their metaphysical philosophy." Vol. II., p. 255.

"Oh that you, whoever you are," wrote the late Dr. Townsend, of Durham, "who write such books, could be interested with me and act with me, in aiming at the utopian and seemingly impossible object of lessening the divisions and promoting the union of Christians." The learned Doctor's spontaneous letter to "The Author of the State of Man before the Promulgation of Christianity," led to an interesting correspondence with the anonymous writer, and produced several sheets of note and comment when he had "with equal curiosity and admiration" read the two subsequent volumes on "The State of Man after the Promulgation of Christianity."

The gift of "Pericles, a Tale of Athens in the eighty-third Olympiad," to the late Dr. Hawtrey, called forth the following acknowledgment:—"I had already read it with very great interest and pleasure, and can say with great truth, that I have never met with any work of fiction on a classical subject which united so much valuable information to so interesting a story."

was amply satisfied, while her views of wider usefulness expanded. It was to a more rational view of female education that she looked as one of the surest means of preparing a new generation to meet, and fitting it to be ready for, that displacement and upheaval of old modes of thought and petrified formulæ of belief, which she had long seen to be threatening, and which she anticipated with mingled dread and hope. Long years of deep reflection, a lengthened residence in Italy, and much close and severe study, wrought their inevitable work in awakening questions as to the grounds of the sincere, if narrow, convictions in which she had been nurtured, and as to the depth and strength of the foundations upon which that neat, compact system of English theology rested, which she had been taught to regard as the sole Ark of the Covenant of God with His children. Before she went abroad (in 1826) she was anxious to know how much or how little authority existed in early Christian traditions for the practices and doctrines of Romanism, and applied to every clergyman she was acquainted with for information. One (as she would frequently relate) had never heard of the Fathers; another was aware that some such authors existed; none had any knowledge of them, and, failing to find help from the appointed teachers whom she had been trained to reverence, she set to work with characteristic zeal to read for herself, and fruitful in conclusions she little anticipated when she began, were those mornings spent in the British Museum, and the notes from every great ecclesiastical writer of the three first centuries, which they produced. For the results of her investigations, it is only necessary to refer to the three volumes on *The*

State of Man after the Coming of Christ; a concluding volume, in which she had meant to give a survey of the present condition of England, social, political, and religious, she never completed. The design of these books would not escape an attentive reader; but the same motive which made her write anonymously, prompted the extreme caution with which she avoided everything that could provoke controversy or shock religious prejudices, and the approbation* with which they were received in quarters where they might have been expected to excite the bitterest hostility, justified the plan upon which she wrote. It was her object to set before her readers the actual words of the first Christian teachers; the first simple expositions of early Christian doctrine; the beautiful examples of primitive holiness which such teaching and such doctrine produced; and she left it to them to draw their own conclusions as to subsequent teachers and later doctrines, believing that those conclusions would of necessity tend to the same end as her own. For, to her eyes, the Divine Revelation of the Gospel, *as held by the early Apologists*, was Christianity exhibited in its purest and most blessed form, and she longed with an intense earnestness to make its beauty seen and its everlasting Truth felt, as they were seen and felt by early saints and martyrs, before it had suffered from the distorting medium of monkish ignorances, scho-

* With very rare exceptions. *The Critic*, which had been a warm admirer of the early numbers of the Series, took great exception to Number XIX. of which it thoroughly apprehended the drift, and in an angry review in which it admits the "ability and taste" of the author, is "sorry to observe that he has made an apparently harmless narrative the medium of a covert attack on principles as yet held sacred by the majority of Christians in this country."—*The Critic*, Oct. 1, 1851.

lastic subtleties, and sectarian controversies, through which its pure light has had to make its way down to the present. How much her devoted labours may have contributed to these great objects, it is useless to inquire. That other minds, earnest as her own, foresaw the crisis, and like her, have turned from the confusion of the present to the same original sources, and with very similar results,* permits the belief that to many her works will have met a want which is every day more urgently felt; and if the most anxious desire to arrive at truth, however toilsome the way, and the profoundest conviction that it *can* only be found by those who seek with patient singleness of purpose, afford any grounds for expecting the Divine blessing on any human undertaking, few could more confidently hope for it. "God knows," she wrote in 1846, "I never put pen to paper on these momentous subjects without bending in humble prayer that I might be guided myself, and be enabled to guide others to that true wisdom without which all learning is but 'as sounding brass.'" And in the rough draft of what she had intended to be the conclusion of the series of "Small Books," the same aspira-

* See *Catholic Thoughts.* By the Rev. F. M. Printed 1835-48. The works of the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Scholten's *Comparative History of Philosophy and Religion. Revue des Deux Mondes.* June 15th, 1860: *Théologie contemporaine en Hollande. An Introduction to the Old Testament,* by Samuel Davidson, D.D. Dr. Stanley's *Eastern Church, Jewish Church, Three Sermons on the Bible, and Seventh Sermon of "Canterbury Sermons," Belief in Christ.* Sermons by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies:—*The Work of Christ, or the World reconciled to God.* Also Nos. IV., XI., XIII. of *Tracts for Priests and People.* And No. XII., *The Testimony of Scripture to the Authority of Conscience and of Reason.* By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttleton. *The Churchman and the Free Thinker.* By the Rev. Thomas Shore. *Thoughts on Revelation with special reference to the Present Time.* By John McLeod Campbell. 1862.

tion is uttered in words which better convey the spirit in which she worked than can be given by any other pen. "They [the Editors] look for one, and only one, reward, and the acclamations of men, even could they be attained, would but drown the 'still small voice' which alone can speak peace to the weary soul amid the confusion and turmoil of a world not yet framed according to the measure of the Sanctuary.

"Reader, farewell; the Editors have closed their task, and when you and they meet before the throne of Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, may both find that they who have taught, and they who have listened, have been found worthy to hear the blessed words—'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

It is hoped that enough has been said to give some idea of the aim and object to which Miss Cornwallis devoted her great abilities. In the letters contained in this volume, a better record of the growth and progress of her mind will be found than could otherwise be conveyed, although whatever might be deemed of too personal or private a nature to insert, having been omitted, they hardly give a fair picture of the manifold disadvantages of ill-health, want of leisure, and the means of study with which her youth was beset. Here no attempt is, or can be made, to criticise, to compare, or to judge: that task is left to others more competent, and unswayed by the prepossessions which must influence one whom she trained as a pupil, trusted as a friend, and loved with all the deep affection of a mother. Even in what has been said in the foregoing pages, it is but too likely that the mind of the teacher has been but feebly and imperfectly interpreted by the scholar who, looking up to her from a level immeasurably below her own,

may have failed to do justice either to the strong originality of mind or to the rare loftiness of aim which were her great and distinguishing characteristics. But her works remain; *they must* do her justice, for she was one in whom it would have been impossible to separate the author from the individual; and *they* abundantly testify to the profound earnestness and the reverential love of truth which were as conspicuous as the grasp of her intellect and the extent and variety of her attainments. And lest it should be thought that wrong is done to a great and noble character—especially when it is that of a woman—by dwelling exclusively on its literary achievements, and telling nothing of its personal history, it is necessary to explain that Miss Cornwallis had always deprecated the idea of any attempt to write her life, and had taken care to destroy the materials which might have furnished a biographical memoir. Apart from those revelations of the hidden life to which she so strongly objected, there is nothing in the outward existence of an English gentlewoman of retired habits and feeble health to afford matter for a biography; and although the interest is deeper and more exciting when we are permitted to enter the inner sanctuary, and to know why the heart bled, as well as how the brain toiled, such an interest is seldom secured without the betrayal of much which should have been given to the sacred silence of the grave. The publication of a portion of her correspondence, and also of some of her manuscript poems, she herself sanctioned, and it is hoped that they will in some measure supply the place of the more detailed personal narrative which many of her friends have expressed a wish to see attempted.

It was the original intention of the editor to have

published a complete edition of all Miss Cornwallis's writings, both printed and in manuscript, but this design has been abandoned, partly because many of them, especially those on scientific subjects, have already fulfilled their mission, and can no longer be useful as clear summaries of the latest results of modern investigation, and partly because the unexpected number and value of the letters at the editor's disposal seemed to justify a separate and distinct volume. But as the "Small Books on Great Subjects" were *the* work of her life, by which she most of all desired to be known and to be remembered, the first and shortest number of the series is here reprinted. Some of those which followed it may display more varied learning, and some may be thought to exhibit greater power and originality; but this little book contained the most eloquent expression of all her deepest convictions; it is the one which has been the most widely known and the most generally read; and it is perhaps *the* one which those who best knew and most loved her, would select, as the truest reflection of that fearlessness in inquiry and that profound conscientiousness of spirit, which gave a weight to her words and a living force to her example, the remembrance of which will endure and fructify when the special evils which first moved her to authorship have passed away, and when the difficulties, spiritual and intellectual, which she so earnestly sought to meet, are forgotten.

M. C. P.

October, 1863.

Genealogy of the Younger Branch of the Cornwallis Family, of which the Author of "Small Books on Great Subjects" was the last Representative.

Sir Thomas Cornwallis, Kt.,
Treasurer of Calais and Comptroller of the Household of Queen Mary, married Anne, daughter of Sir John Jerningham, died 1604: issue 2 sons and 3 daughters; the sons,

- Sir William, Father of Frederic, created Baron in 1661. See *Peerage*.
- Sir Charles (the 2nd son), Knighted by James I., and sent Ambassador to Spain in 1603, married Elizabeth, daughter of Thos. Fincham, Esq.: issue 2 sons,
  - Sir William, Married Catherine, daughter of Sir Philip Parker, of Erwarton, Suffolk: issue 6 sons and 5 daughters; the 2nd son,
    - Thomas, First Governor of Maryland (1633), born 1603, married Penelope, daughter of John Wiseman, Esq., died 1675: issue 4 sons and 6 daughters; the 2nd son,
      - Thomas, Born 1662, Rector of Erwarton, and afterwards of Bradley Parva, Suffolk, married Mary, daughter of Robert Cock, Esq., died 1731: issue 7 sons and 4 daughters, of whom there survived in 1760 only the youngest son, and 1 daughter, Anne, widow of John Galliard, Esq.
        - William, Born Sept. 12, 1708, Rector of Wenham Mag. and Chelmondester, Suffolk, married, Oct. 28, 1746, at Bentley, Sarah, daughter of James Cobbold, Esq., died Nov. 11, 1786: issue 4 sons; the eldest,
          - William, Born March 18, 1751, Rector of Wittersham and Elam, Kent, married, Oct. 9, 1778, Mary, daughter of Quarles Harris, Esq., died Dec. 14, 1827: issue 2 daughters,
            - Sarah, Born July 28, 1779, married May 10, 1802, James Trimmer, Esq., gave birth to a son, March 2, 1803, (who died, April 27, 1812,) died April 3, 1803.
            - Caroline Frances, Born July 12, 1786, died Jan. 8, 1858.
          - Frederic, Lieut.-Col., born Feb. 19, 1753, married A. L. Harriet, daughter of the Rev. W. Fonnereau, died 1811.
          - James, Born Nov. 30, 1754, died July 31, 1798, Post-Captain, R.N.
          - Charles, Born Jan. 5, 1758, died 1828, Rector of South Cove, Suffolk.
  - Thomas.

LETTERS

FROM

1810—1856.

L'éditeur n'a plus ensuite que deux questions à se faire. Les détails que renferment ces lettres jettent-ils quelque jour nouveau sur une époque ? nous font-elles connaître sur le développement secret d'une âme des détails qui intéressent la philosophie ? Intérêt historique ou intérêt moral, si l'on ne trouve ni l'un ni l'autre dans les papiers que vous avez la fantaisie d'exhumer, gardez-vous de toucher inutilement à la cendre des morts ! — SAINT-RENÉ TAILLANDIER : *Revue des Deux Mondes*, tom. XXXVII.

LETTERS.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, March 24, 1810.

. . . The opportunity which I have some time expected now offers, both of returning Mrs. Montague's Essay, which you were so kind as to lend me, and of sending you the *Life of Colonel Hutchinson*, which I hope you will consider as at your service for as long a time as you please. As for *Davila* I am almost ashamed to say that I have not yet looked into it, and in order to account for this neglect I must tell you what have been my occupations. . . . I did nevertheless once attempt to make some nonsense verses, which I flatter myself were *pure Virgilian*, for I did not put in a syllable without Virgil's authority; but when I had done, I was so struck with the incomprehensible folly of them, that I do not think anything will ever again tempt me to adventure another Hexameter, unless indeed I could also attach a meaning. Nothing, I am convinced, has made its appearance so great in sound and small in sense since the famous *Battle of Land and Fight*, an heroic poem traditionally handed down in our family, of which, perhaps, you have heard. Unfortunately for the world, four lines only have reached this generation :—

> Not that a hard-roed herring should presume
> To swing a tythe pig in a cat-skin purse,
> For fear the hailstones that did fall at Rome,
> By lessening of the fall should make it worse!

I have a strong persuasion that I made honourable mention of this performance when at Hothfield, but so notable a piece of poetry cannot suffer by repetition. Such, then, were my unhappy Hexameters, which I first laughed at, then scolded, and then rubbed out in a fury. With Clark I proceed much better, and do not often come to a standstill. Cicero's Orations, with the assistance of a dictionary, I can construe with tolerable ease, but cannot proceed so well with Cornelius Nepos—whether this is really more difficult, or whether I am become more acquainted with Ciceronian Latin, I know not. Of my grammar, I have only got half through the Syntax. This you will say is but lazy work; but I hope now to proceed with more spirit, for the fine weather is reviving us all, and I shall now have fewer interruptions, unless my head, which is as troublesome as Mrs. Carter's, without being good for half as much, should prevent me from applying. . . . Notwithstanding that I have done so little in the way of study, you must permit me again to express my obligations to Mr. Mossop and yourself for the assistance I have received from you, without which I should, I am convinced, have done still less, nor shall I scruple when I find myself again involved in difficulties to avail myself of your kind offers, and again seek your assistance; but unless I proceed a little faster it will be long ere I shall arrive at this point, not of perfection, but imperfection. For the caterpillar you were so good as to send me I must also return thanks, though, unfortunately, the jolting of the Ashford road agreed so ill with its constitution that all Dr. W.'s skill, who was called in on the occasion, could not save its life. Since my return home I

have been going back into my favourite *olden times*, and am at present very well versed in the scandal and tittle-tattle of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. My informers have been *John Lord de Joinville* and the *Chronicle of the Cid.* They are both in our book club, and will not improbably come to our share at the end of the year; should it be the case, I flatter myself you would find some amusement in reading them. The latter particularly has afforded me not a little amusement. But if you are only acquainted with Corneille's Cid, you would scarcely know him in his everyday clothes. For, alas! my ungallant Rodrigo most mercilessly cuts off the head of Donna Ximina's papa without ever considering whether she would like it or no; and what is worse, I doubt if he even knew or cared if there were such a person in the world, and "Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion!" Donna Ximina, instead of claiming of the king the life of Rodrigo in a spirit of Christian forgiveness, begs only his hand—not as a forfeit, but—in marriage! Notwithstanding that the tragic muse is thus cruelly dismounted from her stilts, my Cid is no small favourite with me, and would be, I think, with you.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, April 28, 1810.

. . . My progress in my studies has not been very great; indeed, I have never yet found that I accomplished above half my schemes of improvement. I have not, however, been altogether idle, of which the following may perhaps afford you a proof:—

* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

Who knows but that I may in time arrive at the same degree of celebrity in Latin Hexameters as the never-to-be-forgotten author of

> Ye muses all, and thou, Apollo, chief,—
> Oh, grant me aid! oh, give me some relief!

As for grammar, it has gone on very badly; but an aching head and a well-nigh broken heart are no very good helps in such pursuits. I have, however, been trying sometimes to understand Virgil, in which I have succeeded better than I expected. I amused myself with learning the description of night in the fourth book of the *Æneid*, beginning "Nox erat." Although I cannot thoroughly understand every part, I cannot help thinking it beautiful. Am I right? If I am, I shall perhaps be tempted to conclude that I comprehend more than I thought I did. I have some questions which I reserve for the next time we meet, as they would require too much discussion for a letter. You see that if you would avoid trouble, you must not again make such liberal offers of assistance to so unquiet a being as myself. I certainly cannot but feel

flattered by your kindness, which I hope I shall never give you cause to withdraw. The friendship of the good is one of the pleasures promised us in another world, and certainly those who have attained to the enjoyment of it in this, may be said, in some degree, to have a foretaste of heaven; just enough to teach us to look forward with joyful expectation to that land of promise where neither sickness nor death can again wound our hearts in the tenderest part.

Believe me, dear madam,

Your very much obliged,

C. F. CORNWALLIS.

To MRS. MOSSOP.

Wittersham, Dec. 29, 1811.

. . . I am full of a project which I meant to have discussed personally, and in which everybody here is much interested. I mean the National Society for the Education of the Poor on Dr. Bell's plan. You have, of course, seen it advertised, and the very respectable names already on the list. I have, therefore, only to add, that the Society is anxious for the support of all *true friends* of the Establishment, and that it is its object if possible to promote the institution of a school on the above-mentioned plan in every parish in England. But this must be a matter of subsequent consideration, for the Society itself is only now moulding into form. In this, its infancy, its members are chiefly anxious for a sufficient number of subscribers, and the assurance from those who have any influence in the places where they live that a school shall be established as soon as the Association has assumed an

efficient form. . . . The expenses would chiefly be the salary of the master and the rent or purchase of a room to receive the children. The process of teaching is so shortened by Dr. Bell's method, that half the time now employed would be amply sufficient, and thus, by having one-half of the day at liberty to assist their fathers and mothers, I should guess that all might attend. In those parishes where the funds are insufficient, sixpence or a shilling per quarter would be scarcely felt by the parents, and would in some degree assist. The society in London undertakes to train masters for all who wish for them, or instruct those at present employed in the business who wish to learn the new method, and will, as far as the funds may permit, afford pecuniary assistance—but this latter part must not be depended on till there is a larger fund at disposal. At present the benefactions amount to about 10,000*l.*,—the annual subscriptions to about 800*l.* I think I know enough of Mr. Mossop to be assured that he will readily become an annual subscriber to so laudable an institution; and perhaps, like us, beat up for recruits. With respect to a school, as he best knows the tempers and means of the inhabitants of Hothfield, he is likewise the best judge as to whether there is cash or public spirit enough amongst them to answer all demands. . . . I would have sent you a paper of the Resolutions, but of those yet printed the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has taken so large a portion for distribution that we have none at disposal. . . . I feel conscious that the compass of a letter must be very insufficient for the detail of the objects or progress of the National Society, but I am sure that much need not be said to engage both

yourself and Mr. M. in such a cause—a cause on which the well-being, and existence even, of both Church and State, may perhaps ultimately depend. It is, indeed, matter of no small exultation to perceive that there are yet seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed to Baal; that there are yet very many zealous supporters for our excellent Church in all classes, and particularly amongst those dignified characters whose support will give both permanence and respectability in the eyes of the world to this infant establishment.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, Feb. 13, 1814.

. . . In the state of extreme suffering which I have been in, study has become almost impossible, and many days have passed in which I have scarcely been able to look at a book; at other times your Hebrew Bible has been a very agreeable companion, but you will suppose that my proficiency cannot be very great under such inauspicious circumstances. I have, at your recommendation, sent for Pike's Lexicon. However, I have as yet met with only one word that has posed me; if you can tell me the derivation of it I shall be very glad. Isaiah i. 11. מריאים. Our translators render it "fed beasts;" but I cannot, with my utmost diligence, find it in my Lexicon. You will, perhaps, wonder why I have chosen to begin with the more difficult part of Scripture. I answer, because it is the middle of the book and will lie open without holding. I had when I knocked up regularly parsed and construed the fifteen first verses of this prophet, and had met no stop but the word I have given you. . . .

. . . God Almighty grant that my friends may not be the worse and I myself the better for the near prospect I have had of another world; and then, however my life may have been embittered by sufferings, mental and bodily, of the most acute kind, I shall have no cause to regret that I have passed so severe an ordeal. At the moment when I looked to the merits of a Saviour for support under sufferings from which humanity will shrink, I could but think what that Saviour's agony must have been under equal pain, and the weight of the Divine displeasure added to it, and I felt ashamed to complain. Long, very long, I trust will the remembrance of the last few weeks remain fresh in my mind: but enough of egotism. I know not how I have been led to say so much of myself. Let me turn to another subject of lucubration—English grammar. We have none, I think, in our language that gives any tolerable idea of construction. Is it not capable of being reduced to better rules?* Many ideas have occurred to me which, if they can be substantiated, would perhaps place the whole in a new point of view. A few I will repeat for your consideration. 1st. Our nouns must be called indeclinable as to cases, unless we allow the genitive. 2nd. Pronouns have three cases; as, nom. *I*, gen. *my*, acc. *me*. 3rd. Regular verbs have four moods, but only two tenses, present and past; the rest formed by auxiliaries, of which I reckon nine or ten. 4th. Adverbs stand in the same relation to verbs as adjectives to substantives. 5th. Prepositions

* This idea was many years afterwards attempted to be carried out in No. XII. of the *Small Books:* on "General Principles of Grammar," published in 1847.

uniformly govern an accusative case, as, before *me*, to *me*. The difficulties of shall and will, would and should, may perhaps be removed by distinguishing them as the two tenses of two defective verbs, the one of which has an imperative the other a discretionary sense. You see, I am giving you in turn all the subjects which have occupied my long confinement; but as I rather suspect that some may smell not of the lamp but of digitalis and delirium, I want your more sober opinions. Now the frost has broken, I shall expect you, like the natives of Nova Zembla, to come forth with all that has been passing in your head during the time; if you will not do this, and correct my fanciful reasonings with your more sober judgment, I will not any longer communicate them.

What say you to an emendation in the translation of Isaiah i. 5? Instead of "Ye will revolt more and more," to read "Ye will cause to add abundance," *i.e.*, to the chastisement before spoken of, and thus cause the whole head to be sick, &c.; and would not "Jehovah," which is now constantly rendered *the Lord*, be better, if translated at all, *the Eternal?* and might not Jehovah Sabaoth be rendered so as to give the idea that the Eternal Ones of the Trinity were in themselves hosts, not the God *of* hosts? and does not Isaiah vi. 3 countenance this idea?

Mr. L——b was told by a Russian gentleman who has good means of information, that he much feared neither the exhortations nor the authority of their commanders would prevent the Cossacks from burning Paris: they have learnt French enough to repeat "Burn Moscow, burn Paris." This is their song as

they march; they spare all the other towns, but Paris they have doomed to destruction. . . .

Believe me your much obliged,

C. F. C.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, Jan. 16, 1814.

. . . Do not the passing events lead your eyes to the prophecies, particularly Dan. xi. 40? If you admit Faber's interpretation of the former part, and I know no other better, I think this must be allowed to point at the present extraordinary contest, which is of a magnitude, both with regard to spiritual as well as temporal affairs, which would lead one to think it worthy of a distinct prophecy. Neither sacred nor profane history, as far as my recollection goes, presents any instance parallel: even the destruction of Sennacherib's army in Scripture, and that of Xerxes in Grecian history, fall short of this in magnitude of object; and I feel myself happy in having been permitted to witness the arm of Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts, stretched forth in a manner so signal that I almost fancy myself transported back to the miraculous times of Holy Writ. All voices seem to join in the song of my favourite Southey. The chorus of his fine Essay, as Poet Laureate, is formed by the words "Glory to God! deliverance to mankind!"

. . . As for his [Mr. M.'s] message, he must forgive me if I say that it has not altered my opinion. If he would for an instant change places, and fancy himself a young lady living in a corner of the world where even *any common* attainments are looked at with astonishment, would it not savour something of

ostentation to trumpet forth Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in the ears of those who scarcely know that such languages exist? When they are as commonly learnt as French and Italian, tell him I will never shrink from acknowledgment that I am acquainted with them. Tell him, too, that there are many of his own sex illiberal enough to view a woman's progress in such studies with jealousy, and from the ill-natured remarks of such I wish to be exempted. . . . A *learned lady*, as it is called, is so generally scouted that it is the last character I wish to assume; no disparagement to you, for you have the art of being learned without affronting people.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, April, 1814.

. . . I am going to try to like Mrs. G——, but I am afraid it will be harder than learning Hebrew—pretty much from the same reason, too, for she is all consonants, harsh and unyielding; or, if there are any vowels, they are quiescent ones, as the Masorites call them; so that I cannot read her without points, and they take so long to learn that I shall be grown grey before I am perfect. When I choose a friend there shall always be enough vowels to give a bold and decided sound. . . .

So much for affairs, and then for congratulations—such congratulations! I could cry, with Shakespeare, "Oh, for a muse of fire!" for no pen can do justice to the feelings which have pervaded all breasts for the last few days—such happy faces, such a roar of cannon, bells, and every sound by which joy can manifest

itself, I never before heard or saw. I never till now felt disposed to envy a crowned head; but the Emperor Alexander, may we not be allowed to envy him his sensations! To find himself led by the hand by that God in whom he trusted, to the summit of earthly glory, with none of the guilt attending such triumphs—to hear himself amidst the splendour of unequalled successes, hailed by every tongue as a benefactor and deliverer—oh, surely his must be the "sweetest, holiest draught of power" that ever monarch tasted. I have sometimes thought how delightful it must have been to have lived in the days of the Israelites, when a present God directed the affairs of the State; but those times we cannot now regret, for if ever the hand of the Almighty was visibly stretched out, it has been in the course of the late momentous contest, whilst the magnitude of the means employed and the objects obtained leave it *unique* in the history of the world. France, Holland, Germany, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, all probably receiving new constitutions, of which rational freedom will be the foundation; everything is extraordinary, and everything delightful—the confidence of the people, the moderation of the Princes, peace without treaties, equitable government without laws to bind the governors! In one word, the noblest triumphs of Christianity—for by that, and that alone, could such unparalleled events have been produced. All this unsettles and unfits one for any study: it is impossible not to join in the intoxication of the moment, and equally impossible for the time being to think of any little domestic sorrows.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, Nov. 17, 1814.

. . . You will very likely have heard from general report before this reaches you how very ill I have been. I am now convalescent; but if the pain of every succeeding attack is to increase in violence as it has hitherto done, I shall soon want a cell in Bedlam, at least, for my winter habitation. If I had nothing to hold me to this spot, how glad I should be to leave England, its frosts and its vexations, for ever. It breaks the hearts of all around me to see my sufferings, and my own to see theirs. I have some thoughts of sending to petition the Grand Seignor to receive me into the Seraglio as an attendant upon some of his Sultanas, for I am now qualified to chew opium and drink coffee with any Turk of them all, should love their silent gravity, and abstain from wine like a true disciple of Mohammed. As I understand that the opium gobblers turn green and die after a few years, I would advise you to make the most of me whilst you have me, for assuredly if I go on at the rate I have done, I shall very soon begin to *viridify*. . . .

Farewell, my dear madam; believe me ever, sick or well, your very affectionate and much obliged,

C. F. Cornwallis.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, Jan. 7, 1815.

. . . Dr. W—— has found means to relieve me from no ordinary suffering—how great you will perhaps comprehend from my having, to all appearance, displaced one of the bones of the wrist in the delirium without knowing it. Luckily, it is my left hand, and

only prevents me from dressing myself. I assure you that I have been *very good*, for I promised your pet doctor that I would be perfectly idle just as long as I was not able to do anything, and he acknowledged that it was as long as any reasonable man could expect his influence to last: even upon these conditions I am afraid I shall obey his injunctions much longer than I wish. . . . As for his opinion on my health in general, I can guess the grounds upon which it is founded; and he may be partly right, but not, I think, wholly. He is always very sanguine, and very ready to believe what he wishes; and you will not accuse me of self-sufficiency in supposing that he may wish to set me on my feet again. He has, however, done enough to satisfy *me*; and I am so much a creature of mind, that the very persuasion that I am not long for this world is my best chance for recovery. Do not, therefore, endeavour to destroy so pleasant an illusion, which, if it has no better result, at least makes everyday rubs pass more lightly by. . . . On the strength of Dr. W.'s medicines I have sent for Horsley's *Hosea* to amuse me "when graver thoughts have chafed my mind;" and if you behave very prettily, and give me all the information I want, I will lend it you some day. Living in one's chamber makes letter-writing sad egotism; but I am so rejoiced to find myself able once more to put pen to paper that I know not when to stop.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, Feb. 14, 1815.

. . . Just at present I am delighted with some new ideas suggested by Dr. Gall's system of Craniology.

You have, of course, seen it, as you take the *British Critic;* but perhaps, being a little more *posée* than me, have not been so captivated with it. It serves in part to explain why pain in different parts of the head will produce a different kind of delirium, and why pain in the same place produces generally the same effect on the mind. It explains the phenomena of what, for want of a better term, we call genius, and gives a reasonable cause for the rusting, as I call it, of some faculties, such as memory, for want of use. For if the functions of the mind are performed by separate fasciculi of fibres, undoubtedly those fibres must be exerted to give them their due powers; for as the muscles of the body become incapable of motion if condemned to long inaction, so must the fibres of the brain if not put to their proper use; and this may be the reason why children whose education has been neglected, after a time seem incapable of learning, or at least find a much greater difficulty in it than those who have begun earlier. Thus, too, if the organs be not wholly wanting, the sudden rush of blood to the head, like that in fever, may produce an excitement which would elicit powers which the person was not known before to possess. We have known two curious instances of this in a clerk of my grandfather's and a lady at Ipswich, both of whom were reckoned mere dolts, and both of whom, under the influence of inflammatory fever, displayed powers of mind and of memory which seemed little less than miraculous. Dr. Spurzheim, I find, is giving lectures on the subject in London. Of course, our anatomists will be busily employed in considering the subject; and if they agree in his mode of dissection, it must almost establish the system. Perhaps

Dr. Gall and he go too far in attempting to fix the place for the organ of each particular sentiment, nor do I feel much inclined to agree in the position respecting size of head, because many very clever people whom I have known have small heads, and *vice versâ.*

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, April 12, 1815.

. . . As you are about to leave home, I will not now send you any Hebrew questions, but at your return I doubt not that I shall have a budget for you. Just now I am possessed with a most vehement desire to know something more than I do about the Fathers. A most abominable article in the *Edinburgh Review* on this subject has led me to wish to make myself better acquainted with their writings and general character. Collinson's *Lectures* profess to do this: I wish you could find out what character they bear in the learned world. Did not Mr. M. pick up some volumes of some of the Fathers at Stodhard's sale? If so, perhaps some day I may *amuse* myself with taking a look at them, if Latin—the Greek must be deferred; though I can grub on in *Xenophon's Expedition,* and with a Latin translation at bottom, but I cannot launch into deep water. . . .

When health is only to be preserved by drawing lines of circumvallation past which sorrow is not to be allowed to step, it is hardly worth having. The effort to exclude the enemy wearies more at last than his admission. There are so few thoughts at present on which I can dwell with any pleasure, that, excepting whilst my strength will hold out for Biblical studies,

I cannot help feeling dismal. When I was stronger I could smother care in extreme application to study; now, even that remedy fails me. But why should I pursue such subjects? Bodily pain and mental suffering will some day have an end, and so I hitch up my load again, and proceed on my way.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, May 11, 1815.

. . . My chief employ now is the looking over my mother's MS., which is nearly completed, and which she begins to think of publishing.* If people would be tempted to read it, I think it might do good by compressing into one view all that the wisest and the best have thought upon Scripture subjects up to the present time. This is her scheme to amuse herself, and I have started another, which serves to amuse us all, but which is also a secret at present. No less than the endowment of a school† in this parish. My mother flatters herself that her publication may contribute something towards the object, and this leads her to think of publishing. I flatter myself that my death will contribute still more towards it, and so I feel some sort of satisfaction in the decline downwards of my health, and my father is happy to have the prospect of a mode of employing his money that will return in blessings on his own head. This is the very

* *Observations, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Canonical Scriptures.* 4 vols. By Mrs. Cornwallis, of Wittersham, Kent. Baldwin and Co. 2nd edition. 1820.

† This scheme was carried out, and an excellent school established, for the endowment of which Miss Cornwallis voluntarily gave up a considerable portion of her future inheritance.

prettiest of all my multifarious schemes in my own opinion, and I very earnestly wish and pray that nothing may prevent its being carried into execution in due time. . . . The stupidity induced by so continually poring over proofs is beyond anything that you can conceive.

[After various questions of Biblical criticism.] Oh for a tame Hebrew scholar, who would answer all my questions! He would not want much other employment, at least for some time; but all my overtures to these lords of the creation are disregarded; some *have not time* to learn Hebrew; and those who know it already have not time to attend to *lady* critics.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, Dec. 14, 1817.

I am looking over and, like my mother, quarrelling with Warburton's *Divine Legation*. He has applied a good deal of reading to but little purpose, and I doubt if I shall get through his book, unless it brightens as I go on. But I have had too much of little fidgety domestic concerns to attend to, to allow me to apply steadily. It is provoking to have one's heart in a Greek Lexicon while the rest of the body is superintending the making of a pudding or roasting a fowl; and, unfortunately, on the faith of Anne's acting the part of housekeeper, we took a younger and more inexperienced cook than we should otherwise have thought of, and now the business of teaching this young thing falls heavily on me. I scramble on, some days almost knocked up, others scuffling through tolerably well, till probably, by-

and-bye—if anything a little more than common should occur—it will be a complete downfall. However, I shall not anticipate, and am thankful that I am able to move at all. If I can put things on a footing that will enable me to go away to town, I shall fetch up lost ground there. . . . Mr. Taylor's delay, perhaps, for once, may fetch me a long letter, for you do not often deal in that commodity; yet I like long letters—to receive them, I mean—as well as you can do, particularly when time hangs heavy for want of pleasant occupation. Were not our grannies wise, think you, who did not fash themselves with literature? It becomes such a craving at last, that the hours claimed by other affairs pass very wearily. I sometimes think that the ladies of the present age have gone a step too far in cultivation for their own comfort; they are like my father's pigs, whom he had at last brought to such a delicacy of skin and form, that all the little ones lost their tails with the cold, or had them bitten off by the mother in her assiduity to take care of them, till we had a tailless race: and we shivering, sensitive beings are as little calculated to stand the buffetings of life as our poor little no-tail pigs. . . .

I hear from George L. that books in France are so cheap that you may have nearly a cart-load for two guineas—he had bought Calmet's works for, I think, fifteen shillings, there are many volumes quarto of them, you know; and all the works which we prize, he says, are sold at the same rate. Unfortunately the duty to be paid on bringing them over is so large that they will not be very cheap by the time they get here. It is paid in a curious fashion—by weight! folios

and quartos, therefore, are expensive things to import. It can hardly be wondered at that these books should be little valued, for the learned languages are almost forgotten in France, and religion is either too antiquated for them, or they are good Catholics—and, consequently, must not read upon the subject. These books, he says, were in the libraries of the monasteries, and when they were dissolved, were put up to sale by the waggon-load! . . . I have been reading a little book Dr. Nares lent my mother, on the uncertainty of astronomical calculations and the dangerous tendency, as well as uselessness, of mathematics, excepting where applied to mechanics, &c. As in these points, the anonymous author coincides so much with the opinions I had taken up, it has, of course, afforded me pleasure in the perusal, because I have found stronger arguments adduced than, from my ignorance of the mode of forming astronomical calculations, I could possibly have brought. You know my detestation of mathematics, and as their tendency to make sceptics had formed a part of the discussions in the *tête-à-têtes* I have been enjoying with Dr. Combe, of course I agree cordially with the author, too, in the condemnation of them.*

To Mrs. Mossop.

London, May 7, 1819.

. . . To-day came Mr. Frere.†. . . I said I was delighted that he had entered his protest against the

* It is hardly necessary to point out how little the opinions expressed in this letter, as well as in others of the same period, accord with those which more enlarged and maturer knowledge led the writer to entertain in after years.

† The Right Hon. John Hookham Frere.

long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*. "Yes," said he, "I recollect I went into a shop with Lady Errol to buy a lamp." . . . A long pause of some minutes in perfect silence and stillness, till I thought no further information was coming: then, "And the man said, 'Sir, you will observe that circular aperture.' . . 'What,' said I, 'you mean that *round hole*, I suppose?' . . 'Ye-e-s, sir,' said he, staring." . . I asked him how it happened that *Beppo* and *Whistlecraft* were so much alike? He said Byron took the hint, or rather had the hint given him, by *Whistlecraft*. I said I had heard *Whistlecraft* preferred. "Oh," he said, "Byron himself would acknowledge it to be the best. Two or three people could have written *Beppo:* George Ellis could have written it, Rose could have written it; indeed, I thought at first myself that it was his, and if I had not been so lazy, I should have written to congratulate him; but nobody but I myself could have written *Whistlecraft*." And then he laughed amain. I believe he said truth.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, Dec. 19, 1821.

. . . My mother is pursuing Hebrew so diligently that she will beat us all. She has gone nearly a third through the Psalms, "with good execution," as Clarendon says. For myself, if I can avoid forgetting what I have learnt, it is all I aspire to; for never did I feel such a complete incapacity for application. I have just got Luther's German Bible, but though

anxious to examine it, I cannot manage more than two or three verses at a time, and that with considerable fatigue. Whether my brains will ever recover from that nine months of unceasing pain, I know not; if not, I may be thankful for having picked up some light amusements *pour passer le temps*. A steadfast gaze even at anything long together turns me sick, so that my foe, even in its retreat, has left me little to boast of. . . . Hallam's *History of the Middle Ages* is my present amusement; not very light reading, for it is chiefly a legal history of the progress of laws and constitutions; but it gives a good deal of information which has been locked up from me in inaccessible volumes. He is *very* liberal in his opinions, and no great theologian, which he might as well have considered before he attempted to give a survey of the history of the Church during that period.

Feb. 1. I have been quite revived from my stupor by the arrival of Hickes. Four new grammars, at least thirty new alphabets, and a Dictionary of Icelandic into the bargain, is enough, you will allow, to enchant one; and such euphony in the latinized names of our ancestors! . . . I like him prodigiously, and lament that he is not living, that I might talk with him. Whenever he comes to a difficulty he gets over it "by the blessing of God," and "God willing," goes on to a fresh declension or conjugation. . . .

I have just got a curious book which you will probably like to look at by-and-bye, a translation of the Saxon Chronicle, by Miss Gurney, not published, but distributed to friends, and Mr. Frere

begged one for me. She is one of those who find sickness best lightened by study. Indeed, I think those are the people who ought to study, for they are not neglecting any active duties which those in health, perhaps, might be tempted to do by a darling pursuit.

To Mrs. Mossop.

March 12, 1820.

As to your inquiries about the pronunciation of "Ivanhoe," I am afraid I can give you little satisfaction, for, in the first place, we scarcely know anything of the sound of the Anglo-Saxon; secondly, there is no such letter as *v* in the Anglo-Saxon alphabet; thirdly, there is no such diphthong, I believe, as *æ*, though there is in the Dano-Saxon. These are as good reasons as the mayor's for not ringing the bells at the king's restoration—"lastly, because there were none." I have not seen it, and just now should be glad of it; for sterner studies are bad for my noddle. The same prolific pen, I find, has produced another — *The Monastery*, I think it is called.

Monday. Have you, or have you ever read Quintilian? I suspect that there must be much in his works that would be interesting to me, but I know not how much we have of his, and dare not adventure on purchase till I know a little more of size, expense, &c. Mine is a restless head—the more pain the more desire for fresh books and fresh studies. Hallam has amused and provoked me, and has run over his subject in that

gentlemanly way that has left me wishing for half a million of books to get to the bottom of what he has skimmed. Why was not I fellow of a College with free access to the Bodleian? I might then have been *approfondie* in something; now I skim the surface of everything, and can get no further for want of assistance. Nobody knows the number of things that I have sighed for, and given up because I was tied by the leg to this spot where nothing is to be had. . . . Another book has lately been put into my hands which has amused and provoked me—*The Life of Henry Martyn, the Missionary.* He was of Cambridge, and in orders, but deeply tainted with Methodism, and went out as chaplain to the East India Company. Perhaps he was misled and a little mad; but, at any rate, his proceedings were so injudicious that it shows more than ever the necessity of what has been done, *i.e.*, forming a regular church establishment there.

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To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, Dec. 19, 1821.

A complete ferment of discontent has been excited in this place, of which I have told you from time to time, and last week, after receiving the reduced allowance settled by the Ashford bench, about thirteen or four-

teen of the men came in a body and desired to see my father. They had been admitted before we could prevent it; nothing, therefore, remained but to hear what they had to say, which was all the Radical slang and insult which coarse and vulgar people can muster up. They insisted that my father had written to influence Sir Ed. Knatchbull, and would believe no affirmation to the contrary, and loudly asserted that since gentlefolks would render them no justice, they would right themselves. Anxious for what might happen, I had followed to be within hearing of what passed, that I might send for succour if they proceeded to violence, and for more than half-an-hour had to listen to the insolence of a set of wretches whom we had cherished and fed more than once. At last, unable to bear it any longer, and dreading the effect it may have on my mother if she heard what was going forward, I sallied from my hiding-place, and when they began to open on me, *made* them listen to a recapitulation of what my father and mother had done for them; and when, at last, I made an appeal to them generally to speak and say which of them had ever known my father wrong a poor man, there was a dead silence, and they hung down their heads ashamed. I then mentioned my mother, reproached them with brawling under her very bed-head after all that she had done for every one of them, and bade them go. To my astonishment, they bowed civilly and departed, bidding each other as they went out not to make a noise. I have heard since that many profess themselves sorry, but I am grieved to say that the farmers are frightened, and have yielded to the clamour, my father and two others only holding up their hands against it. This will lead to fresh demands,

and with Mr. T. to prove to them that they cannot live for less than 19*s.* 10*d.* per week, and then can have only a quarter of an ounce of cheese, I know not how it will terminate. My mother saw the ringleader on Sunday—the one who had seemed to show most feeling, and who, being a stranger, was less to blame than the rest; and he assured her that the tale of my father's interference with Sir Edward had been set going amongst the workmen by some of the principal people of the place; that he did not believe it any longer, since my father had denied it, but that he had given credit to it, thinking they must know. . . . Sunday was spent in endeavouring to combat the terrors of some of the farmers and the ill-judged good-humour of others; but the impossibility of guiding a number of men on principles of reason and right alone on such a small scale as this, shows how needful a monarch is in the State. In two neighbouring villages I find that domiciliary visits have been paid with success, the invaders obtaining a supper in each place. Here, if my father's cool firmness had been seconded, I think we should have escaped with a little grumbling only; how things will go on now I am unable to say. . . . Do not tell this tale unless you hear it mentioned and misrepresented. In the present state of things nothing but firmness can avail, and I have no wish to spread a panic. I hear that the men say my father gave them five shillings; if you should chance to hear this, you may give my father's answer to the person who told him so: "No, they should have had five drops of my heart's blood first."

To Mrs. Mossop.

Jan. 6, 1822.

. . . My father's good old tutor is at last called to receive his heavenly inheritance at the age of ninety-eight. The son so stands among the fellows of Merton that he will succeed to his father's living—a pleasant circumstance for him. This good old man always put me in mind of the ancient patriarchs, and seems like them to have been gathered to his fathers by a gradual decay of nature without any serious illness or pain. About two months since that was the report made by his son to my father. It is pleasant to see the priesthood—vilified as it is, and degraded as it is by the conduct of *some* of its members—still presenting such frequent instances of blameless life and peaceful death. So dropped asleep our excellent friends Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Combe—so, with the cool fortitude which would have graced a primitive martyr, died our worthy friend Price, calm under sufferings which might have shaken a firm mind. There is something exceedingly delightful to me in contemplating the cheerful departure of good people—it gives one almost a glimpse of heaven. Few have been so conversant with scenes of this kind as I have, and I have often wished I could change places with the soul which I saw exulting in its release. Till that moment the mind can never be quite free from anxiety—there is always so much left undone, so many failings arising which are to be controlled, such a continual strife, in short, between this world and the next, that we must always be, as the Scripture says—"working out our salvation with fear and trembling." *Then* the work is done.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Feb. 3, 1822.

. . . We have been much grieved by a letter from our poor Italian friend (or more properly Swiss).* She is a Protestant, has married an Italian gentleman, and stipulated expressly for the free exercise of her religion and leave to bring up her daughters in the same faith. The eldest daughter is now I think about fourteen. She has been torn from her mother and placed in a convent, under a promise first, that it should be only for six months, but when the time arrived it was prolonged she hardly knows for how long. The grandmother, my mother's old friend, already far advanced in age, died of grief, and our poor Serena writes broken hearted at her accumulated misfortunes. Speaking of her mother's house, she says, "I go there every holiday to make my solitary devotions where we used to perform them together; I read and pray aloud, and am alone before God to beg His help against my worldly cares, and His strong help against the enemies of my faith, which I hope to obtain to the last." And this exemplary daughter, this fond mother, has had her child torn almost by force from her arms, in defiance of contracts the most solemnly made. Such is the toleration of Romanists! such are the people who desire to have power put in their hands to repeat such scenes in England! If you hear anybody praising the present tolerant and moderate spirit of that Church, tell this circumstance, and ask how well they would like to have their children or grandchildren taken from under their care at the moment when they hoped

* Madame Forti, sister of M. de Sismondi.

to reap the reward of their cares, and instructed in a faith which teaches them to despise and shrink from their parents as reprobates and heretics. . . . I have not been able to pursue any occupation, having spent half my day in bed, the other half in attending to business. Why should people say that women are unfitted for domestic duties by what is generally termed learning? If I had not known how to spell my own name, I could not have done more than make up loaves, and pies and puddings, and fry eggs and fish, &c. &c., yet these have been my employments; and then in the evening I should not have been able to do what I have done—write letters for lawyers, and draw cases for counsel; *ergo*, nobody is the sufferer by the lady's learning but the lady herself, who may chance to have both man and woman business on her hands at once. I have managed to strain my right hand in some of these unusual performances, and consequently do not write much at my ease. I suppose you will say you do not read much at your ease what I have written. I am almost in despair about our girl-cook, who is so very good-natured and so very lazy, that I can make no impression on her; but while I am about, to do what she neglects, nobody finds out that this damsel is incapable.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Wittersham, August 11, 1822.

. . . A curious discovery has been made near us of a vessel sunk beneath the surface of the earth, of considerable size (sixty-five feet in length); bones, vessels of pottery, and a dagger have been found in it. I have not yet seen any of these things. It must have

lain there from the time that the sea covered those levels. It is what sailors call clinker built, and is caulked, I am told, in a very singular manner with moss.

We have just got a loan of Kennicott's *Remarks on Select Passages of Scripture.* I am greatly delighted with it, and would recommend you to get it. He seems one of those cautious critics whose steps may safely be followed. Two or three passages he clears greatly, nor do I recollect to have met with the observations elsewhere, which is the case with most of his remarks, for they are a text-book for all Biblical critics.

John Bull gave his opinion last week about the Irish distress, and you may be sure I thought him right, for it was exactly the same as ours. Mrs. R. writes that some general officer, who had been in Ireland and whom she had conversed with, said the common Irish had been made to believe that the sums remitted to Ireland were a legacy from King James II., which had never been paid till now—the interest was still due, and must be paid also. There may be, and doubtless is, some distress; but I am satisfied from what I hear that it is not so great as has been represented.

To Miss Frere.

Wittersham, Dec. 16, 1822.

. . . The aspect of affairs in England does not please me; discontent and irreligion are silently working their way among a class which hitherto has been the firmest bulwark of the government—the agriculturists, men and masters—and there is seldom much of peace when the religion of peace is discarded. The spirit

of opposition to all existing rights has spread to our village even, and causes me no little plague, as I have ordinarily my father's business to transact. Were it only in this village I should care but little: we might have to battle it out, but the country at large would not suffer. But it is the same all through the neighbourhood—the newspapers would lead one to suppose that it may be so elsewhere. The landlord, and the parson, and the poor are the objects of the farmers' hatred at present, because the law obliges them to contribute to the maintenance of each; while the poor seem much inclined to wish for the law of the strongest, and to claim as a right a full participation in whatever others possess which they have not. A junto of farmers here take in Cobbett's works; the dependents are, of course, edified by their masters' studies, and the fruit of it was seen the other day in a workman of one of them, who had for many years before maintained an unblemished character, stealing a sheep. I am only sorry that it was not from his own master. Thieving is become so general, that padlocks and securities are becoming needful where they were never thought of before. In short, we are no longer the quiet, peaceable rustics of old time, whose petty villanies seemed always clogged, in spite of themselves, with a consciousness of the observation of that Eye which neither slumbers nor sleeps. A clergyman's haystacks, at about eight miles from hence, were set on fire about five weeks since: the *gentlemen* round were strenuous in their exertions to check the flames, and, wanting more hands, called on some labourers who were lying on the ground, gazing at the conflagration, to assist them. "I'll be d—d

if I do," was the answer. I mentioned the affair a short time after to one of the farmers of the place—he passed it over slightly, as a subject he did not wish to dwell on, and showed so little regret that I could almost fancy he was in the secret. So goes the world with us, and in the midst of all this, when the active interference of the higher orders might do much, our nobility and gentry are half of them out of the kingdom: the tenants, in the absence of their landlords, set up for gentry, and ape the vices and the follies of their superiors by way of copying their manners; the poor will not pay the homage they exact to persons whom they consider as no better than themselves (for they do not yet grudge to show respect to what they call *real gentlefolks*); and so all goes wrong. It is painful to see this deterioration amongst a people once so religious and so orderly, and I long for a whip to flog our great landowners home to their country seats, in order to teach their tenants their proper station, and make the idle and unemployed poor work during the week and go to church on Sunday. It is curious that though these evils were partly produced by the influx of wealth during the war, they were then scarcely felt; the generation which had been educated in industrious habits had not then passed away—they continued to work and save money; but then their sons were to be gentlemen. This precious race is just come forth—idle, dissipated, with just money enough to make them fancy they need not work, and just education enough to make them fancy themselves wiser than their forefathers because they can write a better hand and make use of harder words. We shall probably see no better

times till a third generation has arisen—the sons of those who have ruined themselves by their folly, and who must now make their children work for maintenance. Hard work and hard fare may teach *them* to look to the God who can bless the harvest, whom their fathers had forgotten or blasphemed. Living in the heart of a country exclusively agricultural, with not enough of individual ties to make me overlook the more general concerns of the community, it is natural that such should be my reflections; to you, who left England before much of this had taken place, it may be interesting to hear something of what is going forward.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Sundridge, Jan. 25, 1824.

Since I wrote to you last, I have picked up an acquaintance who knows a book from a hedgehog! There is a wonderful and pleasing piece of intelligence for you. And, what is better still, this acquaintance is fond of gardening, and so very plain-spoken, that I have good reason to suppose that as I am an apparent favourite, so I have some chance of being a real one. And then a community of books and flowers! Is it not a delightful prospect? When I called the other day, I was shown into a room full of book-cases, and good books in them, the lobby was full of beautiful chrysanthemums, the table covered with good prints, two good pictures—a Sir Peter Lely and a Carlo Maratti—on the walls. My first introduction to this personage, I should tell you, was the meeting for the sale of the books of our Society, when we spoke, from

sitting next each other, without my knowing at all who it was. "I never saw such a collection of trash in my life as there is on that table," said my companion; "there is but one good book in the whole set, and that is Professor Buckland's." "Yes, there is one more," said I; "Blunt's *Vestiges of Ancient Manners;* at least, that is one that a classical reader would like—such a one as my father fancies." "Then I dare say it *is* a good one." A pretty compliment this for the rector and curate, who were both present. The next time we met was at a ball; Mrs. B. was sitting within one or two of us. "I told Mrs. B. the other day," said my companion, "that our Book Society list was a collection of trash, and she said she thought it was a very good one; that there was Hayley's *Life*, and several good novels. What could she be thinking of to call *those* good books? I wish you would supply us with some." I said I should be afraid of not suiting the general taste. "Never mind; let us have *some* worth reading, at least." This leads me to a story that was told me of the same person; it occurred also at a ball. My plain-spoken friend noticed to Mrs. B. that a young man then standing up to dance much resembled the prints of Henry Kirke White. "And who is Henry Kirke White?" "What, madam, not know Henry Kirke White?" "No, indeed I never heard of him." "You astonish me; that young man that was the most admirable of his age—that accomplished scholar?" "Well, it may be so, but I never heard of him." My friend walked off in disgust, and Mrs. B. turned to the lady next her, saying, "Did you hear how I was attacked?" "Yes; but I must also in justice allow that Henry Kirke

White was a very extraordinary young man. I have read his book, and was much pleased with it." My Teller of Truth was not gone out of hearing, and returned to the lady who had last spoken. "You, then, madam, *have* read his works and admire them. Did you ever know a parallel to Mrs. B.'s ignorance—not even to have heard of so deservedly great a character?" Is not this something of an original? I, who hate to have all the points and corners of a character rubbed down with the pumice-stone powder commonly called politeness, am well pleased to have met with one where some angles yet remain, especially as I have had nothing but the smooth side. So much for my new acquaintance, who, having entertained me, is now destined to entertain you. I tell my tale as the merchants write their accounts — errors excepted.

I want a collection of Hebrew phrases in which *son* of anything, or *daughter*, is used for the visible part of it; if you can help me, do. The arrow is called the *son of the bow.* This is hardly the phrase I mean, because the bow and the arrow are both visible and separate objects; but if I could find this sort of expression applied to lightning, as I think I remember to have seen it, it would be a great step for me. The Apostles and our Saviour himself were so accustomed to use Hebraisms in their modes of expression that it struck me as a fair explanation of the term Son of God, were such a common Hebrew phrase; *i.e.*, the visible appearance of the Deity in contradistinction to His unseen and pervading power. It struck upon my mind as something like new light on meeting with some such expression; and I fancy that I better

understand this mysterious subject, on which I avoid thinking in general, lest I should weaken my faith by puzzling my brains. I think I can comprehend so much of spiritual nature as to suppose that God, without any separation of being, might animate a human body with a portion of Himself; and that, according to the strong expressions with which the Jews were familiar, this union was denominated by the terms of human relationship. I know not if I make my ideas plain; it is a subject so difficult to treat on that even the best of our writers have left me in as great darkness as ever, and the gleam which I fancy I have found may not be visible to anybody else. I never thought that my own dulness of understanding was any reason for questioning any immediate revelation: I have never dared to doubt for a moment the doctrine of the Trinity since I convinced myself fully of the authenticity of the Scripture; but I feel rather pleased with this hypothesis, which enables me to contemplate a subject so interesting to us with less confusion of head than it usually brings with it. . . . I have Buxtorf's *Concordance*, and began to look in it; but the immense labour of wading through sixteen folio pages of four columns each frightened me, and I desisted till I had a more persevering fit upon me.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Sundridge, July 30, 1824.

. . . My head has been very painful, and my wits consequently very much alive since my return, and I have happily just got Murray's *History of European*

Languages. By what gods the people of the Book Society will curse me I know not, for the learned professor has contrived to make his book unintelligible to mere English readers by not specifying from what language he takes his examples. It is a curious mixture of wild theory and deep research; but one thing he establishes tolerably firmly, *i.e,* the common origin of language; and though I am by no means inclined to think that the first intercourse of Adam and Eve consisted of "Ag-wag-bag-dwag-gwag-lag-mag-nag-rag-swag," gradually, and by a great effort of skill varied into lig-tig, &c., and ag-ag, wag-ag, &c., yet his position that these Teutonic syllables are to be found in the radical of many words in Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin—of most, indeed—can hardly be controverted. I have never been able to agree with the systems of those who consider language to have had its origin in a state of barbarism. Man had a beginning, and if we profess Christianity we cannot refuse our belief to the Mosaic account of the Creation and Fall; and if this be true, then it follows that the after-details must be so also. That God should create man a reasoning being, with faculties such as He himself pronounced *very good*—that He should give him a companion, and then leave him to form a medium of communication by a series of awkward efforts during a long space of time, is a notion so incompatible with my opinions of the Divine power and goodness that I cannot entertain it for a moment; therefore Dr. Murray's hypothesis must here yield to the light of Revelation; but it may nevertheless be well conceived that the language which man was first taught to utter consisted of syllables each having their own

distinct meaning, and capable of infinite combinations —a process which makes the longest words comprehensible, like our *nevertheless,* which a child can analyse, and which, indeed, I well remember was my first effort in etymology, and occupied the time that should have been bestowed on an addition sum, and thus secured me a scolding for my idleness: but this is an episode. I have always thought that the time preceding the Flood must have been one of high cultivation; long life and large population must have been much thrown away were it not so; and besides, man was then what he is now, and we see the tendency which he has to become idle, refined, and luxurious as he becomes powerful. Nothing but the pressure of external circumstances keeps a nation long in a state of barbarism; why, then, are we to suppose that man, with the stamp of his Creator fresh upon him, was less capable than his degenerate short-lived posterity of the refinements of art and science? Barbarism began, in my opinion, after the Flood, when the few human beings who survived had more difficulties to encounter, and were by the Divine command spread abroad into regions far removed from each other. Even then we find those who were allowed to occupy a fertile soil soon recovering the shock, and forming powerful and civilized empires: those who had more difficulties to encounter in sustaining life sank into a state more like brute nature, in which frost and snow kept them till they were enabled to emerge into a kindlier climate; but then how fast did they resume the taste for splendour and science! In short, man in a state of barbarism is *not* in a state of nature—every day's experience confirms

it; and therefore I return to my first assertion, that language never did result from the inarticulate sputterings of a savage in a passion striving to express what he had before no sound for; but in its orderly form bears, like all nature, the stamp of that fiat which first reduced chaos to order. Like nature, it has been left subject to the changes of time and accident, but was not invented by man, neither can be lost by him, for the wild creatures who have been brought forward as proofs of this have been evidently idiotic. So much for Professor Murray's system of the origin of language. All besides that is ingenious and often instructive: his analysis of the different parts of speech is very entertaining, and I have altogether been gratified, though in very few instances convinced. Let me adduce as a proof that language will not be lost by man whilst he has any fellow with whom to communicate, that two little girls, twins, chose to adopt from infancy a language of their own. At the time I saw them they were about six years old, and conversed in a dialect entirely unintelligible to all but themselves; as they grew older they abandoned it for the language of their relations and neighbours. It is a curious fact, and deserves to be recorded. I was myself a child, and was anxious to understand what they said; but though articulate, there was no sound to which I could attach a meaning. They were so stupid and illiterate that they afterwards had little or no recollection of ever having used an unknown language. It would otherwise have been a subject for curious investigation how far their words had any analogy with the known languages, for assuredly they had never heard anything but English

spoken. Such a fact would have been a treasure for an etymologist; but I am afraid at that time I had not even analysed *nevertheless* and *not-with-standing*, which word, however, wanted a greater effort, as far as I can remember, to make out its component parts.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Sundridge, Sept. 3, 1824.

. . . The great event of our life, however, since I wrote last, has been the arrival of a family in the neighbourhood for a few months, who are my *beau ideal* of agreeable, and the fascination of whose society might well excuse me even for a longer oblivion of old friends. It is an elderly clergyman with many daughters—most of them handsome, all amiable, unaffected, well informed, and sensible; the eldest acting as a mother to the whole, for they are still in mourning for their actual mother, who, from their account and from their manners, must have been a woman *comme il y en a peu.* Perhaps I like Miss H. the better for having about her a little of that

Sarcastic levity of tongue

which Lord Byron well describes as the result of suffering on a strong mind. In short, these girls move among the people here like creatures of another world, the objects of some wonder, some envy, and some sneers from the ladies, who, as my father says, "place one half of the glory of womanhood in bearing children and the other half in being a fool." We have passed much time in one another's company, and for the first time in my life I have felt glad to reside here, since

but for that circumstance I should never have known them; and I flatter myself that an acquaintance in which both parties seem to take so much pleasure will not terminate with the few months of their residence here. Nothing is more singular than the power of attraction or repulsion in different people. . . . Mr. H. is not a whit behind his daughters in agreeables; and my father and he may compare notes, for they appear to have trodden so much the same path that the life of one seems like a reflection in a mirror of the other. They are great riders as well as ourselves, and we have much enjoyed our moonlight wanderings on horseback after these broiling days. As I have not often anything very pleasant to communicate, I think it but fair to let you participate in my pleasure, and I hereby desire you to fall in love with Mr. H., Miss H., Harriet, Fanny, Helen, &c.

What was your thermometer August 31st and September 1st? Mine stood at 85° in the shade, outside my window; to-day it is *only* 80°. . . .

My friend Mr. J., the truth-teller, has decided at last that we are as much Evangelical as himself, and will have it that the ill-usage that drove us from Wittersham was *persecution* for the Gospel's sake. It is diverting to hear the pertinacity with which he claims us for *serious Christians*. The fact is that the dissipation and carelessness of the clergy here is carried to such a lamentable point that I can hardly wonder that any one who thinks at all seriously on such subjects should look amongst those who *profess* greater strictness for real Christian priests, and fancy that none can fill this character duly that do not belong to that set. I am grieved and ashamed to see any who have taken

upon themselves that sacred profession so heedless of its duties as I see all around us are. Mr. H., who has been accustomed to be the father of his parish, is as indignant as we are; but he, like us, has found the zealous exertions of thirty-two years forgotten in these days of schism and infidelity, and so has departed for two years certainly, and perhaps for life.

To MISS FRERE.

Sundridge, April 18, 1825.

. . . When I was in London, the walls were covered with "No popery," "Spirit of Luther, arise," "The Church is in danger," and a thousand other less elegant expressions of popular feeling, which show that John Bull is still Protestant at heart. I am very sick of *liberality;* it is another word for indifference upon the most momentous subjects—ignorance, perhaps, I might say. Nobody reads anything but novels, and such is the rage for them that even religious controversy must be put in that form to make it palatable. *Body and Soul* is a thing of this kind—tales to illustrate the questions at issue between the Church and the Evangelical or Calvinist party. I thought it but a poor performance; but all the world is in raptures with it, and it has given rise to some rather fierce discussion. I cannot join the rest of the world in the novel-reading taste, so I am old-fashioned in that also. I am told of another lately come out, which is "very deep"—such was the description given me of it—*Tremaine.* It was said to be the work of the Hon. R. Ryder, but he disclaims; at any rate, it is to convey a religious discussion. This dislike to serious applica-

tion is so very Athenian that I do not like to see our countrymen and women giving way to it. . . . Then it is the fashion again to exhaust all our sympathy on criminals who are suffering the penalty of their crimes. Fauntleroy, who was as great a villain as any man breathing, was no sooner sentenced to death than everybody was "so interested!" The law respecting forgery was blamed as cruel and unjust, and the folly was carried to such an extent that even ladies of character were anxious to see and condole with the lady who passed under the name of Forbes, who was neither more nor less than his acknowledged mistress; and there were scenes of such tender feeling, first between him and his wife, and then between him and his mistress. How completely the usual ideas on such subjects are changed, you may guess when I tell you that a friend of ours, a Miss Forbes, was addressed in a large party by a lady almost a stranger, with "Pray, Miss Forbes, are you related to Mr. Fauntleroy's Mrs. Forbes?" "No, madam," replied our friend, drily, not much honoured by the supposed relationship; "that is an *assumed* name only." "Ah, is it so? I thought perhaps that interesting woman might have been a connexion of yours." I grieve to see the good common sense of the English thus banished for the sake of this newly concocted morality; the poetic age which preceded this humbugism was far more fruitful in good feeling. . . . I know not that it is anything to be proud of, for popularity grows out of circumstances, but our Ministers at present certainly are popular in an almost unprecedented degree. Even the Whigs, at least those whom I know anything of, seem to have scarcely any fault to find. But taking off

imposts will make any Ministers popular. The removal of restraints from commerce has, apparently, been a wise measure, for instead of injuring the British manufacturer it has produced a spirit of competition which will soon enable him to supply not only his own market, but others. Silks are now made so good in England that none of the people I have heard speak on the subject this year seem to prize foreign ones; even dressmakers allow the English black silks to be superior to the French, and this is saying much. I have hardly left room to say kind things, so you must suppose them all, and believe me ever very affectionately yours,

C. F. Cornwallis.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Nizells, Aug. 24, 1825.

. . . I have done little even in the way of translation since I saw you. One pretty little piece of Körner's, very different from his fiery war songs, I send you; its quietude ought to suit you:—

Good night!
Give to weary limbs their right!
Day has pillowed his hot brow,
Busy hands are quiet now,
Till they wake with morning's light,
Good night!

Go to rest!
Close the eye with toil oppressed,
Stillness reigns through street and square,
Save the watchman pacing there,
While night's voice, to all addressed,
Bids us rest.

Slumber sweet!
Heaven your dreaming eye shall greet,
He whom love has robbed of sleep,

Now a gentler watch shall keep,
And in dreams his loved one meet,
Slumber sweet!

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light,
Slumber till the day arise
With its train of cares and sighs;
Our Father wakes! fear no affright!
Good night!

. . . The pleasures of society I have ceased to hope for, but there are still solitary gratifications left, of which perhaps I should think little if I could have greater. A fine sunset—a lovely country—gleams of light in new places so as to give it variety, will occupy my mind agreeably for an hour or two, and raise my thoughts to that loving Parent of us all who has made us so susceptible of pleasure at every pore, has spread round us such delights for the eyes, the ears, the smell, and has crowned all with such bright anticipations that it is hardly possible to be *quite* unhappy. It was in the cool of the day that the voice of the Lord God was heard in Eden, and I have sometimes loved to think that the splendour of the setting sun was left us as a faint image of those heavenly visitations of which our sins have now made us unworthy. I never can look at the unearthly loveliness of that scene without fancying that immortal beings are treading those bright paths, and long to have my eyes opened, like the servant of Elisha, to view them—and then what a clog does the body feel! There is a scene in Schiller's *Robbers*, which, though I know it is perfectly unnatural and could not occur amongst such men, yet I read over and over again with delight. The leader of the band has thrown himself on the ground overcome with fatigue; his companions rouse him, they notice the setting sun, and dwell on the

beauties of Creation with rapture. "Yes," exclaims Moor, "it is all lovely—*so* lovely! and *I*—*so* unworthy! a blot on the fair face of Creation!"

To Mrs. Mossop.

Nizells, Jan. 1826.

. . . My *sejour* at Hampstead was delightful. One of the people I met there was a Mr. Bandinell, of the Foreign Office, who had just been conversing with Major Denham, lately returned from Africa. He reports that amongst the nations of the interior there is much more appearance of civilization than towards the coast; that in one place he found a market attended by 50,000 people, soldiers clad in iron armour, and much that betokened a considerable advance above the savage life. On the coast it would appear that the slave-trade, by encouraging war, that great opposer of peaceful arts, had tended to degrade the people to their present state, as well as the vile policy of Europeans, who generally contrive to disseminate vice and disease amongst the natives wherever they go. Sir George Rose, Coleridge, Terrick Hamilton (the translator of *Antar*), besides the tribe of Freres, made our dinner-parties delightful; and Mrs. G. F. possesses the rare art of drawing forth the clever people whom she entertains at her table. Coleridge is an odd man, exceedingly fond of talking, and with an eternal flow of language which nothing seems to exhaust. He generally talks well if he does not get too metaphysical, and I had the luck of being placed beside him at dinner, so that I had the most of his talk. One idea of his seemed to me good, and I do not think I have seen it in print, though it has often passed through

my mind—that the knowledge of a future state, or rather the consciousness of immortality, partook of the nature of an instinct. "No nation has been found "without such a belief," said he; "children feel the "impression almost before you can say that they have "been taught, and nature is never deceived in her in- "stincts; birds never err in the building their nests, "animals in a wild state alway's seek their proper food, "and man, if he throws away this conviction, is like a "domesticated animal that grows wanton and eats dirt "by way of change. The only time I ever saw Lord "Byron he pointed to a man in a state of brutal in- "toxication, and asked if I thought that a proof of an "immortal nature? '*Your* inquiry, my lord, *is*,' I "answered; and so it was; it was the natural in- "stinct shrinking with abhorrence from the degrada- "tion of the soul." Such conversation at a dinner-party is not common, and I was much pleased with my place. He is an old man—rather heavy in appearance, excepting that his eyes brighten as he speaks, and he is rarely silent; a good deal of action, though his movements have the air of infirmity, his hand is slow and unsteady, and his back is bowed; he is not corpulent, but square built. After dinner, when he came into the drawing-room, he began a regular lecture of about two hours' duration, which rather tired his hearers, and as I was out of his circle, I could not hear what it was about.

I have learnt a new art—that of modelling in wax, and I have, in this fashion, got a likeness both of Coleridge and his Excellency [Mr. Frere], which are much approved by those who know them, and which I shall hope to show you some day.

To Miss Frere.

Nizells, March 17, 1826.

It is a good while, my dear Miss Frere, since I wrote, I know, but how long is not within my calculation, for time with me has a good deal of the character of eternity: it seems endless, from which you may guess that I continue ill and suffering, with little prospect of a *speedy* termination either way. I own I could wish that the complaint would be a little more rapid in its work; it is a human, and I hope a pardonable weakness to dislike pain, though I am almost ashamed to say so to you after all I have seen you bear without a sigh; perhaps were I more able to employ myself, I should find it less irksome, but my limbs are feeble and breathing difficult, and this is a sad hindrance to any sort of employment. But you, in your loneliness, have no need of disagreeable news to plague you, so having just given you a good reason why I may chance to write a stupid letter, I shall leave my ill-conditioned mortal part in the background. I spent last autumn, or part of winter rather, a good deal amongst your family; of the friendly attentions I experienced I have no words to give an adequate description; and I fear that my habit of shutting up feeling lest I should be laughed at may have prevented me from giving outward testimony of all that passed within. There is a complication of sensations when receiving much kindness from those whom we think it possible we may see no more which must speak in tears or not at all, and I have too much pride about me to be a weeper, though I will not say that I can now write altogether

with dry eyes. From Mr. Frere, Lady Orde, and Mr. and Mrs. George Frere, I have experienced a degree of warm, unhesitating friendship which I must feel less ere I shall be able to talk about it; but if our better feelings are retained in a future world, as I think they are, this recollection is one which will cling by me, even after this vile body, which has given everybody so much trouble, has put on immortality.

Of all the families I ever saw, that of your brother George is the happiest. I speak not of mere worldly advantages—none have everything they wish, and sickness and sorrow will find their way at times everywhere—but if mutual kindness, and confidence, and worth can make happiness, it is there to be found. During nearly three weeks that I spent there, which happened to be when the whole family was at home, I never heard an unkind word or saw a cross look even pass between any one of the young ones, and this is rare praise, for when there are so many different ages mixed, it is not often that all sort well together. . . . In short, I grieve that you should be banished to a distance which prevents your enjoying the sight of them all.

Of course you have heard enough of the difficulties in the commercial world; individually *we* have felt them but little, but in a country constituted like this, if one class suffers, the wave which overwhelmed it spreads round in a short time, and I suppose in some way or other we shall feel it as well as our neighbours. Happily all our business, or at least the greater part which required active exertion, is done. We are fixed in a residence from which we are

not liable to be ejected by anybody but Death, and the leisure to listen for his summons which I have long looked for seems now to be given. My mother has just sent another little work to the press—*A Preparation for the Lord's Supper*, for the use of ladies. It was written some years ago at the request of a friend of mine who was dissatisfied with all existing works of that kind, but my mother had resolved that it should not see the light during her lifetime; however, as I saw little chance of being her editor if it was not speedily done, I persuaded her to let it appear this spring. It will probably be the last thing of any use that I shall do, and you will perhaps be kind enough to accept a copy as a keepsake when it is done. I must feel very much better than I do now ere I can have the least expectation of surviving another winter in this climate.

I still amuse myself with German. There is a very small edition of the best poets in that language which I can hold without making my arms ache; so when I have read all I have, I buy a few more, and thus kill a little more time. Warm weather may, perhaps, give me a little respite from pain and fever, and I shall avail myself of it, should it be so, to wander forth into the world again, to see once more what there is in it worth seeing within the length of my tether. How I wish that you were within that space! All your English friends heartily wish that you ladies would pluck up courage this summer and follow your truant hither; he was looking so much better when I saw him last than when we first met, that I could not certainly help wishing that he might pass this summer in a cooler climate than that of

Malta. He said himself that he felt quite revived by the sight of snow. Adieu, my dear Miss Frere.

Believe me ever your very affectionate,

C. F. C.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Nizells, March 27, 1826.

. . . Have you ever been much an admirer of Lord Bacon's works? Finding little interest in most modern books, and great bulk—which two things combined are quite enough to hinder an invalid from reading—I began to consider where I could find a good deal in small space, and set my heart on Lord Bacon. Greatly pleased I have been, as far as I have gone, and still more so to find that in many things this great man bears me out in my opinions respecting human nature and affairs, especially in that wherein I have had to hold my ground against authority I would willingly have bowed to—namely, that man was formed for society, and that so far from being wrong in seeking it, that we were opposing the laws of nature, and consequently of God, by withdrawing from it. The wisest of heathens and of Christians both support me in this opinion, for Cicero is quite of Lord Bacon's mind on the subject. I have not been able to go on much with the *De Amicitiâ* — occupation so soon tires me; — I have made a rendering of about a third of it, but I often lay it aside, provoked that I cannot express in English the beauties I have admired in the language of the original. I did not recollect till I came to read the treatise again, whence I had taken up my superlative views on the subject of friendship, but I can trace the chief

of them to this source; it was an early favourite of mine, and Cicero's doctrines accorded too well with my own feelings not to find a ready follower in me. One would suppose that the prospect I have before me would turn my thoughts altogether to sacred subjects—that the Bible and books of devotion would be my chief companions, and perhaps folks may be scandalized that it is not so, yet I think I can give good reason why: for the hopes and promises of the Scriptures are too well fixed in my memory to want refreshing by going to book, and I better like to turn my soul heavenwards, and say, "Thou knowest my heart; do what is best," than to have the trouble of reading over words which perhaps but half express my meaning. Words seem so needless to Him who can read thoughts. But what I do like now is to read the book of man—to see how the instincts implanted in him all tend to some great good, and only become evil by his perverseness; and in this pursuit the poets and the heathen writers are better instructors than all the professors of divinity that ever lived. It is the business of the first to analyse and express passion, and the heathens in their philosophical works had something of the same end with myself in view. Many of our Christian writers, I think, have erred in supposing that our religion was meant to *change* our nature, when, in fact, it was only intended to *correct* it. I never heard anybody but Coleridge assert that instinct was as infallible a guide in man as in beasts. It sounds degrading at first—but a moment's consideration shows the justice of the assertion. There is nothing very good for the world in general to which we are not predisposed. So much so, that we

may for the most part rather thank this blind impulse for the well-being of the world than any efforts of philosophers or divines; and if this be so, we should be careful how we seek entirely to repress what we see to be an universal propensity. Had there not been some good in it, it would not have existed. A good God cannot have implanted in His creatures feelings which they are perpetually to combat. All this, I dare say, you will think little better than a string of truisms. Very likely; but I am only thinking on paper, and these are answers to harangues in favour of solitude and inaction. I do not think time thrown away in this mental inquiry into the ends and intentions of Providence; perhaps it is one of the best ways of schooling the soul for its future state, for I think if we can form any notion at all of its employment hereafter, this must be one. Who that has only heard the outcry against the "German School" could think that it is amongst the German poets that I find food for these lofty contemplations? Their views of human nature seem to have led them through the same path I am trying to travel myself, "through nature up to nature's God." In short, I feel well inclined to agree with Sir Philip Sidney in his opinion that the poet is the best teacher; for, with Coleridge too, I would call all the animated breathings of genius, in whatever manner expressed, poetry, or *poesy*, as he proposed to term it. Lord Bacon, in my mind, is a poet of the first order; so is Bishop Stillingfleet, and so are many more who have perhaps never or rarely expressed their thoughts in measure. I know not where I have seen it maintained that poetry is "the language of intense feeling;" it per-

haps is a definition that does not quite embrace the whole, but it goes a good way. I like Coleridge's above-mentioned better—"the breathing of that peculiar constitution of mind called Genius." What a strange rambling lucubration am I sending you! but you have in it a tolerably good specimen of my day's employment—a few pages of Lord Bacon, a few lines of German translation, and a few pages also of Cicero, then a long cogitation as I sit shivering before the fire in all the misery of the cold fit of an ague; and lastly, when the hot fit comes, and with it all the vivid impressions consequent on that rapid circulation, I will not do you so ill a turn as to tell you the horrible visions which float before my eyes.

To Miss Frere.

Nizells, July 30, 1826.

I hasten to answer your letter, my dear Miss Frere, though perhaps I must do it in few words, having much to do and think about just at present. You may possibly hear from Mr. Frere before this arrives that I am to be the companion of his travels as far as Florence. I shall not renew grievances by telling all the difficulties I have had, or how vexed I have been, or how ill—all this is best forgotten; all, at least, excepting the kindness of the friends who have extricated me. When I arrive in Italy, our old friend Sismondi has lent me his house near Pescia, in Tuscany, which is only about twenty miles from Pisa; and he says it is as warm as any part of that city, but should I not find it so, I can remove thither during the coldest weather. . . .

My favourite German authors are Schiller, Körner, Matthisson, and Jacobi, from whose poems I have translated a good deal.* I am an idle person now, and learn nothing *au fond*, but it serves to amuse me to get even a smattering; and I believe I have translated some poems faithfully, without thoroughly understanding them, merely from getting into the same train of thought with the author, and being as much carried away with his enthusiasm as he was himself. When private affairs press on the mind, it is well to be able to strike off into unknown lands of knowledge; indeed, I am likely to do it now in its literal as well as its metaphorical sense. I believe you, like many more of my friends, overrate my attainments a good deal, owing to this fancy of mine for smatterings of knowledge. I think they afford more pleasure than swallowing down one great stiff science, horns and all, like the boa constrictor, and lying choked with it for half one's life; but after all, for *use* they avail but little. . . . I must now hasten to a conclusion, for it is bedtime, and I cannot now sit up to write or study half the night. If it can afford you satisfaction to think of a creature very happy, you may think of me; indeed, there seems too much good in my present prospects for me to fancy it possible that all should be realized: even the journey, with all its fatigues and inconveniences—and they are not a small evil to one in my state of health—appears in bright perspective when I think of all the amusement and instruction in store for me.

* Some of these translations will be found at the end of this volume.

To MRS. CORNWALLIS.

Valchiusa, Pescia, Jan. 21, 1827.

. . . I am amused sometimes with seeing how little our country and countrymen are known abroad, and, seeing what I do, I cannot wonder not only that Buonaparte found it easy to conquer, but expected to find that England would yield like the rest. "Tell me," said Signor Finali, the other evening, "what induced England to persevere with such obstinacy in the war against France, from which, after all, she has gained nothing?" I could see by his manner of speaking that I might as well have talked to a blind man of colours as have descanted to him of that lofty spirit which felt itself roused to desperate resistance by even the thought of a foreign sway, and which nerved the nation as one man when it was threatened: still less would he have comprehended the proud feeling which made England vow herself the protector of the oppressed, wherever they sought her assistance; so I coolly told him that we had no expectation of preserving the constitution we loved under French domination—that we should have had the conscription introduced to supply French armies, and subsidies to pay them, and we chose rather to spend our money and our blood in our own way—and that, from what cause I would not try to determine, but certainly England did come out of the struggle more potent than ever. He spoke of India: I said it was not expected that the Company's Charter would be renewed. "Could it be refused without causing a civil war?" I laughed; the idea of the India directors at the head of an army was too ridiculous. In short,

every word that passes shows how little the English nation or government is understood. . . . I have another acquaintance here, a M. Sapet, a Frenchman, whose early life was spent in the East Indies. Returning to France at the beginning of the Revolution, a ship spoke them, and informed them that the king had been guillotined. Having heard nothing of what was going forward, they imagined that this was some new honour, deification perhaps, bestowed on the Grand Monarque. On landing at Marseilles, they were quickly undeceived by a severe imprisonment. He was afterwards French agent in Italy for sequestrating the convents, and enjoyed some of the spoils; now the convents have resumed their lands, and M. Sapet is not quite so rich as he was. . . .

The son of the contadino who takes care of the house, is a very good-humoured, pleasant creature, very good-natured and very obliging. He cleans the saucepans and knives, washes the dishes, goes to market for me, fetches water and wood, makes skewers (iron ones are unknown), cuts corks, carpenters, sweeps the chimneys, cleans the kitchen, picks the chickens, grinds the coffee as well as roasts it, and entertains me—all for two shillings and sixpence a week.

To Miss Heath.

Valchiusa, Pescia, Jan. 17, 1827.

. . . Now for a little history of Italian manners as far as I have seen. The dinner-hour is about one or two o'clock, and they walk and pay visits both before and after this. In the evening they assemble at one another's houses for the conversazione, from about

seven till eleven, in morning dresses; the ladies talking of pins and needles, cambric and ribbons, the gentlemen of who is married, and buried, and born. "I pass for a very stupid companion," said a very intelligent man, with whom I made acquaintance at one of these gatherings; "for I do not care who is married or dead, or what lady is well or ill-dressed. I feel myself an isolated being, and am silent." "But do none of the Italians study? you, at least, have done so." "I have; but out of the whole set of students at Pisa, I was the only one who went one inch beyond the mere study of the law which was necessary to their advancement. I took up these studies," he added, with a sigh, "in the hope of retiring into the country, and leading there a life of scientific ease; but the caprices of fortune have destroyed these hopes, and I am fixed in a town, amongst people that think me a madman if I utter a word of what has so much engrossed my mind." I first met this gentleman at a very large party, eighty people or more; and I complained of the excessive noise which had made my head ache for three days. "You mistake; that was an exceedingly quiet party. I was at another the following evening, where there were not above half as many people, and there was much more noise—and so, indeed, it is everywhere. In Italy it is considered as against the laws of good breeding to converse with one person in at all an undertone; you are expected to speak out so that all may hear, that the conversation may be general." "But in the midst of this roar nobody can hear, and there can be no conversation at all."

"It is no loss; if you could hear, you would not find it worth your attention. Amongst my countrymen life wears away in ignorance and inutility, searching for methods of killing time, which they have been but too successful in discovering."

The evening's amusement of the noisy party I have mentioned was the choosing, or rather drawing, husbands and wives for the ensuing year. The names of the unmarried ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood were written on rolls of paper, and put in separate bags; two more bags with epigrammatic couplets. Four gentlemen were employed in drawing out names alternately and reading couplets to each, and the accidental coincidences thus produced afforded much merriment. After this was over, we adjourned into another room for a sort of supper. Hot cakes of chestnut-bread were handed round, thin and pliable like leather; then sour curd, which we were expected to place on these hot cakes and convey to our mouths in primitive fashion, having neither fork nor spoon; wine in abundance followed, and cakes of other kinds, all oily and disagreeable. Then came a round game, which I could not understand, at which they were as noisy as ever; and then, it being the commencement of the Carnival, came a noise like what Froissart would call "all the great devils from hell," and enter masks, whose wit consisted in bellowing and squeaking like bulls and pigs. They were, for the most part, very tall men, dressed as nursery and housemaids—one with a *bambino*, with which he occasionally thumped people, and this was very witty. They ate some of the cakes and departed;

and then came a set in black dominoes, who said nothing and did nothing, but showed themselves and departed. . . .

The blood of the Italians seems so warmed with the heat of their summer that they are incapable of feeling cold in the winter. They sit with their feet on a little box of hot ashes, or carry a little earthen basket of them in their hands, and rarely indulge themselves with a fire in the chimney, though the thermometer, in a room without a fire, will stand as low as 48° sometimes in the evening. The usual dress of both men and women is shabby in the extreme, and as their brick floors never are cleaned nor their stairs swept, there is good reason why it should be so. I, though not given to be very splendid in my dress, look as if I were in Court apparel, and the superior neatness of my apartment and clothing has made Signor F. put on his best coat, shave, and wash his hands, and leave off spitting on the floor when he comes to visit me; my serving man, too, now puts on a clean shirt on Sunday, and is grown quite smart. I like the lower classes, notwithstanding their dirt. I like to see their sparkling eyes, their liveliness and good-humour, and I do not dislike their familiarity, because it has nothing impertinent in it. How it happens that, with their quickness of intellect, they are so much behindhand in every art of civilized life, I can hardly guess. Agostino (my man) says it is because they have not trade enough to enable a man to live without professing more than one business; as, for instance, butchers and tallow-chandlers are one and the same here, and, attempting to do too much, they do nothing well. When I told him how

many hands were employed in England in the making a single pin or needle, he held up his hands and exclaimed, "Per Bacco!" but soon acknowledged that it was much better than the Italian fashion of exercising half-a-dozen different callings. Everything here is in the infancy of manufacture. Their crockery is such as has not been seen in England for these two hundred years, and will not bear hot water; their doors, hinges, windows, locks, &c., are the most clumsy imaginable; their furniture, made by the common carpenters (upholsterers are unknown), is heavy and coarse, and as for the paraphernalia for house cleaning, it is unknown, because that is an operation never performed; in a hot climate you may guess what ensues from this. Yet, in spite of so many things, which in England we should deem considerable evils, such is the charm of the sun of Italy, that I can well understand how people stay here year after year, unable to resolve on returning.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Valchiusa, Feb. 6, 1827.

. . . On the subject of religion I touch not with any of the natives. The system will fall from the very efforts to uphold it. It is the plan now to prohibit almost all sorts of books, and to keep the laity in ignorance, as far as may be; the idleness of the Italians is greatly favourable to this, but mere perverseness will sometimes lead people to long for what is forbidden fruit; the moment the love of science takes possession of the mind, it must be done with a "just now I am inclined to run the risk," and

religion and ignorance are packed off together. "This opinion," said my mineralogical friend, speaking of an exploded hypothesis, "is now, like the Holy Bible, become rather antiquated." He saw, I believe, that I shrank from the levity of the expression, and added that he was far from meaning to trifle with things in themselves sacred. He probably, like Sismondi, having no great cause to *wish* to be an atheist, yields to the natural instinct of man, and recognises some great First Cause, without well knowing what it may be, and thinks the Scriptures and the Legends of the Saints stand on the same ground. This is sad; the most enlightened minds abandon the religion which they might ornament.

Pisa, Feb. 14*th.* I arrived here yesterday, with something of a headache, the Italian carriages are such rattle-traps. Between Pisa and Pescia there are no less than five Dogane or Custom-houses: there was a regular search and payment of duties for merely carrying things from one place to another. As natives are subjected to this no less than foreigners, you will hardly wonder that the Italians are not much of travellers: the trouble is very considerable. As it was, the other Custom-houses allowed me to pass after the search had been made at one, but they had the *right* of searching at all. . . . If I complain that things are dear, they tell me, "We have such a gabelle to pay in passing from one town to another, that we cannot afford it cheaper." Thus silk is sixpence a yard dearer here than at Leghorn; consequently, people go to Leghorn to buy, and smuggle it in, so the trade of Pisa is half ruined, and instead of being able to set up a manufactory in a favourable situation, and

sending the goods to a distance for sale, every town manufactures what it wants, and does it badly. I wanted to buy some silk for a gown here, and went to a shop. They had a piece in the Dogana, but it was not yet released; they should have it soon, and would send it: but three days elapsed ere they got it out of the Dogana, and by that time I did not want it. . . . It is perhaps a triumph for national vanity, when I show a shoe, or some other article of English manufacture, to hear—"Ah! questa è d'Inghilterra; non ne ha in Italia;" but it is sad to see so much quickness of talent as exists among this people thrown away or misdirected. The plates, the cups, everything that is wanted good, is English; and it is with a sigh, not a blush, that the people acknowledge their inferiority to us proud islanders. Let our croakers croak on. England will supply the world for a long time yet with manufactures; and our silks even may stand the comparison, both in price and goodness, with those of any part of Italy that I have heard of, except Turin. I think even at Lyons that they do not beat us; and at Lyons, too, they are complaining as bitterly of stagnation of trade as our silk-weavers in England.

Did I tell you that the annual returns of my contadino's farm cannot much exceed 6*l.* or 8*l.*? We will allow that they grow corn and wine enough for themselves, but if I see right, it must be a very scanty supply. But then there are *four* persons to be maintained out of this, and the manufactured articles are dearer than in England—shoes excepted, which are so bad that it is a question with me whether a year's bill would be much less here than in our own country. But they wear

wooden clogs which never wear out; go without stockings, excepting in very cold weather; knit, spin, and prepare their own clothing, and perhaps are happier than our own people who have created to themselves more wants. . . . The punishment of death in Tuscany has been in great measure abolished, and that of slavery substituted. I a good deal question its efficacy. These galley-slaves, or rather people employed in public works, are clothed in a red dress with a red woollen cap, and chained in couples by the legs, the chain is tied up by a string round the body so as to be less inconvenient in walking, The labour appears to consist in sweeping the streets and carrying away the dirt in a cart drawn by themselves; but they are laughing and talking, and to the lower classes this cannot be a punishment that carries any dread. For some crimes they are sentenced to the public works in the Maremma. This *is* punishment, but again is one that does not suit our notions; for to expose men to a pestilential atmosphere, and inflict a lingering death, savours of torture. I understand that there is a nobleman here among the red-jackets—to *him* the punishment must be immense. The choice of a punishment which has the least influence among that class where crimes are most likely to abound appears to me bad, and I do not think our theorists would do us any good by substituting any of these compulsory labours for our punishment of death. Murder is still a capital crime, even here, though by Leopold's code it was not; his successor altered the law, and again made that and treason capital. I have amused myself with making a little abstract of the Tuscan Code, which has the merit of being short and comprehensible. . . .

The thermometer on the 2nd was fifty-four out of doors at ten at night; within, without a fire, fifty-eight at the same hour. . . . We have a specimen here of everything. Here are the Princesses Christophe, a Greek patriarch, a Russian, a Portuguese, and a German family. And of English—a dandy of the Lancers, a physician and a surgeon, an Irish naval lieutenant, an English ditto, a Scotch baronet's lady, three clergy, one Evangelical, one oddity, and one that deserves as many notes of admiration as Mrs. S. puts to mark excellence. Then there are lads on their travels, and some that come "in this fair clime to take their leave of earth." Amongst this motley group I have found a good deal of entertainment, but if I cross much more you will have none, for you will not be able to read it, so God bless you.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Valchiusa, April 13, 1827.

. . . Take as a sample of Tuscan *repartée* the reply of my old woman, when I asked her the other day what the lizards ate? "chi sa?" I said I had stood looking at them for an hour the day before to find out if I could. She shouted with laughter, "Ah, star a vedere mangiare le lucertole! ma non fu l'ora del pranzo forse: bisogna darle un invito ed allora si sapprà."

I asked her if the family of a poor woman who is ill were not very poor? She was quite astonished at my question: "Eh! poveri! no! stanno benino, hanno dei figluoli." This very primitive idea of riches pleased me much. . . . The contadini have kicked off shoes and stockings, and I delight to watch their

light free movements. Little J. [the English maid] is much scandalized at her mistress, wonders how she can stand and look at these barefooted men at work, and thinks she maintains the honour of English women by turning away her eyes from the indecency of five toes. Without a jest, however, any one who is no painter even, must be delighted with the activity of these men, their good humour, their content, their independence. Unlike the cittadini, who saunter from morning till night with a large cloak hung about them, this hardy peasantry may be recognised by the free light step and yet lighter clothing, the smile that is always ready, and the good-humoured greeting as they pass, which they would always like to have returned by a few friendly words. I am Italianized enough to do this now, and nothing can be more cordial than my reception by all the contadini round, if I choose to visit them, which I do sometimes. Every twelve or fourteen acres maintains a family, so that I have plenty of neighbours of this class. The mixture in their manners of democratic freedom, and a homage to which they give at least a show of affection, of gaiety, of gallantry, and, amongst the younger part, of belles lettres, is a compound so singular that I have not yet studied it half enough. "Viene il sole quando viene lei," said A——, the other day, as a gleam of sun came across at the moment that I happened to be passing where he was at work; the next moment he asked me gravely how long it was since Alfieri wrote his tragedies, because he had a wager depending with un giovinotto, amico mio. He himself wagered that it was not forty years—his friend that it was more. This led to talk further of his friends, and he repeated a

pretty sonnet written on the recovery from illness of a "ragazza di Pescia," by another friend, "un giovinotto del calzolajo che fa scarpe della Signora." Of this I am to have a copy. In short, the education, or rather information, of Tuscany is to be found in the class of artisans and contadini. What will be the terrible result of this in a few years? Will men who despise the frivolity and ignorance of their superiors long continue to bow before nobility of blood?

There is a curious ceremony here of sprinkling the houses with holy water, and blessing them once a year, on which occasion the house is cleaned from top to bottom, and dressed with leaves and branches prettily enough. I stayed at home that I might see it all. The old man and his son were at work at the bottom of the farm; the old woman called "c'è il prete," and I ran out to view the scene from a little distance. The old man came first, with his hat in his hand, and an air of the most profound respect; at some little distance followed the son, with his hat on, a loitering step, and whistling a tune. I thought what you will comprehend—that the empire of the dark ages would soon yield before the daylight just breaking in upon Italy.

A——, finding that I had a taste for sonnets, has just brought me another. He had been attending one of the processions, customary on this day, and the sonnet in honour of the day had been distributed among the bystanders, I fancy, for it was printed. The subject was the Passion—the lines as good as most we meet of modern Italian. I inquired who the author was? The son of the innkeeper at Lucca. I smiled and shrugged my shoulders, for my aristocratic

English notions clung about me. He answered my look—"Ma, é un bravo giovitutto che studia molto." I could only plead in excuse my foreign prejudices. Is not this a singular state of things? . . . To-day I caught a lizard, and after having made a due examination of eyes, nose, and mouth, I wrapped it up in my pocket-handkerchief, and ran to their house, knowing that it was about their dinner hour, saying I had brought the lizard to dine with them, my dinner hour being too late to please lizards. This return of their joke delighted them—the old woman expressed her regret that their company had arrived too late, seeing they had already done dinner, but hoped another time to be more fortunate. The lizard in the meantime ran up my sleeve and into the collar of my handkerchief for protection, to the great concern of Carmelinda, who was afraid the Signora should be frightened at it, and to the great amusement of A——, who, knowing the Signora was not soon frightened, shouted with laughter, clapped his hands and stamped his feet, as is his wont when much diverted. In a few days I am going to Florence. This contrast between polished society and wild nature is the thing of all others to give zest to both; in short, I am enjoying life for the first time for many years. I shall pay for it doubtless; but the draught is sweet, and whilst draining it, I am unwilling, like many others, to think of the morrow. The draught is sweeter still, because I have sacrificed no duty to obtain it, and consequently have all the peace of mind requisite to make my satisfaction complete. The delight will pass away with the novelty, but I shall not forget, when the clouds come, the hours of sunshine, mental and corporeal, which I

have enjoyed. I never again can feel that chill of soul which arises from the contemplation of one monotonous dreary path to the grave. . . .

Never was the world more mistaken than in fancying Italian the language of sentiment. Thinking is an abomination to this people, and their tongue and their eyes agree in expressing gaiety and satire rather than tenderness and reflection. . . . All the world is enjoying the happiness of being able to eat again, and really, though I have not fasted, I am as glad as they are, for they were beginning to look thin and uglier than ever. To finish my letter as I began, with Italian *façons de parler.* I asked A—— just now the name of a wild flower that I had picked up: he looked at it with rather a melancholy air for an instant, and said, "Non so veramente," but this was out of character, and he looked at me with a smile, adding, "perchè non son stato al battesmo." I begin to talk well enough now to reply to the people in their own way, and the consequence is they bestow much of their tediousness upon me; for, having few ideas themselves, and finding a large stock here, they sit half-an-hour by way of gaining the conversation wherewith to shine in the circle of their acquaintance—for talk they must. "Aspetti, aspetti, un momento," said A——, as he met me the other day walking, when he had a load in his hands. I paused, he ran and deposited his load, and came back to talk about anything, but not a word of needful business, as might have been expected, from the beginning. I quoted our James, and said he worked in the garden all day without speaking three words. "Mio Dio!" exclaimed he, stamping his bare foot on the ground, and

laughing aloud, "Che uomo!" But then he acknowledged after a moment's thought that there was an evil in this "troppo parlare degl' Italiani, perchè son molti curiosi: io, peresempio, se vedessi correre un cane per la strada, subito vorrei saper il perchè," and he stretched his head out, by way of exemplifying it, with so ridiculous an air of curiosity that I could not choose but laugh too, and then he was happy, because he knew he should have liberty to go on.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Florence, April 28, 1827.

Here I am in the midst of such delights in the way of painting and sculpture that it would be difficult to make you comprehend, without showing you some of them, what painting may be. Whether I shall be improved by what I have seen, or whether I shall burn palette and easel and never touch a pencil again, I hardly know. I have in three days *seen* all the rooms of the gallery of sculpture and painting; if I should be hindered now from going again, "come what will, I have been blest." The galleries are full of English lounging through them, having as usual their laugh, and yet, though they act no raptures like the Italians, making just observations now and then in an under tone. It does me good to see their clean bright faces and brighter hair and point device apparel after having so long contemplated Italian sallowness and dirt and slovenliness. But the haughty nation is what it ever was, "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of human kind

pass by;" we return proud look for proud look, and pass on. To-day, I went early to the gallery, some ecclesiastics of Turin were come to see it, and the principal director, to whom I had that moment applied for admission to some of the closed rooms, admitted me to the party, and went with us. What a difference! "O Signora! che gran bella cosa." In short I was at last as much amused with my companions as with what I saw. . . . I have engaged lodgings for a month. Seven shillings a day for lodging and board for myself and maid; two shillings and sixpence a day more to a man-servant to go out with me. I came here on Wednesday with Francesco F., who came to see his mother at Easter. We took a Pescia Vitturino,-and such a carriage! Florence is distant from Pescia about forty miles, and we were on the road, bait included, from nine a.m. till seven p.m. So much for Italian speed. . . . Last night I went to walk in the gardens of a certain Marchese F——, open to foreigners always on presenting their names, and enjoyed it not a little. Imagine an Italian evening—mild, no breeze stirring, the sun sunk low, but not set—then step into a garden made in the English taste, only without the trim lawns, for the grass was long, flowers sending forth the fragrance that a southern climate gives, honeysuckles in full bloom, nightingales (protected here) singing close at one's ear, amongst high trees that threw their shade over the path, the ground rising and giving a view of the hills beyond the city, wooded and covered with villas on one side, higher and bleaker on the other; the dome of the Cathedral and the spires of some churches showing over the trees. But how little can words do for painting!

I sate down—breathed the fresh pure air as if I never could have enough of it, and thought how well the epithet of "fair" Florence applied to it. I returned by another path; the sun was now set, and the sky bright with golden clouds and the glow of the west. I stopped on the bridge over the Arno and looked down—the river was a mirror reflecting ancient towers now a little obscured, and gardens full of flowers stretching to its brink—beyond were the mountains, and the Arno winding as far as I could see, a sheet of gold along this fair landscape. I cannot wonder that Hannibal's army grew idle.

Here I find everything I want—good shops, and cheap enough; the cotton things not dearer than in England, and silk much cheaper—that is to say, I can get a gown for about twenty-nine shillings.

May 5th.—I was at the Laurentian Library today—a choice collection of manuscripts begun by Lorenzo di Medici—and amused myself in tracing the variations in character of the different centuries both in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, till the librarian fancied he had got such a learned person that he begged me to inscribe my name in a book in the library, "to do it honour." I should only have battled to no purpose had I tried to make him believe that my name carried no celebrity with it, so I sat down and wrote mine amongst the names of the literati who had honoured the library with their notice. Education is so rare in Italy, and amongst the women so entirely unknown, that I am as great a wonder here as Colonel B. used to be at Rye; but I shall not do as Dr. Johnson said he should have done if he had had Garrick's celebrity—I do not mean to bring home Agostino and

Francesco (my man here) each carrying long poles to knock everybody down that does not worship me. Tell my father that I have bought a double white and a double scarlet Dahlia from the Grand Duke's gardener here. . . . I am well, and must call myself strong too, for I can walk three miles without over fatigue. God bless you.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Pescia, June 5.

I have just had such a thorough Italian scene that you must have the description while it is fresh. The hill opposite my house has a common footpath along the top, which leads also to a little villa of the surgeon of Pescia. This evening I heard the sound of music which overcame the noise of my own piano, so I jumped up from it and ran to the window. I saw that the musicians were going along the hill opposite, and on my appearance they halted and descended a little way among the olives, ranged in open ranks, and gave me a sonata, and then a song. Agostino was standing in the garden, and I asked who they were; he knew no more than I did, but "andrò a veder chi sono" was scarcely out of his mouth ere I saw his black head and white shirt at a distance, scaling the side of the hill like a chamois—all shoeless as he was. In the meantime some of the passengers stopped, formed into couples, and began waltzing to the music; A—— soon skipped down as speedily as he had skipped up, and informed me that they were going to the villa for the amusement of the Signor. I went out afterwards for a walk, and on my

return, finding the party just going back again, I was seized with the fancy to run up the side of the mountain myself, and hear the singing nearer. I hid myself among the olives, but soon heard that I was discovered. "C'è la Signora," said one, and a song was begun with allusions to me, to which the others cried bravo. A—— meanwhile having been told where I was, came to attend me back, and as we were very near the musicians, asked if I should like to hear them—they would have come before, as they went, had they not feared that I might think it impertinent. "By all means," said I. He called the name of one, with "Passi, passi!" and the whole train descended. I ran down again to be at home to receive them, and found that the party consisted of the surgeon, his wife, and children, two or three contadini, and four gentlemen amateurs. I invited them to mount a sort of terrace in the front of the house, and here J. [the English maid] and my contadini—children and all together—sat down to hear the music. I sent for wine and cakes—they were gay before, and this did not lessen their gaiety nor their compliments "a brindisi alla Signora Carolina." It was now nearly dark—the *lucciole* flying about us, the sultry air, the men without neckcloths and in linen jackets, the loud gay talking of all classes on an equal footing, the gallantry of the Signori to little J., the dark mountains around clothed in their wood of olives—altogether formed a something so unlike England that I could not forbear remarking that Italy only could produce such a scene. They retired at last, highly gratified with their reception, assuring A——, who acted as a kind of master of the ceremonies, that they would

come and play to me all day, if I liked, some other time.

Altogether mine is so happy a life, that I think sometimes I shall have to pay for it by-and-bye; but as I am here to recover health, I send these thoughts away when they arise, determined not to poison the present by sad anticipations. Never can I forget the simple, honest Tuscan contadini—never shall I, in the midst of English luxuries, look back without a feeling of regret to the time when I had nothing but the kind hearts of the people to make me comfortable, and yet enjoyed life more than I had ever done before. My little family portrait will be then very dear to me; I shall look at it, and fancy myself again among fireflies, and olives, and bright eyes, and smiling faces, and gay repartees. When I said the Italians were ugly, I had not been at Florence; there they are remarkably good-looking, and, I think, were you to take the same number of English, in even the handsomest counties of England, you would find the Florentines out-do them—at least the men: the women want that which gives the most grace to a woman's face—modesty—and this somewhat spoils most, but the features are fine.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Villa Corliano, near Pisa, July 8, 1827.

. . . . Nature has made a strange mistake in Tuscany between the two sexes. The men have the round arm and the round throat of a woman, without a vestige of the cord-like sinews of an Englishman; the voice has a corresponding feebleness, and they

seem to have engrossed all the delicacy of feeling there is, for the women have none. The men-waiters in the inns never offend, nor have I ever yet heard a word or seen a look from a *man* in Italy that I could disapprove; but the *women* are brazen, ignorant, idle, obstinate, and, as I am told, drunken . . . .

A dinner-party at Signora F.'s country house was to take place at two o'clock, and with a thermometer at 87°, walking being out of the question, I sent for a carriage. The only vehicle I could get was a thing like a tax-cart with a head to it, but much worse than any such a conveyance in England; however, we got there, perhaps better than we should have done in a close carriage. The whole party amounted to about fifteen; they were all sitting in a room so darkened to exclude heat that I knew not who there was there; but the ladies, notwithstanding, were diligently knitting stockings, the gentlemen fanning themselves with fans. When we went into the dining-room, the table was not spread, as in England, with the dinner, but one dish after another brought in and carried to Signora F., who cut it all into little bits, and then it was carried round to every guest to take what he liked: the dinner was, in consequence, very tedious, at least three hours. At about six o'clock we all rose from table together, and adjourned to the garden for coffee; at seven we departed. The next day a set of musical amateurs were to give us a concert by moonlight on the terrace, whither a number of contadini, led by their passionate love of music, were soon attracted by it, and one of the tunes being in waltz time, I saw them beginning to dance. This inspired me with a fancy to terminate the evening with a dance; so I

asked A—— if he could make up a set among his friends. No proposal could have been more acceptable: the threshing-floor—which, like those of Canaan, is nothing more than a smooth space of earth—was swept, and in five minutes we had a dance of contadini, waltzes and quadrilles. Some had shoes and some had none—but that was of no consequence; the grace and agility of these mountaineers were really worth seeing, and I was quite sorry when, at about half-past ten, they thought it needful to go to bed. The next evening A—— produced three untaught singers of his acquaintance—a tailor, a leather-cutter, and, I think, a hat-maker—and with a guitar and violin, also played by ear only, we had such an evening's entertainment as could only be enjoyed here. The voices were bass, tenor, and treble, so clear, so mellow, that to listen was enchantment.

July 14*th.* We are now in the season of greatest heat, I believe; the country people going about in stays, shift-sleeves, and one petticoat; the men in shirt and trousers: shoes and stockings are out of the question for either; a broad-brimmed hat completes the equipment for both, though the women sometimes, and always when dressed, wear a handkerchief instead thrown over the head and shoulders. The children run about in their shirts, and nothing else.

To the Rev. Mr. Heath.

Pescia, Sept. 22, 1827.

. . . The absence of that cold, stiff pride which characterizes English society, where everyone looks as if he saw his deadly enemy before him, is in itself something pleasant, especially to a stranger; and the

courteous good humour with which one's slightest wish is complied with is not a little gratifying. I might be an empress here if I pleased, for the idea of a refusal, or even a wry look, never seems to enter the head of a Tuscan, let the request be ever so unreasonable. I say *request*, because if haughtily commanded they are not so tractable; but a jest and a smile will carry them to the world's end. I know not if I have observed in my former letters on the singular state of society here, where servants and masters appear in a state nearly of equality, yet in which the former never for an instant presume on that familiarity to utter an impertinence. I have seen a dirty maid-servant who was putting wood on the fire, if she was called elsewhere, tap her young master on the shoulder, put the wood-basket in his hands, and leave him to finish her work. When the Count and Countess Agostini visited their country house, we saw them with servants and contadini, all sitting on the same bench, laughing and talking together as freely as if they were old friends; such, in fact, they were, for here the absence of poor-laws makes the poor dependent on the rich, and those who have served faithfully in their younger days, remain in the family and receive their maintenance to the day of their death, if they do not marry: such, at least, is very generally the case. I fancy, in short, I see here very much the state of manners which prevailed in England in the reign of Elizabeth, when the ladies, not being very erudite, spent their time with their maids in domestic affairs, and when the retainers of the family were very much on the same familiar footing that I see them here. This familiar inter-

course makes the tie between servant and master rather that of affection than duty, and perhaps we gain little in happiness by the refinements of civilization which place a barrier between the different classes, and which, however they may serve to make a great nation, do not certainly make a contented one. Here the poor, suffering every privation, are satisfied and happy; they see their masters, like themselves, shivering over a little *caldano* of charcoal in winter, in summer sitting beside them to enjoy the same breeze, and, inasmuch as they are idle and ignorant, the industrious contadino, who at least knows *something*, feels himself superior; all have the same uncarpeted, dirty brick floors; in short, there is none of that galling contrast which makes the poor man in England scan the character of his superior to find out if he *deserves* all his luxuries more than another. Yet luxury and science are companions too intimately connected to be separated in this stage of the world, if they ever were, and these semi-barbarous virtues must vanish with the state of semi-barbarism that nourishes them—this patriarchal intercourse must cease as refinement increases.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Valchiusa, Oct. 29, 1827.

. . . The tradesmen here put me in mind of the people of Laputa, where the tailor made a geometrical calculation for the groundwork of the coat, and made it badly, after all. The glazier the other day talked to me about Raffaelle and fresco-painting, and Æneas's descent to Avernus; but did his work so badly that

the worst English journeyman probably never even conceived that it was possible to put such work in a casement.

I heard a curious circumstance the other night from the *vicario,* or criminal judge, of Pescia, of which, as it was verified before him with all legal forms, there can be no doubt. A woman obstinately remained dumb to all appearance for seven years: this, as she afterwards acknowledged, was suggested to her by a certain priest, who at the end of that time instructed her to repair to the shrine of our Lady of Arezzo, to remain there for some hours in prayer, and then to speak. All this was punctually performed, and the people cried, "A miracle! a miracle!" But in the meantime this woman, having in order to play this game forsaken her family and given herself out for a single woman, the husband gained tidings of and pursued her. He brought four witnesses of her identity, but she contrived so to disguise herself that two of them doubted; however, the other two being very firm, the woman at last yielded, and confessed the whole cheat. She had found her dumbness very lucrative, and had regularly received her lesson from the priest in the evening.

When I first came and saw the strictness with which their fasts were kept, I was inclined to think it a good thing, as tending to keep the body under subjection; but I am beginning to alter my opinion, for it seems to me that food after fasting produces a sort of intoxication, more dangerous perhaps than that of liquor. All Saints' Day is here held very sacred, and as the vigil of every *festa* is a fast, A—— chose to make it a particularly strict one, saying he had done

many bad things, and was determined for once to do a good one, so he went nearly without food all day; but the next, he was mad, danced, sang, and talked incessantly, and had I not been well assured that he had drank nothing, I should have supposed him considerably elevated with liquor. I saw him in the same state once before, when I invited the whole family to dine here, before he was regularly in my service, and when his life was a continual fast; he then actually reeled. . . . I don't think you will find me altered by the climate; I neither dance nor stab people, and though I will readily acknowledge that the heat does invite to idleness, I do not think I have been very idle either. I forget if I told you how busy I had been at mineralogy. I really begin to know some trifle of the science, and find it gives a new interest to my walks; but having made this study entirely in Italian, I do not know one English name for any of the things. . . . I am not very much surprised at what you tell me of S. Her last letters were full of desolation of heart at her lonely state, and she has probably wilfully shut her eyes to the hazard she runs in order to get rid of this solitude. I am satisfied that a woman remaining to middle life without the cares of a family, and without any particular studies or occupation, must become very weary of herself; I am very glad that I have not at least left myself a prey to this heartless idleness.

To Mrs. George Frere.

Valchiusa, Nov. 20, 1827.

I send you a number of little billets to distribute, but these will be nothing to the "madre delle lettere,"

as my man called it, which I sent you last time. I have no great events to tell of, for my life is a very uniform one, if I except the now and then finding a new mineral—new to *me*, I mean, for I am but a beginner; it is, however, a tempting study in Italy, where the hills afford great variety of mineral productions; besides, it has all the charm of novelty, and if I do find that these stony paths wear me out a pair of shoes in about three walks, I have the satisfaction at least of knowing that they perish by no ignoble foe, and that they have received their death wound from *calce carbonata rhomboidate*, or some such thing, with as many long names as a German prince. This, together with the being able to buy a pair of new ones for three and sixpence is very consolatory.

I know not why no English have made their appearance here, for certainly the country is the most beautiful I have seen, and the people are remarkably simple and pleasing, and for cheapness I have seen no place like it. There is interest to me in being a silent spectator of what is going on—the struggle between the antiquated pretensions of the priesthood and the advancing knowledge of the age is particularly so. One really feels astonished that men of any sense should set about to make ignorance a duty, and expect to find any son of Eve willing to comply; yet so it is. The list of prohibited books is itself a large volume, and in it are included all history and poetry, and almost all books of science. Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon* was translated, and in the course of being published, when it was prohibited, and I believe the copies seized; the consequence of this is, that half, or perhaps more than half, disregard the prohibition,

read what they please, and connecting religion and its abuse together, become unbelievers. "What can one do?" said a young man to me, who as yet was a good Christian. "They tell us you may apply and have a permission to read; but if the books are pernicious, they ought not to be read at all; if not, they should not be prohibited at all, and the application for permission is attended with a thousand vexations; we read, therefore, and say nothing." But the priests themselves are ignorant—too ignorant, perhaps, to see that they are serving themselves the same trick that poor Naldi did—shutting the safety valve of the boiler, and then blowing themselves up; for, by-and-bye, by trying to retain too much, they will lose all. I have not heard one Romanist, who has read at all, speak on the subject, who has not reprobated the too great mixture of temporal with spiritual power in the persons of the popes of former days. It is, perhaps, for this reason that the reading of history is prohibited; but as human nature is perverse, this prohibition leads not only to the reading of history, but to the inquiring *why* it was forbidden, and to the training in this forbiddal a disposition on the part of the ecclesiastics still to *claim* all that their predecessors did.

Have I told you—I know I did somebody—that the old custom of keeping a fool or buffoon for the amusement of idle hours, still exists, or rather lingers, here? not regularly dressed in a motley coat, but with all the established privileges of saying and doing what nobody else may. I am assured that two or three families have such a regular buffoon to entertain them when in the country, that is, when they are half a mile out of the town. It is something new and singular to

see a whole nation condemned to utter idleness, but I believe it is so throughout Italy. The moment there is no longer the necessity of actually tilling the ground, there is no other employment, and the gentry pass from youth to age in a sort of dreamy composure, seeming to have neither hope nor wish beyond the almost simply animal life they are leading, without studies, without pursuits of any sort; for they have not those resorted to by idleness in England—hunting and shooting. The café, the conversazione, and the theatre fill up their time; there they retail or invent the lie of the day, which is generally as frivolous as the people who occupy themselves with it, and rise the next morning to do the same. The man who looks most like a gentleman here, and who really is of noble birth and elegant manners, spends his day at the Dogana on the frontier, solely to look at the travellers who pass, and see their trunks examined, and this serves him for talk in the evening at the conversazione, where everything of more rational conversation is proscribed as pedantic. My mineralogical friend, the only man here of any attainments, curses the life he is forced to lead, and finds himself losing his acquirements for want of the power of exercising them. The climate invites to this kind of life, and there is nothing in the national institutions to counteract it. At this time of year the houses are cold, while abroad the sun gives a heat almost like the summer of England. Few are rich enough to afford constant fires to warm the house, they wander forth, therefore, and talk with their neighbours instead of pursuing any regular occupation. In summer the house is hot, and towards evening there is no comfort

but in the open air; thus winter and summer there is a strong temptation to be idle. The sort of life I lead astonishes them all—that I should be able to amuse myself day after day without the conversazione of the evening or the saunter of the day is beyond their comprehension. Adieu. If in the midst of your numerous employments you can find a spare moment, remember there is one whom all the bright suns of Italy will never teach to forget the fireside at Hampstead.

To Mrs. Mossop.

Valchiusa, Dec. 16, 1827.

. . . . . .

Last week the Grand Duke paid a visit to Pescia, and he certainly sets an example of frugality to his subjects which they have not been backward to follow. It was very dirty, or I would have endeavoured to have seen him; but I heard that he arrived in an open carriage, with an umbrella and oil-silk case to his hat to shelter him from the rain, and an old cloak upon his shoulders that looked like a contadino's. His visit was to see a child he has at nurse here, a real legitimate little prince or princess, I forget which; and he journeyed by the post just like any other traveller, without even a courier to order horses beforehand. All this is rather different from our modes of proceeding; but the Italians settle it all very easily, with careless "Ah, c'è l'assuefazione." Made. de Staël, I see, remarks, as I have done, that they are a people without vanity. I mentioned this to an Italian. "Why, what have we to be vain of?" replied he,

giving the plainest proof of the truth of the observation by this reply. "Your talents," said I. "Why, yes; I believe a good deal *might* be done by my countrymen if they would, but nothing *is* done. The English," he added, "have some excuse for being proud—they are well informed, rich, handsome; as a nation they have excellent laws, are brave and powerful. Yes; they have cause for being proud." When would a Frenchman ever have allowed all this? . . . . The expedients for saving money sometimes divert me, but I take care not to laugh, for it is too convenient a talent to be despised. My man about a week ago kept J. [the English maid] for two whole days upon dry bread for breakfast and tea, pretending, first, to forget to buy cheese or butter, and then the next day vowing it was a festa, and he would not buy anything that day. To live on dry bread is nothing to an Italian; so he kept his grumbling companion company in the eating it very readily. On another occasion, finding that the milk had not all been consumed, he struck off a halfpennyworth a day, in spite of J.'s remonstrances, observing to me in private that a soldo a day was something in a month. It is this extreme frugality in what we think trifles not worth attending to which enables the Tuscans to live on so little, for the cost of everything but labour is nearly the same as in England.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Pescia, Jan. 3, 1828.

. . . I feel my last letter will cut deep into your heart, for it was anticipating all I was going to do on

my return, which I resolved on the instant I heard of my father's failing state. . . . I can rejoice with you that it pleased God to take him away from increasing sufferings, and am too confident that he is enjoying the reward of a virtuous life to feel any pang but that which is human. . . . The death of the righteous *is* blessed. I cannot write at length, but we know each other's feelings, and it is not needful. . . . I trust it will please God to preserve to me the improved health I now enjoy, for your sake, that I may not bring you a care instead of a comfort. When I have laid both your heads at rest in the tomb, it matters not then much what becomes of me. In meantime, I will take all care. I have almost a presentiment that this will never reach your living hand; but I say again, God's will be done. I am not strong enough to be useful, and He who has laid me on the shelf knows what is best. God bless and comfort you, my dear excellent mother, and grant us all a happy meeting where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest—need enough we have of that haven. Once more, I commit you to the care of Him who takes the widow under His peculiar care.

To Mrs. George Frere.

Valchiusa, Jan. 13, 1828.

. . . I know so well how unwillingly I yielded even to the necessity of leaving England, that I cannot feel any self-reproach on the subject, yet I should have been glad to have been permitted to render the last duties. . . . . Of course my place now is with my mother, and I feel very much inclined to complain of the lazy

foot of time which will not travel a bit faster to enable me to hasten back to the sphere of my duties. I must wait three months longer here, I am afraid, before I shall find the Alps practicable. . . . I am to have a carriage, man, and pair of horses for about nine shillings a day. At Geneva I shall find Sismondi, and trust to his care to forward me on my road. He is one of those warm-hearted people whose zeal to serve me I can always rely on. . . . There is good and bad mixed in all things, and it is our own fault if we do not pick out the good. I trust I shall bring back this piece of wisdom from my travels, if nothing else, namely to make the best of everything and be contented with a certain portion of good things without expecting to have everything together. I have sometimes doubted if my various studies had answered any good purpose, but since I have been abroad I have rejoiced that my time before had not been wholly lost, for I have found a thousand pleasures that many of my countrywomen would have overlooked, and have seen that there were a thousand more that I might have had, had I but known more of the ancient history, &c. of the country.

The Grand Duke paid a visit to Pescia the other day, quite unexpectedly, visited all the public institutions, and set them all to rights—the Seminario, or school for young priests, in particular. He went to the house of the Bishop afterwards, and (according to my man, who I suppose takes Livy's privilege of making speeches for the personages of his history) addressed him with, "Vescovo mio, i vostri seminaristi mi parono un poco porchi. Son certi camere che non son mai stati spazzati mi sembra." "Ed è vero," added

my informant, "perchè, siccome sono quasi tutti contadini e pagano poco, non possono esser molti puliti." From thence he went to the convents, hospital, and other public institutions, heard the causes which were before the tribunals, &c., and then departed to another town to do the same thing. There he was not satisfied with the administration of justice, and ordered many of the causes to be transferred to the Vicario of Pescia. He is going all through Tuscany doing the same thing, and very wise it is so to do; but it were to be wished that the very excellent laws of Tuscany did not want the sovereign's personal attention to put them in action.

To MRS. CORNWALLIS.

Valchiusa, Jan. 24, 1828.

I will now give you a piece of a letter just received from my good young friend Giulio. I think it will please you. "Quando vi ho sentito parlare della "morte, e quando nelle nostre conversazioni mi avete "detto qual era la vostra calma quando ne foste in "pericolo, non posso dubitare qual idea ne abbiate, e "come soffriate quella d'un Padre che vi priva, e "vero, della persona piu cara al mondo, ma che però, "la toglie dai mali della vita e dalle miserie dell' "umanità. Quella parte di consolazione che proviene "dai sentimenti religiosi io non voglio rammentarvela, "persuaso che per voi sia la piu vera e quasi la sola. "Di questo sapete che ho detto piu volte, benchè la "mia opinione sia diversa da quella dei altri, che fra "le due Religione che ci dividono, non vi è differenza "che nel culto esterno, essendo lo stesso nello Spirito."

I find from his father that Giulio is not yet sixteen. Is he not an extraordinary lad? I feel no small pleasure in thinking that my influence may lead him to the fountain head—in what vessel he carries away the water matters little. . . .

I never thought money of value but for two things—one for keeping one's place in society, so as not to be condemned to vulgarism and brutality, the other for making as many people comfortable as one could. I look with a very calm eye on political events. I do not believe that England is yet to be given up; it is still better than its neighbours; but a crisis without doubt is approaching, and perhaps we are to be just now disqualified from interfering. France is thought to be in a very unquiet state—many say on the eve of a fresh revolution, and here the conflict of advancing knowledge and an endeavour on the part of those who live by it, to keep up ignorance, is just preparing the downfall of the whole at any time.

I have been reading a good deal of medicine and surgery lately in some books I found here, and came across a very extraordinary case of sleep-walking, in which a young man for a length of time was in the habit of performing most of the functions of a waking person in a profound sleep; would read, translate, search the dictionary, and write his translation, examine a flower, and determine its genus and species by reference to botanical books, make up medicines from a prescription, &c. &c. He was cured at last by taking bark. I should add that if awakened suddenly he fell into severe convulsions. He appeared to be of an unusually irritable temperament, fell into strong

convulsions, with tetanus of the most alarming kind, only on slightly burning his finger, and had the quick talent attendant on that irritable fibre. I am more and more persuaded that these two things are inseparable, and this makes geniuses who have not religion to temper their too acute feelings so testy and disagreeable sometimes; they suffer a thousand tortures unknown to the race of blockheads, or even to those of common talents and more rigid fibre.

Last night A—— exclaimed in despair, "Tutti, i diavoli son fuor del inferno, e si fanno un bel divertimento quí!" Do you remember Shakspeare's "Hell is empty, and all the devils are here," showing that we should not be too ready to accuse authors of plagiarism!

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Valchiusa, Feb. 12, 1828.

Snow on the ground again! the third time this winter. The Italians are all in amaze, and I tell them I think my frequent letters from England import the climate with them. . . . The festivities of the Carnival are going on, but the gaiety of the Signoria of Pescia has nothing attractive in it, being coarse and vulgar; at their dinner-parties, as I am told, for I should be sorry to see such a scene, men and women are all drunk. At a dinner-party given by Signor F——, a short time before I arrived, out of thirty or forty there was not one sober; and the ladies, after dinner, marched down, two and two like soldiers, out at the front door and in at the back one, then joined hands and formed a circle round the men-

servants who were at dinner, and danced and sung, or rather hallooed, till they had finished; then joined the gentlemen again, began a song to which at last all screamed a chorus till the noise and uproar had reached its height, and then, on going away, two ladies and one gentleman actually rolled into the brook.

14th. The *Gazette* of to-day brings the King's speech; and I am well pleased to see that an extinguisher is likely to be put on this Quixotical war, as to which I have always persisted in believing that it would not be followed up by England, on the strength of the prophecy which says that the horn is to be "broken without hand." I said that the nation could not go on above half a year without Peel, that the war was unpopular, and that neither King nor Minister could carry on a war which the people did not approve. "How could the people make their will known?" I said that it was a sort of instinctive feeling, but that everybody, in fact, did know whether a measure was popular or not, even without any very public demonstration of it. They stare, and think we are a strange people. Were we better understood perhaps we might be vanquished; but until foreign nations know the English people and the English institutions a little better, we shall keep our high place among the European powers: they don't know the weak places in our ramparts. I have *seen* but not *known* a good many English since I have been abroad; seen the contempt with which they glanced over things really worth notice, and even this fault forms a part of our strength. If they were vulgar and uninformed, they stared and understood nothing but

that they had suffered many privations and inconveniences without much to balance them; if of the higher orders, two or three words of keen irony and a glance to a companion was probably all that passed, —not comprehensible to the natives, but clear enough for me to understand. What nation thus habitually haughty, thus wedded to its own customs and institutions, will ever stoop to receive a foreign yoke whilst there is a hand available to its defence? The influence of our priesthood, too, is little calculated upon in Catholic countries. Here the Church is separated from the State—trying to maintain its own privileges in contradistinction from those of the Monarch, instead of finding them mutually strengthening each other. The celibacy of the clergy isolates them; in a certain degree, from society; they are, for the most part, very poor and very ignorant, and are, in consequence, laughed at or suffered rather than respected. The English beneficed clergyman, with a little independent fortune to eke out his income, mixing among the magnates, taking a part in political affairs, and commanding respect no less by his character than his learning, is a thing unknown; and, of course, the immense power of this political engine when put in action is utterly unimaginable. There is no church in Europe that can compare with the Anglican in riches and power at present. . . . The more I see of foreign countries the more I am convinced of the greatness of our own; there may be much amiss, and when living in it we can see it all, and with the keener eyes for loving it so well; but we are a great and a happy nation still, admired, respected, and perhaps somewhat hated, by all.

The man who escapes corruption in Italy must be made of something better than flesh and blood: a religion that is but a farce—priests so ignorant, narrow-minded, and vicious that they are the derision of all—women without modesty, and customs which leave a man full liberty to indulge all his passions, are a combination which the devil himself could not improve upon. Pazienza.

To Mrs. George Frere.

Valchiusa, Feb. 18, 1828.

. . . The physician who attends my damsel, and who is what the natives call *furbo*, said to me the other day, that I should return to England quite *Italianizzata*. I said, "I hoped not in all things." "Why not?" "I did not like all parts of the Italian customs." "What were they?" "The *cavaliere servente* system, for one." "And why so? Why should not a lady receive the attentions of a *galant'uomo*, who would come and ask her to take a walk, perhaps, when she would otherwise stay within, amuse her with a little conversation when she would otherwise be alone, and so on? because if he should, at last, grow too warm in his attentions, she might always say, 'No, I like your conversation very well, but I have not the least intention of going farther; therefore if you cannot keep within these bounds, you must cease your visits.'" Speaking of the perils of a medical life, he said it was a very hard thing that a physician was expected to see upon the most familiar terms young and amiable women—was perhaps young himself, and yet it was supposed that he was to feel nothing. I

said, "Honour and religion ought to be strong enough to subdue any such feelings if they arose, but that I did not think a really honourable man would find such in his breast." "Ah, Signora mia, questo è bel parlare, e non nego il dovere parlerebbe così—ma, quando si sente un poco di sconvolgimento quì," touching his breast, "come si fa?" "Come si *deve* fare, so bene," said I. "Io so anch' io," said he, laughing; "ma," shrugging his shoulders, and laying hold of a tuft of hair stuck on the bald part of his head—"quando questi capelli non erano finti, e quando il sangue mi montava nella testa, mi era però un duro impegno; le dirò. Conosce lei la Signora Laura F——?" "Si." "Ebbene, dodeci anni fa, le fece una operazione sul petto—è una bella dama anch' adesso, ma allora era bella, ma bellissima; tutto riuscì bene, era molto grata, la vidi spesso, e finalmente mi accesi per lei a tal punto che quando bisognava cessare miei visiti era quasi fuor di me. Che fare? Mi risolsi finalmente a andar al di lei marito e parlargli con tutta sincerità." He then went on to tell how he asked leave to visit the wife, which was given with all the courtesy imaginable. He was therefore established in all the rights of *cavaliere servente*-ship to the beautiful Signora Laura. What these were I did not think fit to inquire, and his subsequent conversation sufficiently showed. He went on thus for five years, till the fair lady by degrees became such a tyrant that he resolved to break his fetters. "Era sempre una domanda dove andassi, non voleva lasciarmi andare quà ni là—in breve era una vita che non potessi piu soffrire; la dissi dunque un giorno, 'Signora mia, non posso piu sottometter-

mi a questi capricci; se non me tratterete meglio, do mani mi ma riterò.' E in fatto lo feci. Andai a letto, pensai a tutte le donne della mia conoscenza, e finalmente mi viene in mente questa figlia del Bartoli, andai sulla mattina a domandarla dal padre, ed ecco fatto!" "Oh, bella!" exclaimed I, "e si trovano dunque ragazze in Italia che vogliono darsi alla prima vista così?" He seemed a little abashed, and said they only exchanged promises that day, but that the marriage was delayed for a few weeks. What a state of manners does this disclose! I have inquired of others since if *his* wife is allowed a *cavaliere servente*, but I am told that she is very domestic, goes out only with her husband or her children, and that he since his marriage has been "ben morigerato e modesto." My acquirements are thought wonderful here; and he remarked that English husbands may well be contented to stay at home and have fewer caprices if their wives are capable of amusing their evenings in so many different ways. "Our poverine, who know nothing but how to knit stockings, are not very attractive companions." . . . My intercourse with different people is beginning to let me into the more disagreeable parts of the Italian character—their backbiting and jealousy, which are carried to a point of treachery and malice which we more occupied islanders have not time for. I will not say that the *will* is wanting among us, but the opportunity is. I find that every article of my dress has been canvassed in the society of Pescia, especially my shoes, which excite a degree of admiration of which Mr. Godfrey may be proud. As among the gentlemen the result is generally approved, I can comprehend why even

my friend Signora S—— talks about my extravagance. . . . .

My doctor says there is no such thing as friendship among women; but I think if eighteen years (is it not?) be allowed to disprove a proposition, you and I have gone on long enough to give the lie to his assertion.

To MRS. CORNWALLIS.

Firenze, April 10, 1828.

Here I am, dearest mother, once more taking a last look at fair Florence. Last night my singers came—a last levée—they sang their very best for two hours, then wished me all happiness and a speedy return to Italy. M. Sapet lingered and lingered and did not a bit like the parting, offered his services in every way, and begged to have news of my well-being (he is an old man, remember), kissed my hand at parting with all the devotion of a Frenchman of the old school, and in short was quite moving. Signora F. sent me an affectiónate note this morning by her maid, saying she had not courage to say adieu in person. The last take leave of all was with Catarina, the woman who waited on me; she cried bitterly and aloud; almost all Pescia was at the windows to see me go and wish me a fortunate journey—not that they cared particularly about me, but it is the natural kind feeling of the people, whose first impulse is amiable, but whose second is too often to make their advantage of the prepossession in their favour which this first amiable impulse has created.

You are right in thinking that lying is rather a

favourite failing in Italy; it is carried to a perfection unknown among us, and really sometimes the skill with which a lie is hatched and brought to maturity would be amusing if it did not vex one.

12*th*. I should not have taken up my pen again to-day but to note an occurrence—an earthquake. Last night we had a smart rumble; I never guessed what it was, but supposed some monstrous personage overhead was striding across the room, or rather running, for the sound and the feel were exactly that. There had been a pretty severe thunderstorm in the afternoon, and the earthquake was at ten at night; had I known what it was I might have felt some alarm, instead of that I went to bed and to sleep; but I own I do not wish to feel a severer shock. . . . I have had a long letter from poor Giulio; he had not dared to write so freely before, I suppose, knowing how little such country post-offices are to be trusted. He now avows to me, and says that as yet he dares not avow it to any one else, that he is no Papist, and that the bond that has knit him so closely to me is that of religion. Poor boy! he feels bitterly the difficulties of his situation, and they are indeed great. . . .

As far as weather goes, nothing can be more delightful than Florence now; in my apartment the thermometer varies from 64° to 68°, the smells which result from extreme heat have not yet begun, and every corner is full of flowers for sale, which fill the air with fragrance. I am spoilt for worse pictures, but the first delight of these is over, and it is with this as with other earthly pleasures—the first moment is rapture, the next satiety. I could live contentedly enough at Florence, and that I believe is the utmost

and the best praise that one can give to any place. To-day there has been a splendid procession; there is a new Archbishop, and this was the second time of his appearing in public. It really was splendid, but as far as religion went, not in good taste, for troops with drum and fife were intermixed with priests chanting psalms or prayers, and bayonets glittered among surplices and cowled monks, and whilst the people were on their knees to the *Santissimo* it seemed very much as if they were adoring a troop of grenadiers: still it was the most splendid thing I have seen of this kind, and they say, the most splendid in Italy. All Florence was abroad, and the white robes and cowls with hundreds of burning tapers moving in a line amidst the dense population in dark-coloured dresses for the most part, had a fine effect. I was glad that I had no weak-minded being with me to be dazzled by it. People ought to have hearts and heads well fortified before they enter this seducing country; to me, the simple piety of a few old cripples approaching the plain altar of one of our country churches goes more to the heart than all the gaudy pageantry of the Roman Church, and the sensible Romanists themselves allow it. My friend M. Sapet said that when in Germany he had attended the Protestant church not unfrequently, and had been struck even to the shedding tears at its solemn yet simple rites; they were real Christians, said he, and one could see that the heart was raised to heaven. My host too here loves to talk on religious subjects, and scruples not to express his admiration of our system.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Florence, April 23, 1828.

I have to-day been hearing an improvisatrice, the wife of a cavalier, a Signora Mazzei. I heard of her fame here, and having expressed a wish to hear her, she sent me an invitation to go to her house, allowing me to take a friend with me; so I took my hostess. La Mazzei advanced to receive me with much of courteous manner; but though I was prepared for something *spaventevole*, I had much ado not to start back on seeing her. She looks about fifty-five, is fat, and with nothing in her face to indicate genius; it was unmixed ugliness, without one redeeming feature, not even the Italian eyes. She had no cap; but her grizzled hair was put straight back, and a false front of black curls tied on over without the least attempt to disguise it; a rusty black silk gown—in short, a poetess of days past, when dirt and talent were synonymous. After some conversation whilst we waited the arrival of some other English, she called on the company to give her a subject for a piece of Anacreontic poetry. One of the English ladies gave a spider's web; she took a moment to consider, and then launched into a poem of about ten minutes duration, taking the fable of Arachne; the verse was smooth and good, and the language well chosen, but it did not rise into much of poetical idea. My turn came next to give a subject. She had a friend there who inquired what I proposed, and I gave several, out of which she chose; but, either purposely or by accident she mistook what I had given—the advance of the Gauls into Rome when they found the senators all in their places to receive

them—and took the moment of Camillus's opportune arrival, when the gold was already in the scale. This was in *versi sciolti*, and there was much really of fine poetry. She began with an invocation to Liberty, in which she borrowed a little from Filicaia, but which altogether was in a lofty strain; this was followed by five sonnets made to the same rhymes on different subjects—one or two were very spirited. The next and last thing was Armida abandoned by Rinaldo; and here, to keep clear of a servile imitation of Tasso, and yet follow the story, was not easy. She seemed to triumph in having this difficulty to conquer, and rose in this to an elegance and beauty that was quite enchanting; it was in what they call *ottavi rimi*, and the flow of language was really marvellous.

24*th*. Now for the end of my story. This morning came, at breakfast, a servant of the Signora Mazzei, with a letter begging for some assistance towards maintaining a *protegée* of hers, or rather of making a dower for her. I should tell you that this same Signora has spent her whole fortune in maintaining her cavaliers, and is now poor, and this seems to be a plan of hers for raising the wind. I returned a complimentary answer, saying that I had made my arrangements for the journey, and had not more with me than would suffice to carry me through, and consequently could not assist her charity-purse. The billet was written, but not sent, when I went out to hear some fine music in a church near; the crowd was immense, and while we were fighting our way through with difficulty, I felt some one tap my arm; it was La Mazzei, whose familiar mode of address showed me she was not to be easily shaken off; but the crowd

separated us, and we met no more. She talks in her letter of cultivating a *permanent friendship*. I returned many compliments on her talents and the admiration they had excited, but said not a word of further acquaintance. As I depart on Monday, there will not be much time to attack me afresh. . . . We were invited to see the garden of Signora B., which turned out to be a *déjeuner* affair, lasting from nine till three. According to the Italian custom when in the country, the dependents formed a part of the company, and the contadina, the gardener, and the fattore or bailiff all joined occasionally in the conversation. The gardener was intelligent, and amused me; he contended that his art was not a *mestiere* but a *professione*, making this very just distinction, that a *mestiere* was a mechanical exercise of the hands repeated every day with little variation; a profession was an art in which, having made the necessary studies, the exercise of them depended on judgment; now, as we must vary our plan of proceding according to the caprices of the atmosphere, no regular rule can be given, and we must think from hour to hour what is best to be done —ours, therefore, is a profession. The quickness of reasoning and talent with which he carried on this argument was truly Italian; but when we came to talk about plants, he was ignorant to a point that no English gardener would have been. At first, when I boldly asserted that such and such plants were not of the genus he said, he thought I pronounced upon what I had no means of knowing; but when I briefly explained the Linnæan classifications, both master and man stood in amaze, and, again with true Italian good humour, acknowledged their ignorance and re-

gretted that the language contained no introduction to Botany.

Milano, May 4th. "Chi vuol viaggiare non deve mai impacciarsi con donne," said my vetturino, the other day, and he said well. I have never travelled so much at my ease as on this occasion. Even the dread examination on entering the Austrian States, where people told me I should be delayed three or four hours, besides the fatigue of putting everything into its place again with my own hands, was a mere form—*in* the carriage they did not even look. The good horses are *tanti savii*, that they want no guidance. This is a really fine city, and clean to a point that I have never seen equalled in England even; some miserable parts I suppose there are, but as I am but just arrived, I have not seen them. The costume differs a good deal from other parts. The women—at least the older ones—still preserve the long ruffles at the elbows, the hair is all drawn together in a braid at the back of the head, and then stuck with a score of silver pins in the form of a crescent, with a natural flower stuck on one side over the ear; with a pretty face it would be a very pretty dress, but the habit of going without cap or bonnet makes them copper-coloured, and spoils the features from the habit of knitting the brows to avoid the sun's rays. My two men amuse themselves with making comparisons as to the *quantum* of female beauty in the different places they pass through, and thus far the palm is given to Reggio; but it is curious that the Italians admire nothing that is not fair—a rosy colour, light hair, and a white hand are prized by them as we prize diamonds—for their rarity; and that which one really

finds among them *sometimes, i.e.*, fine features and expressive eyes, they hardly value.

I cannot help feeling some gratification in the thought that I am living under the wing of you and my good father here as much as if I were at home; he was the ready and firm friend of those who had no other, and his child has found people raised up for her service whenever she wanted them; many thought my undertaking a tremendous one when I prepared to traverse Italy and France by myself, and lo! I go on as comfortably as if I were in my own country. . . . The English physician at Florence, Dr. K., was the moral of all the other physicians I have seen—an amusing gossip, full of talent. He knew all my proceedings as well as I did myself, and told me that I did well not to embark on the journey with Captain G., who, though a very good man, was quite hypochondriacal. "Unless you had a taste for making arrowroot and water-gruel, you would soon have been tired of your companion. I made him drink mineral waters here till I thought I had sickened him of them; but, lo you! he is off now to Vichy to a mineral spring there, and will not be easy till he has given it a trial." I told him I had seen "such purpose dread" in his eyes, and had declined accordingly. He laughed, ran over all the gossip of Florence, sat for nearly an hour, and the next day ran down in his slippers to bid me adieu as I stepped into the carriage. And now I must bid you adieu.

To MRS. MOSSOP.

Domo d'Ossola, May 10, 1828.

Thursday I left splendid Milan, where the weather prevented me from seeing as much as I intended, for it rained incessantly for two days, and I could do nothing but mend my rags (a thing very needful to a poor traveller), look at the Duomo, and go to the theatre. The Duomo is one of the wonders of the world; I believe nothing equal to it is to be seen anywhere. A large number of workmen is now employed upon it, and the main parts are completed. Buonaparte had the honour of *beginning the finishing*, the Imperial Government is following it up, and with a greatness of soul which does honour to his Imperial Majesty, the triumphal arch of the Simplon, likewise begun by Napoleon, as a memorial of his victories, in which his chief exploits are represented in bas relief, is now carrying on on the original plan. The Austrian Emperor raises the monument destined by his quondam victor to perpetuate the memory of his defeat. . . . . I have seen nothing in Italy or France equal to Milan; and for its size, it is perhaps one of the handsomest towns of Europe. Yesterday morning, at the end of the Lago Maggiore, I found that my vetturino intended to bait two hours, so I proposed taking a boat to amuse myself, when I was informed that a gentleman wished to go the same way, and would take it as a favour if he might accompany me. I soon found that he spoke very bad Italian, and could hardly make the people understand; so I said—"Forse il Signore parla qualche altra lingua, francese, inglese." "Oh! English, English!" he exclaimed, with a joy which

nobody can conceive that has not met with his own country people in a foreign land, and unexpectedly; for hearing me speak the language fluently he thought I must be Italian. And now began a curious conversation. He was a young Englishman, travelling because other people travel, and looking at things because other people looked at them; and all the time heartily weary of the business. There is on the shore of the lake a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, hollow withinside, which may be ascended. "Don't you mean to see the statue?" "Certainly." "And to get into his nose?" "No, my ambition vaults not so high." "Oh, you must get into his nose; I am going on purpose." "And what good does one get there?" "Oh, I don't know, only that one can say one has been there; one would not like to go back to England without having seen everything—to be forced to say No, when people ask if one has seen so-and-so." "To me that imports little," said I, laughing; "but I see you are an industrious traveller." "Oh yes; I go to see everything; for when I can once set my foot in England, I never mean to leave it again—there is no place like it." I laughed again. "Why did you come away from it?" Oh, one must see Italy, you know; everybody does." By this time we were advanced in the lake. "Well," he exclaimed, "people talk much of the beauty of this lake. I can't see much to admire; but however, I shall be able to say I have seen it; I have seen nothing worth looking at since the riviera of Genoa." "Then I presume you have not crossed the Apennines from Florence to Bologna, which, in my opinion, is much finer." "No, indeed; nobody told me a word

about it, or I would have gone; I like to see everything." We now landed to look at the statue. "Oh, this is nothing," exclaimed he, as he approached it. "I expected to see a much finer thing." The people asked if he would have the ladders brought out to mount. "Into his nose? Oh yes; I want to get into the old fellow's nose, I assure you." And then, turning to me, begged to know who this St. Charles might be? I explained; and by this time the ladders were ready. It was rather a fearful height to mount, and he looked a little blue at it; but shame overcame fear, so with a "here's for it, then!" he began the ascent. The men called to him to leave his hat; that he scorned. "Ecco! il vero Inglese!" exclaimed the bystanders, who, I suppose, had seen many a pig-headed Englishman mount. When he returned, the people offered wine. "No; why did you not give it me when I was in his nose? it would have been worth having then; *now* I would not give a pin for it." It was now twelve miles before there was anything else to be seen, and he began to complain that the fellows were lazy, and did not pull at the oar as they ought to do; because he had yet much to see that day, and he was hungry, and he was cold. You cannot imagine how oddly the peculiarities of my nation strike me now that a long residence among Italians has made me see them more clearly. England will be a new country to me, and at first I shall have to study the language, for until yesterday I had not spoken more than a few words since the middle of March; and I really blundered and patched in Italian words almost without knowing it, so do not fancy it is affectation if at my first return I do so still.

Sion, May 12th. Safe over the Simplon yesterday—thanks to heaven for it—for it was a perilous business. I set out from Domo d'Ossola rather later than travellers are wont to do, and on the road one of the screws of the springs gave way, and we were forced to stop at the village of Simplon nearly an hour to have it mended. For nearly two miles the road had been cut through the snow, which was a wall of ten or twelve feet high on each side; and as it had been cut quite close to the edge, for the convenience of throwing the snow down the precipice, this was not very agreeable; but as we began to descend we met some postillions returning. "You cannot pass," said they. "Why so?" "An avalanche has just fallen, and two men are employed in cutting it through; but you must wait at least two or three hours ere it will be practicable." This was equally impracticable, and I proposed to leave the carriage and wade the snow, and then with the hands we could get, to try the pass by main strength. One of the mountaineers took me on one side, Agostino on the other, and we got through; I then sent them back to the carriage and horses, and with strength and patience all came safe, and we got in at last at about half-past nine at night. Had not the spring broken, we had probably been under the avalanche instead of telling about it. Both my men have had enough of the Alps, and the vetturino swears that if he once gets back in a whole skin he will never leave Italy again, very honestly avowing that he has not courage for such undertakings. I laugh, and he laughs sometimes, but then shakes his head, and says he shall be *affagato* in the snow going back, and being all alone, nobody will ever hear any

more of him. It was dark and rainy when we got to Briga, we did not know the way, and when we began to ask nobody understood. I at last mustered enough German to tell a piteous tale to a man who looked out of a window; too much, indeed, for he answered in a flood of Swiss-German, which even Germans themselves can hardly understand. At last, making out that we were Italian, he hunted up some one who could speak Italian to show us the way.

To Miss Frere.

Nizells, Oct. 26, 1828.

It is useless to enter into explanations of why I have been so long silent. I had cherished a hope of seeing you—I was disappointed, out of spirits—anything but forgetful of you and yours. My journey to England was a prosperous one, though with no other escort than servants. But I found things changed and sad. A dear old friend* whom I had loved as a mother, and to whose house I went *en route* even before I came home, seemed as if she had only lingered to see me and die; she received me with tears of joy, wept again at taking leave, and in a fortnight more I received the intelligence that I must see her no more in this world. . . .

The inmate of a monastery could tell you as much as I can; I have not been out of our garden gate for two months; we see no one, no new books, and only lately a newspaper. However, the cry with which England is echoing just now has been loud enough to penetrate even into our seclusion. The mass of the

* Mrs. Mossop.

people seems determined that no further concessions shall be made to the Romanists; Brunswick Clubs are forming everywhere—nobles, gentry, all (or at least so great a part that the opposing minority in this case seems dwindled to a mere nothing) have raised the cry of Protestant Ascendancy: it is drunk at public dinners with nine times nine—in short it is the one thing that the English just now are determined to think about, and Russia and the Turks and the Greeks, and all their concerns, seems to occupy no part of the public attention. Peel and the Duke of Wellington seem to be popular, chiefly on account of their opposition to Catholic Emancipation, as it is called; at the same time it is some question with me whether there is enough talent and influence in the present Cabinet to stand its ground. However, I am no politician, and have no means of being so, so you must ask better informed people about these things. One thing I do know—that we have had a bad harvest all over the north of Europe, and that wheat is in consequence much dearer. Wages being now for the most part low, this, when winter comes, will be a serious affair. Here during the greater part of the summer we were half washed away; in Tuscany, on the contrary, I hear that they have been five months without rain. The effect in both cases has been the same—a short crop of grain, notwithstanding its early promise. I am not blind enough to suppose that the noblemen and gentlemen who now lead the people are doing all this for fear of a renewal of the fires of Smithfield; religion of course is put forward to sway the ignorant, and may have its share also in the minds of their leaders, but political expediency and self-interest are probably the principal

objects of consideration. The *people* are still a religious people, and those who have made the appeal to them know what they are about. All distinctions of Whig and Tory seem laid aside among the country gentlemen on this occasion; they hate Papists politically and religiously, and would as soon admit a poacher into their preserves as a Catholic into power. Newspapers assert that the King himself has said that sooner than grant full admission to the Catholics, he would put his veto on it, even had the bill passed both Houses, and dissolve the Parliament. I hardly believe that he has said it, but many would wish at least to believe it.

To Miss Frere.

Hot Wells, Bristol, March 16, 1829.

. . . I have never seen anything that comes near the present state of things since the battle about the Queen; then there was more popular tumult, but not the weight and influence of the country thrown into motion as it is now. The bitterest invective is resorted to on both sides: brother sides against brother, son against father. (Colonel Peel and Lord Uxbridge are active opposers of the measure.) Kent voted a petition to the King the other day, begging Lords Winchelsea and Bexley to request an audience of his Majesty and present it, because they could place no confidence in the Secretary of State. As I have never been able to discern in Ireland anything more than the usual consequences of a half-savage state, I cannot perceive the least chance of any of the benefits which its advocates promise us are to result

from this measure. . . . It seems rather a reproach to the capacity of governors in this enlightened age to say that they *cannot* enforce the laws. I cannot see how the introduction of Mr. O'Connell and a few more such into Parliament is to reconcile the low Irish of the southern provinces to the execution of those obnoxious laws respecting property which I said before all barbarous nations consider a desperate infringement on the simple natural rule of taking what you can get and keeping what you can. Ireland will not be more tranquil, and England will be less so; the business of Parliament will be obstructed by the introduction of turbulent demagogues like O'Connell and his compeers, and ministers will have to bribe them into quiet. How all this is to increase the prosperity of a nation I profess exceeds my weak intellects to comprehend.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Firenze, Oct. 4, 1829.

. . . At this moment there is neither egress nor regress from Italy except by sea, the roads by Mont Cenis and the Simplon being equally impassable, and the English travellers in this country are like mice in a trap, looking at the bars but unable to break them. The roads being a government concern in this country, the large and expensive repairs which are become needful may be beneficial to the half-ruined peasantry. Everywhere I found broken bridges and inundations: such a season has not been known these fifty years, they say. It took us three hours to cross the Po; but, in truth, the difficulties of the journey have not

been altogether unpleasing to me, because I have seen what in general is only to be seen in winter—namely, waterfalls and rivers in their fulness, instead of little trickling rills such as they usually are in summer. Every cleft of the Alps was a cataract, roaring, foaming, and tumbling in a thousand fantastic forms, for many hundred feet, till they swelled the green waves of the river below into a torrent of no ordinary magnitude. I never saw water as a terrible agent till now, and perhaps no one without seeing it can form an idea of it. The short time it takes to break up a road or a bridge when it has once effected an inroad, is surprising; and the masses of solid masonry which yield like paste to its force, and would have seemed capable of resisting the Deluge itself, sufficiently attest its power.

Pescia, Oct. 8th. I arrived here to-day, and all my old contadino friends came to welcome me back. The poor old woman looked her son over from head to foot, drawing back a little to have a better view, and then exclaiming, "E lo stesso, è esattamente lo stesso Agostino!" which conviction seemed to give her marvellous satisfaction. I left Florence yesterday, hoping to get a quiet night's rest at Pistoia; but scarcely had I gone to bed, when it began to rain and blow as it does when "the Deil has business on his hands." To think of sleeping was in vain. Presently, a violent gust burst the window open; I scrambled out of bed to close it against the torrents of rain that were entering, but before I could reach it my lamp was blown out. I felt my way to Eliza's room, relighted it, fastened all tight, and then hoped to get an hour or two's sleep. Scarcely was I composed in bed,

when a violent thump at the door and a demand for light roused me again; the water was pouring in through the roof, and my apartment was isolated from the rest of the house by two or three rooms knee-deep in water. At last, after dancing about in this way till five in the morning, I got a few hours' sleep. Such a scene of destruction as daylight produced! Vines, trees, everything laid flat where the tornado had passed. Between Pistoia and Florence the road was no longer practicable, so many trees were blown down across it. . . .

The contadini are all lifting up hands and eyes again to see the washing of the floors. "Si lava!" exclaimed a man who was passing; "ma sa! anche nella casa della Signora Camilla Magnani non si fu mai questo lavoro." A party of musicians arrived in the courtyard to give the "ben venuta" to the Signora Carolina, and played till it was too dark and chill for me to stay longer at the window.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Pescia, Oct. 12, 1829.

Monday night I had *my conversazione*, which went off satisfactorily, I believe, for I hear to-day that it was considered a "bellissima conversazione, una specie di accademìa." One of the ladies inquired whether the English were Christians, but that was a trifle. My expenses consisted of half-a-crown for four singers and two musicians, half-a-crown more for cakes, and eighteenpence for wine. . . . The contadini of the house are drawing off their wine, and have brought me a present of two flasks, expecting that I was to

drink them in the course of the day, I believe; the woman professed her intention of being comfortably drunk and then going to bed, and the little boy, about three years old, is disgustingly intoxicated already, like one of the young Bacchanals that Rubens delighted in painting—not absolutely reeling, but flushed, dancing, running, and making a fool of himself like his elders. A sight more melancholy is hardly to be imagined. . . . It is wonderful how much the Pescia people are smartened up since the first time I came; the ladies now send to Florence to have their things washed. In a little while they will try and civilize the lower classes, in order to have at less expense what they have made up their minds to have; and thus, one step after another, luxury will be the means of introducing a better state of things. The theatre at Florence is now lighted, and people dress to go—another step, because when some trouble attends going, they will go seldomer, and thus waste less time.

To Miss Frere.

Pescia, Nov. 2, 1829.

. . . The cruel intelligence* which followed me so closely left me little inclination to address those who I knew must feel it more deeply than I did, and the shock, coming on the back of a fatiguing journey, added bodily indisposition to the sickness of the heart; from the former I am recovering, but for the latter, unless I could forget what the friend was whom I have lost, it must be long indeed ere I shall cease

* Announcing the death of Lady Orde.

to feel it. Peculiar circumstances had added to the general esteem I felt for a character not often equalled an affection not commonly experienced where the ties of blood are wanting: the stroke has been proportionally severe, and it is in vain that I try to rouse myself to enjoy the scenes around me, beautiful as they are, though I might feel more sad perhaps were it not for those mute communings with the beauties of nature which help to raise the mind to nature's God. It always seems to me that grief hangs upon the mind with a more overwhelming force in a city than in the country. . . .

Mrs. R. H. is a very untaught creature, but has a fund of good sense and good feeling at bottom that make her a great favourite with me. If she had had more advantages, she was capable of much; as it is, I dare say she will grow into a thorough anxious mamma, and weary people with histories of her baby, as I have known many a one do, who had by nature talent to have ministered to the mental as well as bodily wants of her offspring. I never view such characters without regret, because I can never divest my mind of some thoughts as to the high destinies of that helpless thing that is wailing in its nurse's arms. It is the mother who must give the first impulse to that mind which may hereafter lead hundreds to happiness or misery; and that mother, after choosing, with fond anxiety, the flannel in which the limbs are to be wrapped, leaves the far more important half of the future man to the care of hirelings—or to no care at all. I firmly believe that the human mind is capable of much more than we commonly see effected, and that what we call talent and genius is often little

more than a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances which has called the latent powers into action, just as a blacksmith or a carpenter gains strength of arm from keeping the muscles in constant play. Amongst those whom I have known at all intimately very few have been deficient in intellect, but I hardly know one who has had the perseverance necessary to rise to excellence in any pursuit; the *cui bono?* is a bar to every improvement, for who can tell in first taking up a study to what use it may hereafter be put? The trite saying that knowledge is power might, however, be a sufficient reason, since that power may always be employed in doing good.

I cannot tell you anything of English public news now; the continental papers are too cautiously purged of all offending matter to leave anything of interest, but what I have heard *here* is curious, namely, that the late Pope died bankrupt, and that his funds were supposed to have been exhausted in bribes to carry the point of Irish "Emancipation," as it has been called. As English affairs never have been, and probably never will be, understood by foreigners, the Italians attach prodigious weight to this measure, and suppose it the forerunner of our return to Romish superstitions; the folks at Rome expect to see us all on our knees to the Virgin in a very short time. But these expectations are those of the *devout* lay Romanists or the priesthood; the rest—and I am every day confirmed in my opinion—are ready for any change, and would hail it as a relief from an irksome burthen. "Cannot the very devout see that this is the case?" said I one day to a young man who had been talking on the subject. "They shut their eyes and their ears to what is going

on around them," said he. "Content with being secure of Paradise themselves, they think little about others. The worst feature of the present times," he added, "is the total indifference as to all religion which is growing fast upon us; superstition is bad, but I know not if a total disregard of religion be not worse, and in this both professors and students seem to unite." The observations which I have been able to make in my residence abroad have made me form opinions rather different from many of my friends—whether just or not, time will show; but I should be far from seeking to maintain them against those who know better than I do, in which class I have been long accustomed to place Mr. Frere. . . . I am much obliged to your niece for her kind remembrance; it gratifies me, when the whirlwind has swept away all the trees round me to see some young scions growing up in their room. If anything can replace the friends we have lost, it is their children; the affection we felt for the parents descends to their family, and whilst there are young Freres left, I do not seem as if I should stand in the world quite alone.

To THE SAME.

Pescia, Feb. 5, 1830.

. . . I have had a good opportunity of judging here what are the immediate effects of taking away the law of primogeniture in matters of inheritance. In this little town there were about a dozen noble families; of these, all but two are reduced to entire poverty by the thoughtless extravagance of some progenitor, or the necessary subdivision of property.

Their possessions have for the most part fallen into the hands of one commercial family, and the poor who used to find food and assistance from the rich have now scarcely a resort, for the rich parvenu has no taste for giving away. The whole community, therefore, is reduced to being poor together, instead of finding that circulation of wealth which the favourers of the scheme tell us is to result from it. Of its farther influence upon morals it is necessary to live here in order to judge. These idle nobles, with just enough to live on, but not to pay for education or maintain a family, are the pests of society—ignorant and vicious, corrupting the lower classes and infesting the upper. One of this class here, a very handsome young man, had attached himself to a lady besotted enough to maintain him; the husband complained of the expense — the dishonour is borne patiently if the cavaliere be rich; the Vicario (or Criminal Judge) to whom he complained, by way of mending the matter, enrolled this young man, *nolens volens*, as a private soldier, and he was sent to Florence. This just doubled the cost, as the lady sent him enough to maintain him there as a gentleman. The father is now dead, and he has leave of absence to come here and look after his share of the inheritance; so he laughs at husband and Vicario, and having acquired a sort of celebrity by his adventures, is sought and distinguished by the whole town, and is the oracle of the shoemaker's shop where nobles, tradesmen, servants, &c., equally resort to hear the lie of the day and set another going for to-morrow. A blessed state of society this! I have contrived at last to pick up *two* female acquaintance of unspotted character—a

widow and her daughter—of noble family, and better education than the rest; these form my only society, and a similarity of sentiments has made us great friends.

To MRS. CORNWALLIS.

Pescia, Feb. 11, 1830.

14*th, Sunday.* I have just been to hear the Sunday instructions given to children here, and you shall have the scene. It was in a long chapel with benches up the sides, boys on one, girls on the other, an altar at the upper end; a priest, with a black cap on his head, a large wand under his arm, a caldano in his hand, walked up and down asking questions and giving answers to himself in a loud voice. The subject of the instruction was Confession, which was, he said, the only dependence we had; we were drowning mariners, and Confession was the only plank on which we could be saved; and Confession was to be made with great precision as to number, circumstances, and order of sins. If we were at a loss, a general calculation might be made as to number, by counting one day and then multiplying by the number of days since the last Confession. There was a great difference in the degree of crimes—in stealing, for instance: a man might steal ten, a hundred, or five hundred pauls, but he who stole five hundred was infinitely the greater sinner: furthermore, you might steal from a poor or a rich man, and he who stole from a poor man was much the more guilty, because from the poor he took perhaps his whole substance,

from the rich only what he could well spare. Can you wonder that the Roman Catholics are thieves as well as liars—at least those of this country?

Giulio tells me of the death of the good-natured Canonico who delivered my letter to him at Arezzo; he seems to have gone out of the world very much like old T——, a rare thing amongst Roman Catholics. He had all his little personal property brought to him, and distributed it to his friends and servants, saying it was the best way to avoid disputes after his death, and then sate quietly to wait for his dismission. "He did not believe in purgatory, then," said I. G—— laughed, and said he supposed not. I have got another treatise on the Proofs of Revealed Religion, written for the use of his own children by a Dr. Marchetti, who afterwards took orders and became a bishop. It is well written, and liberal, and consequently incurred the censure of the Court of Rome. I could not help noticing how the ties of domestic life had softened and polished his mind, when compared with the other treatise by Monsignore Tassoni. Marchetti addresses himself to his children with all a father's anxiety and affection; and religion in his hands becomes what it ought always to be, because he wants to make them love and respect it.

To the Same.

Pescia, March 11, 1830.

. . . I have been collecting flower-roots very diligently, and shall have a good many pretty ones; amongst the rest an hepatica, of a colour I have never seen in England—a fine lilac. . . .

The rector of the parish in which my house stands has been to pay me a visit—the first priest that has been within my doors. He is a contadino by birth, but seems to have read, and appears to be a well-meaning, good man. We talked about the ignorance and vice of the people, and the want of education to mend them, and upon this head we agreed marvellously well. I had, indeed, heard from others that he takes ten or twelve boys to teach gratis every day, so I knew I was on sure ground. I was pleased with his simple good sense, and have been so with all I have heard of him. He lives alone in his rectory-house, and goes to dine at a contadino's near; they send somebody to sweep, and make his bed, if he does not do it himself, and he thus avoids the scandal, and perhaps hazard, of having any maid-servant in the house. . . .

Let no one ever say that women are the better for not being learned. I have seen enough of what are the desperate evils of tittle-tattle; people must talk of something and think of something, and if nothing better occupies the mind, it will be the affairs of our neighbours. I would wish all the advocates of ignorance to visit Tuscany, and take a view of it in all its excellence, where the ladies knit their own stockings and spin their own gowns, and hear them sit with their knitting or their spinning and tear to pieces the character of their neighbours in mere wantonness, for want of other employment. Three or four ignorant women sitting at their work are enough to set a whole community together by the ears. I again say, Blessed England! we may be bad, but not *so* bad; education and refinement may have

their evils, but they are so much less than those produced by ignorance and *grossièreté* that I call that nation blessed which has none but the former to contend with. It is an error, I am sure it is, to think that in any class you can educate too much. The soul is born for knowledge, and the more you give it the more it rises towards its destined perfection—the more capable it becomes of heavenly science as well as earthly, the more capable of curbing unruly passions. Last night E. O. came to pay me a visit. I told her that if I came back to Italy and found her with a *cavaliere servente,* I would not speak to her. She said I need not fear it from her own principles; but that even were it not so, her intended husband had told her very plainly, that if she gave him any cause of suspicion he should just order a carriage to the door and send her home again. What a state of things must it be when a man could think such a caution necessary to be given to the woman of his choice! She is a very amiable being, and I shall be sorry to leave her;—so very good, so anxious to do all that the strictest of Catholics think needful, that she gives herself no peace, and now half kills herself with Lent-fasting. She says Ferdinando is very good too, and he looks so. I asked her to visit me at Pisa, he being fixed there by his employment; but she says that the Italians, so lax in other things, are severe in this, and that she must not go to the town where he is for all the world: another proof of the general depravity of manners, which cannot suppose that an innocent intercourse can exist between persons of different sexes.

To Miss Frere.

Nizells, June 23, 1830.

. . . I forget if I told you that some of the young Trimmers were gone out to the new colony at Swan River. Letters have arrived telling of a prosperous voyage, and thus far very good prospects. A town has already been built, and they have got land into cultivation about it, which they say is likely to be productive; at present they depend a good deal on fishing for their subsistence, and they say the fish is abundant and good. The natives are friendly, curious, and a little thievish, but seem disposed even to assist the working parties in their labours. Will these poor people be better treated by the colonists here than they have been in other countries? Thus far those who have gone out have been of a very superior class; but Noah and his sons were soon brutalized when they were left alone upon the earth. I sometimes speculate on the probable consequences of the wide spread of the English language, arts, and religion over the globe. Since the time of the Romans no nation has ever had so large an influence over the minds of men; and as the Roman power was made instrumental to the first wide spread of Christianity, may it not be that this strange colonizing spirit of the English may have some such work to do, unknown to us? I don't know why it is that northern countries have always overflowed with population, while those where nature having been more bountiful we might expect to have more numerous families, do not. In Tuscany two and three children seem the general run of increase in families; and so many remain un-

married that even this cannot be taken as an average increase throughout the State. I saw it curiously asserted in a book written by an Italian Bishop, to prove the advantage of the Roman over the Reformed religion, that the Reformed States were yearly decreasing in population. It was an excellent argument, because it could only be contradicted by another *ipse dixit;* and I saw my assertion that we were overflowing with an increase of about five millions in thirty years received with an incredulous smile, which seemed to say, "Of course you will say so." But this is a digression, and I return to the relative increase of northern and southern States. Is it that the great heat weakens the human animal, and shortens life? or is it the comparative ease with which a livelihood may be obtained that induces vice? or is it, finally, the Roman Catholic faith, which so much discourages marriage, and thus checks the natural course of things? In Tuscany any intention of marrying is concealed as carefully and held as disreputable nearly as amongst us a connexion without marriage would be, the priests often refusing absolution whilst any such treaty is going on. But whatever the cause may be, the world in general is likely to profit by our overflow, whatever our sentiments on the subject may be at home.

I saw an article in the *Quarterly Review*, which I suppose you see, accounting for the depression of trade all the world over by the decreased produce of the South American mines, and the consequent increase in the price of the precious metals. It strikes me as the most reasonable account I have seen; but if it be so, it does not at all brighten the prospect, which, by-the-bye, does not look so dark in my eyes as

to many, because riches are only to be measured by the quantum of food and clothing, and other necessary things which they afford; and if a labourer can feed and clothe his family as well on ten shillings now as he did on sixteen shillings twenty years ago, he has no reason to complain. . . . On the other hand, I should tell you that the farmers say "things are a little looking up," and deprecate any change, because, say they, "a steady system, good or bad, is better than one always changing." One measure seems to give satisfaction amongst the poorer sorts, and it seems likely to pass this session—the taking off the Excise duty from beer. Those who still have their brewing utensils are proposing to brew and sell to their neighbours who have not, and thus, if the great brewers should be a little the sufferers, a much larger portion of the community will be the gainers. It has been opposed, as all things must be, chiefly I believe because the defalcation is to be made up by an additional duty on spirits; but the demoralization which was the consequence of the removal of that duty two years ago showed sufficiently how ill-advised that measure was, and most, I believe, rejoice to see it restored, excepting the distillers.

By way of making the books I have go the farthest, I am labouring to understand Greek, and translating German poetry, to see if I can match or surpass Lord F. Leveson Gower. These occupations serve to fill up my time at least, even if they are of no great benefit either to myself or others, and look rather more respectable than the nursing a cat or a bird, though I do not know that they are in fact a whit better; indeed, had I not some opinion of the high

dignity of the soul which ought not to be debased, I should say that those did best who accommodated themselves to circumstances and nursed the cat. I have seen a strong insect wonderfully tired with trying to disengage himself from the slender threads of the spider, almost to the point of abandoning the effort in despair, and I find myself sometimes nearly in the same case. . . .

That disposition, determination, call it what you will, not to be happy ourselves unless we can make all about us so, is a thing much rarer in the world than most people think, and, what is strange, rarely consists with the higher flights of religion. The eager candidate for heaven has learnt to think that sufferings are sent him in mercy, and with an easy transition begins to take a degree of pleasure in seeing others enduring what must be so good for them. Not so did Jesus Christ; for even when he was about to restore Lazarus to the arms of his afflicted sisters, he wept only with the sight of their grief. If his followers imitate him not in this, it may serve to show how imperfect we are in our very best works, and that all has a savour of sin. Spite of the rules and examples of the Gospel, we have seen men in all ages running into this extreme, and the admiration which they are sure to gain from common minds continues them in their error. A few may perhaps note and avoid it; but probably only to fall into some other. That our wedding-garment should be so excessively ragged is rather a disheartening circumstance, as all sempstresses know that the time may come that if we mend one hole too well we do but make another. Looking well over the old coat from

time to time, with a stitch in time in the weak places, is one's best chance, I believe. And now, good night. Health and happiness to you! for I am not good Christian enough yet to wish you salutary corrections.

Ever your affectionate

C. F. CORNWALLIS.

To the Same.

Nizells, August 29, 1830.

It is a good while since I have sent you a despatch, and since I wrote what a world of things has happened! The hurry and fright in which the English scampered off from France was almost laughable. A friend of ours at Brighton wrote us word that the greater part of those who arrived there in the packets came with no other luggage than the clothes on their backs, and the numbers who have passed on this road in their way from the coast are astonishing. I had seen so much ill-blood brewing in France as I came through, that I wrote to Sismondi a short time since to ask him if he could tell me what was going forward, and about a week before the issuing the famous ordinances, he answered, and with a complete history of what was going to be done. The deputies would not push things to extremity unless the King persisted in his attempts to overthrow the constitution; they were satisfied to remain as they were, and deprecated so dreadful a struggle; but if he did persist, he must lose his crown. The ministers severally and together, he says, had represented to the King the hazard he ran, wished him to be moderate, and yet he was unmoved Where, then, were his advisers? I pity

these men, who had been induced by a false sense of honour and loyalty, to persevere in executing measures which they disapproved of; but the King—what can we say of him? I think it was at Lulworth Castle that the French royal family resided in their former exile; and to Lulworth they are gone again, but under circumstances which excite very little sympathy among the people. Marshal Marmont, I think, was hissed by the populace when he landed—the rest of the party seem to have got off quietly. Hunt, Cobbett, and Co. have been very busy getting up an address to the French people, and so forth; and, precisely because they put themselves at the head of it, none of the respectable part of the country would stir, though I think the sentiment pretty generally is admiration of the temper and moderation shown in so fearful, though so unavoidable, a convulsion. The *very* Anti-gallican John Bulls insist that the French are incapable of anything like rational liberty, and expect to see all the bloody tragedies of the former Revolution acted over again. I should hope better things, because the rank and property of the country move with the people at present, and, as they must expect to be the losers by any anarchical proceedings, they will exert themselves to preserve order. It was this which made our Revolution of 1688 bloodless; but the state of Europe now is very different from what it was then, and how far that may influence France it is difficult to say.

The elections here are nearly over, with but few contests, I think. In Essex, some score or two of thousands have been thrown away; Wellesley Long Pole, I am glad to say, is thrown out; I am old-

fashioned enough to think that a bad man will never make a good legislator. There is a strange jumble in politics now; High Tories and High Whigs seem joining —oil and water, one would think, might have done so sooner—and all to oust the Duke of Wellington, who has contrived to be very extensively unpopular; but, if they succeed, I don't know that we should better ourselves, for there seems to be a marvellous lack of talent in these days. Nothing can equal the activity and bustle of the King, and his present popularity; in a letter I had the other day from Mr. Trimmer, he says: "With one thing or other, London is always in motion, and king-hunting is quite the fashion; if you miss him in one place, you have him in five minutes in another:—now he is on horseback, then in his state-carriage with fifty life-guards after him—turn your back, and he is walking by your side, arm-in-arm with some gentleman, in a plain black coat and white trousers: you have hardly caught sight of him before he is off to hold a Chapter of the Garter, surrounded by the highest and most splendid of the nobility. I believe to-day the King goes to see the Tower of London, the Thames Tunnel, Greenwich Hospital, and the dockyard and arsenal at Woolwich; to-morrow, rests himself with a five hours' levée. 'Of all the lives I ever led, a sailor's life for me:' 'Of all the kings I ever had, a sailor-king for me.'" There was but little even outward mourning for the late King; people were disgusted with his private life, displeased with his yielding nature, and nobody affected to be sorry. The shops are full of caricatures of Lady Conyngham—the best is the landlord of the John Bull inn discharging Betty, the

housemaid. She is crying in the midst of her boxes, and saying that she has no wish to leave her service; the present King, as the landlord, pointing to her stuffed pockets and trunks, and saying he is sure there is more than is right there, and he has a great mind to send for a search-warrant.

I am sorry to say, nevertheless, that the popularity of the new King does not prevent a very evil spirit from prevailing among the lower orders in this neighbourhood—how it may be elsewhere I cannot tell. There have been a dozen fires of stacks, &c., all the work of incendiaries; one which we saw from our windows reddened the sky like a sunset. They have been the property, as far as I can learn, of the farmers who were remarkable for harsh treatment of the poor; but it shows a bad spirit abroad when men begin to take such terrible vengeance. Some of our pensioners tell us that the talk they hear is, that it is impossible to be worse off, and that England will never be well without another civil war.

To the Same.

Nizells, Jan. 12, 1831.

Every day now produces so much to talk and to think about, that there can be no want of a subject for the entertainment of distant friends, if indeed that can be called *entertainment* which is of such fearful interest. Since I wrote last, our poor foolish country people have suffered themselves to be urged into still greater acts of outrage, and the prisons were so full that it was needful to have a special commis-

sion to clear them, as well as to show that such things could not be done with impunity. For these last three weeks the trials have been going on, and I really have felt quite sick with reading, day after day, of executions and transportations; knowing as I do how much has been done to lead these poor ignorant people astray, I feel provoked that the *real* authors of their crimes cannot be punished instead of these poor wretches. The counties in which there have been executions are now tranquil, but in other parts burnings and tumults continue; while Ireland, if one may credit newspapers, is on the verge of open rebellion. I credit this the rather because I heard from private authority the other day that there were strict orders from the War Office to recruit no Irish into our regiments, for recruiting is going on, and our ships in ordinary, I am told, are put in a state of great forwardness, though not actually prepared for sea. Orders are given for balloting for the militia; in short, everything bespeaks an apprehension on the part of Government that we shall not be without our share in the stir of next summer.

It is a curious thing—and one which gives room for deep thought—that an attempt is now making to introduce downright Paganism again. I have seen publications in which it is roundly and boldly asserted that the Sun is God—the Cause and Ruler of all things; and those who do not go quite that length (of that school, I mean) revive Dupuis's nonsense, and contend that Christianity is, in fact, Paganism, and that Jesus Christ himself is nothing but an oriental allegory—a title under which we have been worshipping the sun for the last eighteen hundred years with-

out knowing it. Amongst the tradesmen of London, I am grieved to say, these wild notions are making too much progress; and, what is more grievous still, there is such a tardiness, an apathy, a stupidity, I hardly know what to call it, among the higher clergy, and those whose fortune and influence might enable them to do something, that it drives me half wild to see it. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge met at last on the subject, and voted a thousand pounds for publications suited to the times, but how do you think they managed this? "They would gladly receive any works calculated to enforce the duty of Christian obedience and patience, but must decline having anything to do with writings of a political nature." In short, on the one side all is activity and vigour, on the other there are so many etiquettes, and rules, and ceremonials, that while they are bowing to one another to know whose business it is to begin, they may chance to find themselves all sent to the right about. There is no union, no courage fit to meet the exigency. Never do I remember to have seen things wear so gloomy an aspect. We shall see what is done when Parliament meets; but people already begin to talk of the necessity of a fresh dissolution, and if our time is to be spent in elections instead of looking to the state of the poor laws, I know not who will be able to live safely in his house. It strikes me that *that* is the great evil, and that nothing in the world will be of any avail till that matter is remedied. At present the weight lies exclusively on the landed interest; the farmer is bankrupt in consequence, and the landlord half ruined; the land is not half cultivated, and the lesser tradesmen broken down for

want of employment, because no one can afford tools and workmanship. But if *the people* form the strength of a country, why is one class to bear the whole burden of paying and supporting this people? why does not the monied proprietor, the banker, and the fund-holder pay his share towards it? Relieve the farmer from a part of the poor's rate, forbid the paying *any part* of wages from that source, the men would again be independent, and the farmer would again cultivate his land. Parliamentary reform, economy in the State expenditure, are all very pretty things to talk about, and should be attended to, certainly, because they are things that give a handle to discontented declaimers; but to fancy that the conceding these points will do anything towards removing present evils is a sad self-delusion. The farmer cries out to be relieved from taxes to which probably he does not contribute above three or four pounds per annum, whilst he is paying forty or fifty pounds to the poor's rates, and hardly seems aware that *that* is the mill-stone about his neck which hinders him from rising; though even with this enormous incumbrance, frugality and industry still keep above water; but frugality and industry have not been the fashion, and the extravagance and drunkenness of the class generally make people overlook the real hardships they endure. We have still waste lands in abundance, both in England and Ireland. Why should we pay men to sit at home and do nothing, when *they* might be made happier and better members of society, and the *country* richer by their labour? . . . It may seem a paradox, but the reduction of taxes is perhaps one of our evils; a little more money raised and *well laid out* would

give a spur to industry in all directions. . . . Tumult has been nearly suppressed by the vigorous measures taken by the magistrates; but the fires, I am sorry to say, still go on.

Then, if you choose to take a view on the other side, the folly of the enthusiastically religious is as great as the villany of the other party. They have lately got up a miracle at Clapham, which everybody is talking about. A young lady who had been unable to stir for some years, on being told by a very pious gentleman to get up and walk (he had previously ascertained her *faith*), immediately ran downstairs, and is to be seen moving about the world by those who are curious in such matters. *I*, however, am one of the reprobate, and have no great swallow for such wonders; besides, I saw such a miracle wrought in our workhouse some years ago, without any faith at all. A woman had laid in bed twelve years, vowing that she was quite helpless, but she looked so hearty that at last the master said she should at least *try* to get up; he sent two able-bodied women to dress her by force, and then took her in his arms and carried her downstairs, screaming and kicking, and from that time she found she was able to walk. So Miss —— only performed by the strength of imagination what this woman did from compulsion. Then they fash themselves prodigiously about emancipating the West India slaves (who are probably better off than our own labourers), and converting the Jews, and preaching the Gospel in foreign parts, and quite forget that there are thousands in England who are travelling step by step to the gallows for want of a little instruction and kindness. I happen to have

some intimates of all parties, all of whom in turn want to engage me deeply in their respective speculations; and really I sit sometimes and wonder what human intellect is made of, when I find so many who have quite taken their leave of common sense. The passage from Methodism to complete unbelief is neither difficult nor uncommon. After having made religion ridiculous to others and burdensome to themselves, they end by shaking off the yoke altogether. One of the mischiefs in England at present is the little intercourse between the higher and lower orders; those who have to legislate for us are for the most part as ignorant of the real wants and feelings of the great mass of the people as if they lived in a foreign country. The bond between the different classes of society which has been broken must be re-knit before England will be either safe or happy.

To Mrs. Atkins.

Nizells, Aug. 31, 1831.

. . . I hate a friend who defers to my superior knowledge, and so forth. I may mistake, as well as my neighbours; and if I do, I am glad to be set right, or at all events to be led to review my opinions, and see if they have a firm foundation to stand on.

Most people are behind the age—perhaps I am a little before it; but I am well convinced that as education becomes more general, religion will be more and more divested of the cumbersome shackles which different churches have imposed on it, till all will gradually join in one of rational and spiritualized faith. It is curious that firmly as I am attached to

the great doctrines of Christianity, I find more community of sentiment amongst sceptics than among *very good* Christians. The first are advocates of research, and, if candid, perhaps learn to think with me on many points; the latter bristle up if a word that they have been accustomed to use is impugned, and though they do not *nominally* claim the infallibility of the Church of Rome, do it in effect.

To Miss Frere.

Nizells, Sept. 9, 1831.

. . . I turn to the subject you ask me about—viz., the pretension to miraculous powers amongst a certain set of late. I do not see that there is anything in Scripture to authorize our expectation of such being given, nor can I see any end to be answered by it sufficiently important to make one suppose that the Almighty power would at this time be so exerted. I know no instance in which supernatural circumstances have occurred save to give the credentials as it were, of the Omnipotent, to some individual especially commissioned by Him for some great purpose; but here is no new doctrine to be preached, no prophet claiming to speak the very words of God, and giving proof of his mission by interrupting the order of nature, and those who set up a claim to these miraculous powers, are a set of people of peculiarly enthusiastic temperament, and therefore, of all others, the most likely to be deceived. I will not be so uncharitable as to suppose them deceiv*ers;* but what we wish, we seldom examine with much severity of judgment, and I have in the course of my life seen so many odd

things, which yet were probably very naturally to be accounted for, that I can easily imagine anybody previously disposed to expect a miracle might fancy one had been wrought. I have at times made use of the power which imagination gives, so as to work cures on those who really fancied themselves ill. Had I prayed over them, instead of laughing at their belief in the efficacy of a little coloured water or bread-pills, I might have supposed them cured by an immediate exertion of heavenly power, instead of simply by the power of mind over body. I have myself, previous to illness, though not aware at the time that I had any fever, had impressions made on my bodily senses even, which I could disprove by reasoning on their impossibility, but which a predisposition of the mind to enthusiasm would probably have made me consider as real; and upon these grounds, without taxing the party with anything but a heated imagination, I take the liberty of disbelieving all that I have heard and all that I may hear of their miracles. I think it is very evident, from Eusebius, that the early Christians deceived themselves on this point. Accustomed to such exertions of divine power by Christ, and afterwards seeing something of the same kind granted to His apostles, they imagined the gift was to be continued to the Church, and circumstances at all unusual, or beyond their philosophy to account for, were hastily set down as divine interferences. This was not wonderful; amidst their sufferings there was comfort in the thought, and they eagerly clung to it. It is, besides, a natural consequence of a constant devotion of the mind to spiritual things. I have seen my mother at times almost yielding to this impulse,

so far as to lead her to fancy the most common occurrences the answer to her prayers. Oberlin was an example of this kind of enthusiasm. In short, we are, I believe, as liable to get twisted in our wits as our body, if they are always kept to the same bent, and this is one reason why I am uneasy under the solitude imposed on me, because I am confident that no mind, however strong, can ever keep to a straight and moderate course without frequent intercourse with others, whose different views may lead us to examine our own more closely than we are willing to do whilst under the dominion of one prevailing thought. Your brother's intercourse with mankind has given him a great advantage in this point, and this has always made his conversation particularly delightful to me; one gets weary of speculative views uncorrected by a knowledge of human nature; nay, Christianity itself ceases to be what its Founder intended when it is brought forward as a system contradictory to, rather than a moderator of, our instincts, feelings, and desires. I greatly dislike the notions of our so-called Evangelical party for this reason—by making Christianity a system of mortification and contradiction, they frighten many from attempting to make it their companion and guide when they most want it, namely, in the bustle of amusement, of business, or of public affairs. The Evangelical party has seen the members of our Church falling into the error of almost all long-established ones—that of fancying an outward observance of its forms and a cold acquiescence in its doctrines sufficient; and to correct this, they have run into an extreme nearly as, I do not know if it be not more, fatal. Thus, between cold stiff orthodoxy on

the one hand and enthusiasm on the other, the genuine Christianity preached by St. Paul, which bends to all circumstances—places no value on ceremonials, even while complying with them—and becomes all things to all men, that it may be their kind and gentle monitor, is nearly forgotten. If I were to define what genuine Christianity is, I would say it is human nature in its perfection. Every passion, every desire implanted in us, is by it guided to that point which shall afford the greatest degree of gratification to ourselves and others, and if we do not allow it to be such, we in some degree impugn the goodness or the wisdom of God, who being alike the author of man's mortal nature and of the law imposed on it, in order to the future happiness of his spiritual part, must have been wanting in one or the other had he made the nature and the law discordant. Taking this view of things—and I must return to the scepticism which once harassed me if I did not—I cannot by any means imagine that God will work wonders to set up a system which, if largely acted on, would very often be productive of considerable evils. . . . Every page of history is but a comment on the mischiefs of fanaticism of all kinds. I think what I have said will show you that I think it very possible for an intellect that is strong and clear in some respects to deceive itself in others; we must always remember that the feeling we have of some sort of connexion or communication with unseen things is consequent on our spiritual half. You may with Cicero, Schiller, and Coleridge, call it an instinct, and by it prove the existence in ourselves of a spiritual part—or you may admit its existence, and from it

account for the odd superstitions which sometimes cling round the wisest. Take it as you will, the two things are inseparably united, and Christianity and reason ought to correct the propensity to superstition just as they do that to sensual excesses; for superstition seems to me the gluttony of the soul just as over-eating is that of the body. . . .

Bailly's work on Astronomy altogether is large—six quarto volumes, I think; but that on Ancient Astronomy is only one, and it is possible it may be had separately from the rest. I have never met with any other work on the subject of the sciences of the old world; but it does not follow that there are none. I believe Sir William Jones controverted some of Bailly's positions; but I have never seen all Sir William Jones's works, and have not read this. I should much like to talk with you about all these things, for as it is, my speculations are all confined to my own brains, I have not met with the *Horæ Solitariæ;* indeed, I have no chance of seeing many books, and have filled my time with the study of Greek and German to supply this want. A *few* books in a language which rather puzzles, suffice for a long time. On this principle, I have taken to Niebuhr's *Roman History;* the obscurity of the language, and the stiff research which it contains, give one's brains hard work, and so satisfy for a good while. I may say the same of Æschylus. The *Prometheus*, with all appliances and means to boot, has occupied me the whole summer, and I dare say will hold me out a considerable part of the winter, ere I shall be mistress of it. A little search into the affinity between Runic, Swedish, and German has filled up odd times.

I saw the other day an odd attempt at a literary forgery, I know not if I mentioned it to you—the Book of Jasher—said to have been discovered in some old library as copied by Alcuin in his travels in the East. It is only a further proof of how difficult the business of forgery is. Alcuin's letters prove him to have been in France at the time the anonymous editor of the Book of Jasher pretends that he was on his travels, and he makes him in his imagined preface use terms in the denomination of money which did not come into use until half a century or more after his death. The book itself appears to have been compiled from the rabbinical writings, with which the editor appears to have been better acquainted than with Saxon antiquities. The book passed into my hands through those of two or three clergymen, not one of whom had taken the pains to examine into its claims to authenticity! So much for orthodoxy. It is a very comfortable thing, doubtless, to say "I'm right, and there's an end of it," which seems to be the sum and substance of orthodox belief; but unfortunately it is not so satisfactory to others as to the possessors. You have done a very charitable thing in giving me something to write about, and so fill up a little of my time. I should like to have a theme given me about once a fortnight on which I *must* tell what I know or could make out, just to make me fancy that the time spent in these researches was not wholly thrown away. . .

Has Mr. Frere ever turned his mind much to the Greek *tragedians?* I have lately been reading a good deal about the Greek drama, and I am much at a loss to comprehend the intention of the writer in the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. Does he mean to throw con-

tempt on the mythological fables? or was the Grecian mythology like the Roman Catholic, where the people take the liberty of laughing at what they would murder anybody for impugning? The ridicule of Aristophanes, and the hateful picture of the gods more gravely exhibited by Æschylus, would almost lead one to suppose that scepticism was very general at Athens; and then what an ocean of contemplation one might launch into, on the modifications produced in man's nature by exterior circumstances, and on how far the religious feeling, being an instinct in the first instance, is likely to be weakened, like other instincts, by education. Now, this tendency is to be met, and a thousand other things of the same kind which those who are bustling in the world consider it lost time to think about, though perhaps the study of human nature in general is no small part of the due education of a statesman. Mr. Frere never writes, so it is hopeless to get anything from *his* pen on this subject, but if you can get him to *talk*, I wish you would write what he says. I wish the suggestion might tempt him into embodying some of his knowledge in a treatise which the world might benefit by: we sadly want a little common sense amongst us. If our learned men would write the results of their studies in a popular form, and draw the deductions from them which a wise and good man would, they would be the greatest possible benefactors to their country. A new class has started up of late; active, intelligent, and half-learned, whose laborious pursuits leave them no time for the leisurely prosecution of study. From these the best fruits of it are hidden. The daily and the Radical press supplies them with abundance of poison, and all their know-

ledge comes to them through Cobbett and Sons, who are indefatigable writers, and supply histories, and grammars, and travels, and treatises on all subjects with an industry and ability which would be worthy of all praise in a better cause. Then, again, women—on whom so much of the formation of manners and the regulation of society depends, are generally by their education shut out from learned lore, though generally possessing a quickness of apprehension which would enable them readily to profit by it if they could have the expressed juice (if I may so term it) presented to them. An *infidel woman was* a phenomenon scarcely to be met with in England: I am afraid it is not now by any means so rare. Why, then, in the midst of such dangers, do those who *can* do so little to ward them off? There is activity enough on the one side; why are men sleeping while the enemy is sowing tares?

To Mrs. Atkins.

September 11, 1831.

. . . . . .

I have been laughing for the last two days at a sketch I have made of a gentleman I know in the character of Bottom, with the ass's head on. It is so ridiculously like, notwithstanding the assish appendage, that I long to show it to somebody who knows him, but I dare not. Besides this, I have written a great deal of German, and read an indifferent deal of Greek; written a long letter to Malta, and made a blonde cap; so if people go mad in consequence of attending always *to the same thing*, I stand a chance of keeping in my senses, for a greater hotch-potch of

occupations it would be difficult to find. . . . . As for my poor German master, he writes such very fine compliments that I hardly dare carry on much of a correspondence there for fear I should at last have to give a hint that they are a little overcharged, which, as he is a German, a militaire, and one of the most sentimental of the tribe, would make him screw his ugly face up into tears, a sight which would haunt my dreams all my life after. I have seen in my life two men to whom tears were becoming; but it is not usual. Those two had each of them the art of keeping their eyes in a swim without either distorting the features or making the nose red—a most marvellous science, which ought to be made public for the benefit of all gentlemen who wish to look interesting. One had black eyes, and the other had blue, but on both the effect was equally favourable.

To Miss Frere.

Nizells, Sept. 26, 1832.

. . . I find infinite difficulty in expressing what I feel every day, that our *soi-disant* Christianity is not what Christ taught or practised, and that the kindness, the gentleness towards all, however erring, which, if I may use such an expression, was the most divine part of His character, is very seldom to be found, even among the best. I say it was the most divine, because I have never found it complete in any other. The apostles, the martyrs, had much of human passion about them; the superhuman passionless dignity of Christ under insult, mixed with the tenderest indulgence towards misguided mortals, has in it something so lovely that

I long to find something of it in the world; but alas! those who talk the most on the subject practise it the least, and seem to think a difference in opinion a ground for dislike of the holder of the supposed error, and thus our "Evangelicals" lose no opportunity of proving their Christian charity by a sweeping condemnation of all who do not think exactly as they do; and the less strict retort—perhaps with more justice—because the others are the aggressors. I was staying a few days last summer with a family of the former description, really, bating this one blemish, very worthy people; but I was doomed to hear (I could not join in) long prayers every day for "removing from the Church of Christ those dumb dogs," &c. &c., meaning ministers who had not adopted their views; and these were the prayers to which they called their servants! Are we to make the Almighty a party in our controversies? I know nobody but Coleridge who at all expresses what I feel about this. In his *Aids to Reflection*, which I was reading the other day, I found him complaining, as I do, of the want of charitable feeling towards those whom we think in error, an evil so common in us all that I, even while lamenting it, have hardly steered clear of it in what I have said of Irving. . . . It is in a well-regulated life, not in *devotion*, as it is called, in contradistinction to the careful discharge of our social duties, that the loveliness of Christianity is to be found; at least, it strikes me so.

I have found a good deal of amusement in the Lives of the Philosophers of Diogenes Laertius; I know not if I mentioned it before. The proof there afforded that the light of conscience and reason was not so insufficient as the fanatical preachers and writers of the

present day assert, has been rather gratifying to me, and some day, perhaps, I shall make a slight abstract of the maxims of these ante-christian wise men, to show that the depravity so much insisted on is more imaginary than real. One gentleman I lately heard of said he could compare himself to nothing but a "bag of maggots." The subject has been forced upon my thoughts by what is every day occurring, and I have considered a great deal more about it than I can here explain. I wish I had your brother's help to clear my view of Grecian literature, which, unassisted, I get at but slowly. I think there is more to be gathered from it than has yet been done by Cudworth or the other writers of his class. But I find in this, as in most other things, I can *think* a great deal more than I like the trouble of expressing; or even if I try to express, I find language so large and so narrow alternately in its signification, so little precision, in short, is attainable, that I am discouraged from the attempt to say what passes through my head lest I should be misunderstood, and *seem* to attack the fundamentals of religion, while I am only wishing to amend the phraseology which has been abused and misapplied.

To the Same.

Feb. 28, 1834.

. . . I grow more and more disinclined to the study of prophecy, further than in its great features. Man is not formed for a knowledge of futurity, and it is seldom that he knows how to make a good use of it. He is too apt to put himself in the place of God, and

instead of looking on the affairs of the world as a course of things directed to the final amelioration of the human race, to denounce this or that measure or man as impious and contravening the designs of Providence—this or that event as a visitation or vengeance on evil-doers. St. John, who, if he received the mysterious revelations in the Apocalypse, must have known and felt the full value of such knowledge, insists less upon it than any other of the apostles; and we are told that when he grew old and infirm he was accustomed to be carried into the church, where he pronounced only these words: "Little children, love one another!" I never open a page of the *British Magazine* without thinking how useful a little closer obedience to St. John's precept would be in our times. Read the paper entitled "Home Thoughts Abroad," and you will see an illustration of what I have said about the ill use men are too apt to make of prophecy in the way of exciting uncharitable feelings. It is only by degrees that I have schooled myself to this way of thinking; perhaps I never should if I had not had an opportunity of observing largely how all the loveliest parts of our nature *might* be developed under systems which I thought in point of *opinion* wrong. Among the Socinians of Geneva, the Romanists of Italy, &c., man's nature, true to the image in which it was formed, bursts from the trammels of opinion, however erroneous, and "having not the law, is a law unto" itself; and I am determined for the rest of my life to follow St. John, and when I can find any who will listen to me, to say only, "Love one another." If this were the case, we should not long hear of difference of opinion, for the simple rule of my simple neigh-

bours at Valchiusa will find its way into the heart in spite of us—"That cannot be a *very* bad religion which teaches to be so kind to everybody." Matters would then be weighed calmly, and we should probably find that, after all, even our *opinions* are much more in accordance than we supposed. Every step we make in science shows yet further that there is no evil *created.* The natural world is adapted, by a series of most benevolent *contrivances,* if we may so speak, to the improvement and consequent happiness of man. Are we to believe that in the moral world alone we are to find the harsh, severe Judge, who expects us to participate in his sternness and hate those whom he hates? This is putting the case in strong language, perhaps, but it is nevertheless the secret feeling of too many, and what I have more than once heard expressed (not in these precise terms, but in some nearly as strong) by very good people with respect to Socinians. Here again, however, ignorance is the source of much of the evil. They who never have searched after truth and who, having naturally a sanguine temper, never thought of doubting, know not the shoals and rocks over and among which one must steer in such a voyage of discovery. When they have themselves made it, they can feel more charitably towards those who have had bad pilots and mistaken their course.

I see poor Dr. Arnold is in desperate disgrace with the Ultras. It was not in vain that I wished him a character such as might stand the fierce attacks which I knew his open profession of his opinion would bring upon him; but see what the consequence of this will be. If he be not an angel in human form, he will be soured by the illiberal treatment he meets with, and

instead of promoting peace and charity as he wished to do at first, will probably end by replying sternly if not harshly to his opponents, and a *party* will be created. Oh, for a little peace! I am reading Whewell, and am much pleased with it; it affords the most soothing and delightful contemplations, and is quite a comfort in the midst of the turmoils of this world. Adieu.

To the Same.

Sept. 16, 1834.

. . . There are few unhappinesses which the society of old and kind friends will not, at least, alleviate. I fancy so, at any rate, and feel a restless longing to see once more those few whom I have got on this side the grave. So many have been swept away that everything seems unstable, and my head is dizzy with straining my poor mortal senses to look into that eternity which is so fast swallowing up all but me—and I would so gladly follow, and cannot! We were not made to be so set loose from this world, without an interest or a hope in it, and mind and body alike sink under the ceaseless feeling of its worthlessness which such a state inspires. I would therefore, if I could, catch a few of the threads yet remaining, and weave them again into some sort of tie to this life, if possible. Grief may be soothed in a thousand ways; but an absolute dislike to life, founded on its insufficiency to satisfy the aspirations of the spirit within us, is so incurable an evil that I want to try if there may not be mental remedies effectual for so formidable a mental disease, before it is firmly established.

You know, of course, that Coleridge is dead. Never was there one of whom I knew so little that I regretted so much. His conversation, so rich in thought and so happy in expression, had remained impressed on my recollection, and every year I was hoping that chance might again bring me within his reach. That hope has now followed so many others, and he is now one of that company beyond the grave whom I think about till I half crack my brains.

To Mrs. Cornwallis.

Malta, Feb. 7, 1835.

. . . Yesterday sailed the fleet: I stood on a high point of land at the entrance of the harbour, and saw the *Caledonia* pass within a hundred yards of me. It was a fine sight; and when that immense mass met the first swell of the sea, and bounded over it all trim and gay, with music playing on board, the men all ranged in order on the deck, it gave me a proud feeling of human skill. Nine hundred souls were in that ship.

My thermometer has been steady at 57°, I think, for the last month; indeed, my being able to sit between three and four hours on the deck of the *Ceylon* is a sufficient proof of the mildness, or rather *warmth* of the climate, for *mild* it is not. There is a degree of sharpness in the air at all times which is unpleasant to me. I have begun a second painting from the deck of the *Ceylon*, and was much diverted with a scene which took place when I was there. A sailor, quite drunk, came staggering up to the mate—"Sir, I want to be put in irons." "Why so, friend?"

"Why, sir, I have been five-and-twenty years in the service, and I have been ashore, and broke my leave, and got drunk; and so, sir, I want to be put in irons, and flogged, sir. Please to put me in irons, sir." "But five-and-twenty years' service is no reason for flogging you, my good fellow: we will wait till you do something worse." "Sir, I wish to be flogged; I have been five-and-twenty years in the service, and I choose to be flogged, sir." It was in vain that my good-humoured friend tried to pacify him; so, finally, he was forced to call the sergeant of Marines, and give him in custody till he was sober, to keep him from being insolent because he was refused the satisfaction of being put in irons and flogged.

To Mrs. Atkins.

Nizells, December, 1835.

. . . I have found only one thing in *The Doctor* from which I dissent: the author talks of some being born so prone to evil that they love it. Have you ever in your knowledge known such an one? I have known, to my sorrow, many worthless characters, but I never knew one that loved evil for the evil's sake—none that did not at times abhor it; and yet they have plunged on, by a sort of fatality, entangled beyond the power of receding. The worst man I ever knew—for I could not find in him one green corner to relieve the universal black—had fits of remorse so horrible that at least it was evident that he did not *love* the evil he had committed. Unbridled passions had led him wrong, and pride had made him wish to conceal it; hence—

Every step in ill thus trod,
Still led him further from the road,

and the maze could never be retrod; yet I believe if all his fortune and half his life would have purchased back his childish innocence, he would have gladly bought it, even at that price. . . .

. . . I know not if the love of eating proceeds from or causes selfishness, but I have never seen these two vices disjoined; and between one and the other, a very hateful character is produced. . . .

. . . I feel that confidence in the force of truth, that I think if once presented to the world without any admixture of party in religion or politics, it must make its way—at least with many. The peace which Christianity, as usually preached and taught, did not afford me, seems to follow in the train of this philosophical creed, and every step I make towards a conviction of its truth makes me happier, and, I think, better. Would it not do the same with others? I am only afraid that a metaphysical creed to nine-tenths of the world, as education now stands, will be too big a bolus to swallow. . . . I should like to know how far *common* reading and thinking will go towards the comprehension, for the great mass of the world will, for some time at least, consist of common readers and thinkers, which, by-the-bye, is a truism that I might have spared, for the very object of my scheme is to make a higher sort of reading and thinking common than is at present. For years that has been the object and end of my researches into all manner of odd learning. I wanted to distil the essence till I could get it into a form that one could give a manageable dose to young gentlemen and

ladies. That little letter to Giulio F—— has cost me ten years of hard study with an object, besides all the objectless reading that went before. . . .

If things go on long as they have done for the last few days, it may possibly spare me the trouble of thinking of what further I have to do in this world, for I feel now as if no great deal more would enable me to lie down, like Elizabeth Trimmer, to rest and rise no more. The only thing which would make me regret this would be, that the lawyers would then eat up a property which I had intended should have made somebody or other comfortable; but for myself I would wish for nothing better. However, I am going to bed to night in the charitable intention of cheating the lawyers by living six months longer, if I can.

To the Same.

[No date.]

In answer to your queries, I must go back to my principle that truth is *one*, and if we fancy we see *two*, we are like Pitt and Dundas, of whom one saw two speakers and the other none: he who sees two, in fact sees none at all. I do not fancy that a truth which perhaps reason might not have discovered *alone* is less a subject to be judged of by reason when propounded to it: we have no other guide for our belief; for, remember, no folly has been too monstrous for Christians to think they have found in the Bible. . . . I think that God, having made us as He has, will never require us to believe what we cannot reconcile to our reason, which seems to have been given us especially to guide our judgment, and that all the

proof we can have of revelation is *historical evidence* to be judged of by one process of reasoning, and *internal evidence* by another. The historical evidence will go no further than to prove the books genuine; it will not by any means prove that we understand them aright; and when we take into consideration how soon other authors become in some degree obscure from change of circumstances, even in a much shorter lapse of time, we must allow that the chances are rather against than for a clear understanding of the whole. The internal evidence is none other than its accordance with our reason. Divines appeal to it by other words: they say the system is so pure and holy that it is worthy of God. How do we know this? Is it not because it accords with the notions our reason has formed of God, and of right and wrong? If, then, any part of it appear not to be in accordance with our reason, is it not more probable that our interpretation is wrong, than that we were intended only to take reason's word in some things and not in others? There would be no end of whims then: some would, and in fact do, choose to submit more, some less, to her decision, and thus make wild work. Thus, in revelation I would not believe anything which would not *accord* with reason. On the other hand, if philosophy propound anything which contradicts revelation—as, for instance, the annihilation of the soul—then I would not credit philosophy till I had had another look at both, which would very soon show that on this point philosophy must and could be set right; because the arguments for the immortality of the soul infinitely outweigh the others. In short, I think the two are at once helps and checks

to each other. One sits down more satisfied of philosophical truths, such as this of the immortality of the soul, when we have it so confirmed; but reason could and did find it out, and only doubted because it feared its "wish was father to the thought," and therefore might have biassed the judgment of the evidence too strongly. If it be urged that the actual declarations of inspiration demand more credit than the most logical deductions of human creatures, I answer—Do they obtain it? Do you not believe that the earth moves on the credit of human reason? Inspiration says it stands so fast that it cannot be moved, and upon what possible ground do you believe it to be "inspiration" at all, save upon logical deductions, unless, like ——, you believe because you "*feel* it is so, and hate to lose your time over proofs?" With respect to our being made "in the image of God," the thing has been asserted by philosophers over and over again in other words, and if metaphysical reasoning will carry us fairly to the point I have carried it, do we not go far to prove it? In the times of Plato it seems to have been the opinion of many that the soul of man was an actual emanation of the Deity, and received its felicity by being re-absorbed into him. Did not these thinkers suppose the soul to be in the image of God? and were they not much wiser men than the Christian monks of the desert, who, on the authority of revelation, asserted that God was formed externally like a man? *Anthropomorphists* they were called; misinterpreting this passage, they thought the body and not the soul to be that image, and they nearly killed their bishop for opposing their *orthodox* opinion. A small dose of reason here to

amend their reverence for inspiration would have been of infinite service. Again, all the ill-judged austerities of the early Christians, founded upon a too great and literal observance of the "mortification of the body" and other like passages would have been corrected by a rational deduction that God could not without tyranny have formed us with dispositions, needs and propensities which he at the same time enjoined us wholly to repress as an act of virtue;—which would have led them to examine again whether the texts on which they founded their practice required anything more than that temperance and moderation in all things which makes us enjoy life the more rather than the less. And why are we to set the noblest gift of God so very low in our estimation? Why is His own image stamped upon the mind to be less honoured than His words within a book? Human creatures wrote the words—human creatures find the same in their own hearts; what is the difference of respect due to them? Is it because the written words are read by our bodily eyes, and the unwritten ones by our mental ones? The calling it *human* reason has bamboozled half the world, as if it were of our own making, when it is as decidedly from God as Christ Himself. If we suffer the writing to be effaced, dirtied, or rendered illegible in any way by our carelessness, *væ nobis!* but that is no fault of God's good gift; therefore, instead of giving a more reverential belief to what are commonly called the doctrines of revelation, I would bestow so high a reverence on that noble faculty that I would daily rub, and clean, and purify it from every obscuring

stain, sure that I should then see those doctrines clearly reflected in it, as a reversed engraving comes right in a mirror. Human prejudices have too often made revelation but a reversed plate, and it much needs this assistance. . . . Christ did not think it a small part of the benefits of the Gospel, that it was preached to the poor; for one philosopher, how many millions are born who will never take the trouble of thinking for themselves, and that not amongst the poor only! These need to have the great truth on which our well-being depends given them in a dogmatic form, for they would otherwise never reason themselves into any certainty, and some have been carried right by these who *might* have found passion too strong without them. The great work of Christianity has been the reform of society, the holding up with authority to the view of men, a system of morals so pure that they were ashamed not to give it *legal* force, even when careless of its doctrines individually. Now, the reform of society is the reform of man at large, and slowly works upon the habits and manners of those who are creatures of habit only, as the great mass of men will be, I am afraid, if not for ever, at least for some time to come. This surely was an object even greater than the individual benefit; for the latter would, in perhaps one-half of mankind, be wholly nugatory, while in the general amendment of the habits of society the amendment of *the whole* is effected. Look at the acknowledged *principles* upon which laws are made now—nine out of ten are *moral* ones; in the codes of antiquity we find them almost all constructed with a view only to the benefit of the State.

Could Lycurgus have checked all the charities of life as far as he sought to do, he would have made a nation of monsters; and even with all the counteracting forces in human nature which God has so fixed there that no misjudgment can ever quite overcome them, the famed institutions of Greece engendered an universal corruption. . . . Inasmuch as reason has been lightly esteemed, and science curbed in its researches upon mistaken notions of religion, by so much in my opinion has the will of God been contravened, and the good intended to the world delayed. The ground I stand upon is new, I acknowledge; in the course of my reading I do not think I have found any one who took exactly the same, though I have found almost all my own notions separately in different authors.

To the Same.

[No date.]

. . . Jouffroy, you know, strongly insists that the *will* is the identity, and that the faculties are used by it as the legs and arms are. I could not quite satisfy myself about it before, but I think now he is right. The highest nature of all being *absolute Will*, and as far as we know of it nothing else, the higher we get in the scale of being, the greater will be the intensity of volition, and in proportion the happiness consequent on its gratification. Proverbially, "one who has no will of his own" is a despicable being, so that common sense acknowledges it as a truth. If this be so, and I do not see how we can avoid coming to this conclusion, it will certainly put theology upon rather a new scent, for I cannot find any writer who has fairly

grappled with this question. Even Butler in his *Analogy* overleaps it, as if he thought it boggy ground; yet there is nothing which to my mind so far clears the scheme of man's creation. . . It is strange that many who shrink from a free examination of their previous creed should never find out that the very cause of this shrinking is a feeling at the bottom that what they wish to believe *may* not be well founded. The moment they shrink from inquiry it is clear that they do not *believe*, for a *full* conviction is bold, and courts examination. . . The fact is, that saying the belief is not believing; and, as Butler well observes of these passive impressions, they grow weaker by repetition, so that the oftener the belief is said the less it is believed. We must grapple with the subject mentally, and see *why* such things are so ere we do more than give an extorted assent—extorted by the force of historic evidence, but having no active power over the mind. . . I cannot help having a sort of grudge to that version of Christianity which has made me miserable, and I cannot help fancying that there is a truth in these views which would lay very tight hold were they early presented to the mind. Butler asserts the uprightness and excellence of man's nature as strongly as I can do.

To the Same.

Nizells, Wednesday. [No date.]

. . . . You may remember what I have formerly said about the word κρίνω as used for God's judging man, and my doubt as to whether we did not understand it in a harsher sense than was intended.

In a passage of Plato I stumbled on, a day or two ago, the speaker, in endeavouring to give a notion of what is to be considered a just or unjust (righteous or unrighteous we should say) man, draws two elaborate characters: the other answers, ὡς ἐῤῥωμένως ἑκάτερον ὥσπερ ἀνδριάντα εις τηνκρίσιν ἐκκαθαίρεις τοιν ἀνδροιν—which may be Englished, "How cleverly you have set each of these men in the clearest point of view before us for judgment;" but this judgment is not *condemnation*, for one of them is the personification of all that is virtuous. I am convinced that where it is used, it means rather what we should now call discrimination or investigation. . . . The only time that κατακρινω, which sounds more harshly, is used in the Gospel is in the concluding verses of St. Mark's Gospel, which lie under suspicion of being, at least, added after the rest was written. How careful ought we to be in teaching for truth "the commandments of men!" Many have been driven to desperation by these hard sentences. It would have been well to see first on what those thunders of damnation were founded. . . . It is curious that Plato, in sketching his character of the just man, says that he shall be beaten, despised, and finally crucified, in order to show that he had no interest in being what he was. Look at 2 Thess. ii. 12; how much the sense is altered if for damned we put discriminated (κρίνω is the word). I think the whole context would be rendered much more comprehensible, nevertheless, by the change.

I was a little surprised the other day at the contents of a paper which came into the house by chance, the *Record*, the mouthpiece, I believe, of what is called the Evangelical party. The Society for Promoting

Christian Knowledge is there branded as *heretical* for presuming to circulate tracts teaching that repentance and obedience to God's laws are requisite to salvation! This strange perversion must result from the very passage of Mark which I have referred to, I imagine, where belief or non-belief are made the condition of salvation, or the contrary. Really, I cannot see why Methodists are to be excluded from the Church while this party is considered in union with it. Jouffroy is right; what is *called* Christianity must give place to philosophy before we shall arrive at what he called *la vérité*, and which I call Christianity.

I have been rather amused lately by seeing the splutter which some of the reviewers are making about women's interference in what they consider men's affairs. The *Quarterly* in one place denies that women are physically capable of the higher intellectual exercises; in another doubts if they have imagination enough to construct a story. The *Foreign* is much shocked that they should think of such paw-paw things as politics. This is surely something rather absurd in a country where its greatest monarch was a woman, and which is very soon to come under a woman again.

To the Same.

Nizells, March 24, 1836.

. . . . Another grief sits close at my heart now—my poor Giulio. A letter from Sismondi the other day gives sad accounts of his health; a previous letter from himself has given notice of alarming symptoms, and he too will be numbered with those whom I shall see

no more. I would have given much to have been able to effect my scheme of going abroad early in the autumn. I think it would have cheered him to see me, but that too must be given up. I have tried to fit him for heaven; and if he goes early to take possession of his inheritance, I ought not to regret it, though I must feel that there will be one less in the world who loves me.

To the Same.

Nizells, Friday Night. [No date.]

I have been looking over the passage you mention, which is certainly very correctly translated, but I do not know that it would alter my view of the subject. If you look in a Concordance for the word *prepare* (for I believe it is the same Greek word wherever it occurs in the New Testament), you will see many places in which it can have no meaning but *fitted for* or *ready*—all which senses it has in the Greek; and it is applied in the sense of an adjective sometimes, I think, to mean *promptness* (Exod. xxiii. 20.)—"*The place I have prepared* (the same word in the LXX.) is the land of Canaan," which, so far from being *prepared* in our English sense of the word, was to be conquered by force of arms. There it can only mean destined. I think it will not prove more than the other passages of the same nature, *i.e.*, that in the necessary order of things the wicked must be miserable, and that those of whom our Saviour speaks, are destined to the same wretchedness endured by the devil and his angels. *Cursed*, in its strict sense, is devoted to evil, and those

who are in such case may well be called so. We have already discussed *vindictive* justice; we must not give the Deity vengeful passions, because, our language being formed for our own wants, we have no words to express the eternal calm of that all-pervading mind which no perturbing passion can invade. I am persuaded that the want of a clear understanding on this point has led to more evil than I can express. All the persecutions, all the suicides consequent on religious despair, have been caused by a persuasion that God *hates* sinners, and punishes them as a schoolmaster does his boys, with a sort of satisfaction in their sufferings. It is natural to begin to hate those whom we think God hates; and all the precepts of Christianity yield before this fatal error, till they who fancy themselves the truest Christians are in fact the worst. I was much impressed with this idea from a conversation occurring at —— Park. H——, after talking awhile on other serious subjects, turned to this. It was a mysterious and fearful thought, he said, an eternity of punishment for what was done in such a speck of time! It made one shudder and look upon our Judge with a sort of dread. I mentioned my idea that our souls were in a state of education here, and that if we taught them to seek only sensual good, we *must* be miserable through an eternity of only spiritual pleasure. He caught at the idea with much satisfaction; it seemed to remove a load from his shoulders. D——, of course, took up the other side of the question; maintained the materiality of the fire in which the wicked were to be tormented, and dwelt with a sort of gloating pleasure on the *very few* who would be saved, in proportion to the number con-

demned. I felt inclined to repeat Wesley's strong expression respecting Whitfield's doctrine of God's reprobation—"I defy you to say so hard a thing of the devil."

To the Same.

Tuesday Evening. [No date.]

. . . . . .

I see Mr. Baden Powell promises another treatise; if you come across it, pray let me see it. There is a perspicuity in his writing which pleases me much; and whether I agree with him or not, I like the honest, independent spirit which makes him avow what he thinks the truth, in spite of the outcry which he knows it must raise against him. In the midst of the new light which is perpetually breaking in upon us, and showing us the strange blunders which we have followed our fathers in making, I believe all conscientious persons must feel very like the Jewish nobleman, who, finding all his cherished prejudices overthrown, and unable to fix his own mind to anything, turned to the Great Teacher with that touching expression of right-mindedness which I think must often be the language of the heart's feeling in these days—"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." While scepticism can turn to the Great Fountain of all Truth with this humility of sentiment, I do not think we run any great hazard of that pride of human reason which very good and well-meaning persons are apt to talk about with so much horror: there is a pride of human prejudice which is much worse in its

consequences. The childlike confidence with which, when all else that we had thought stable fails us, we throw ourselves on that great Power whose existence and attributes become clearer the more all other things appear uncertain, is surely the frame of mind which our Saviour inculcated, and which is most becoming the creature of His will; and to this frame of mind I truly believe that the most decided scepticism does lead. Human passions are roused in the progress of controversy, and ridicule is resorted to when we are angered by opposition or wearied by folly; but I believe that in the silence of his chamber *the man* becomes again *the creature*, feels his own bounded powers, and throws himself with the utmost prostration of spirit at the feet of that Power, in whose hands he feels that he is. To him there is no intermediate step between absolute perfection and himself; and, so far as I have seen, the result is, not pride, but a feeling of abasement too great for poor human nature to bear and live. It was a merciful dispensation which placed some one between us and God on which we may rest: but let us not abuse the mercy.

To the Same.

Nizells. [No date.]

. . . I think if we will allow reason and feeling to guide us, without trying to *phrase* our belief, we cannot long doubt as to God's existence and nature. I ask for nothing more, and am grown amazingly indifferent as to critical examinations of Scripture. The great upshot—immortality—is too broadly stamped

on the whole to be mistaken or overlooked; but the smaller details I see every day more cause for distrusting—at least, for distrusting our interpretation. The faith that is built on texts shakes wofully whenever a favourite text is weakened, and I should be very glad that no one should again go through the ordeal that I have done; but I believe that is hopeless, for this generation at least, and probably all that *think* must travel the same thorny road—and a very thorny one it is, for the resigning darling opinions is like losing children—worse even, for we doubt if we are right in resigning them even while we cannot preserve them. Is it not curious that Moses Stuart, the principal of a theological seminary in America, should, as he honestly avows, have set off without guessing, or ever having heard, that there was any doubt as to the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews? It does not speak much in favour of the absence of those endowed hives of drones, as Oxford has sometimes been called. He got a shrewd hitch in his faith when he first discovered this, and so will every one who finds the books he has thought entirely sacred and exempt from doubt, subjected to the fate of all other writings. . . .

It is easy to write or to say with our Articles, that God is "without parts or passions;" but to *feel* it is, I am well convinced, the most difficult task our nature has; and the way in which my own health sinks under the stretch of mind occasioned by such contemplations, shows that God has been merciful in giving us more tangible objects to lay hold on. So convinced, indeed, am I that it is impossible to be well with such things always in one's head, that I would abandon

these studies if I could, and plunge into active life, satisfied to do my duty as well as I could, and leave the rest to God's mercy. But in utter loneliness the mind turns inward to search into its own nature and prospects; and this research shakes the mortal case shrewdly. Few can comprehend this, and I who feel it can hardly describe; but I certainly feel that those who eat largely of the tree of knowledge will surely die, and that soon. . . . I sometimes doubt if my course of study and thinking affords happiness; gratification of no ordinary kind attends it sometimes, but it is only sometimes, and there are many hours of weariness, when the exhausted mind lies prostrate under the painful sense of its own littleness. . . . I am not a bit well, head aching continually, and every breath of wind makes me shiver; but the sword has worn out the scabbard, and it is too late now to mend it, so I must go on as I can. I could find in my heart to do as I did once when a child, and sit down by my bedside and cry, nobody could tell why. I got a dose of physic for my pains then, and it cured me of crying for ever; but I should fancy my brains were none the better for that force done to nature, and I rather envy those who can open their eye-sluices and let off a little of that "perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart." . . .

I drove to Penshurst this morning, and looked about me; the surpassing loveliness of that drive now, with the tender green of the young leaves, seems made on purpose to comfort one. I *felt*, if I did not say, All this delight cannot be made for the bodily eyes only, and nothing for the weary soul; and it seemed to me a stronger argument than all the ser-

mons and preachings which we are *wont* to hear contain.

To Giulio Forti.

Nizells, 1836.

"Cum vero intellexero te hoc scientiæ genere gaudere, tum et præsens tecum propediem, ut spero, et dum aberis, absens loquar."—*Cicero.*

He who said of old, dear Giulio, "Si quis in calma ascendisset, naturamque mundi, et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset insuavem illam admirationem ei fore quæ jucundissima fuisset si aliquem cui narraret habuisset," spoke very much my sentiments; but he lived too early to know that even this feeling of loneliness might have been charmed away in some measure by a sheet or two of white paper, and a very little ink, black, red, yellow, or green, "come volete," as your professor said of the horse; otherwise he would have modelled his saying in a different form; but the feeling he expresses lies deep in human nature. Moses, when attempting to give in words the Λόγος, the reason or cogitation of the Divine Being which led to the formation of a pair instead of a single individual, has represented Him as saying, "It is not good for man to be alone:" the philosopher above mentioned did but repeat more at large what the prophet had said before him, and all hearts acknowledge the truth. Thus, when solitude comes in its worst form, of utter bereavement, the soul, insufficient to itself, endeavours to create that which circumstances have denied—to make the pen and paper its companions, and to breathe forth in this intercourse some of that "perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." It is a cômfort to escape from the leather-hearted, soi-disant friends who

so abound in this world, and who point out the gratitude we ought to feel for the prolongation of a life which has lost all that made it pleasant, as well as the folly of grieving over irremediable evils, by way of consolation! and to tell the passive paper that we are unhappy, without the least fear of being reproved for it. "It is because it *is* irremediable that I grieve," said Solon to one who used this argument to him; and the sage was right; for if we have either just room for thinking, or even a morbid persuasion only, that no hope remains, the mind naturally sinks into that utter despair which makes life too heavy to be borne, and courts annihilation as a boon.

I should like to analyse this favourite saying, that it is foolish to grieve over irremediable evils. Do we tell a man groaning under acute bodily pain, that it is idle to be sensible of it because it never can be one atom less than it is at this moment? If any one could so argue, it would not require any great penetration to judge on which side the folly lay. And are the pains and pleasures of the mind so much less than those of the body? The future state, I conceive, will bear ample testimony to the contrary. God, who knows whereof we are made, has not taught us this worse than idle argument in either His written or His unwritten law; for Christianity and the course of nature alike suggest that evils are *not* irremediable. Christianity says—Wait patiently, and in a future state all shall be set right. Nature says—All things change, and even the worst sufferings find rest in the grave; therefore our griefs will have an end. And Reason, that image of God within us, which, like some minerals, shines with imbibed light in the midst of

surrounding darkness, if we will but take the pains to look at it—Reason adds, that He who could frame this fair world must be too powerful and too good to allow unrecompensed suffering. The evil is *not* irremediable, for there is a God!

There is something infinitely cheering in our good old Saxon appellation for the Deity. The eternal I AM of the Hebrew inspires more dread than love; and all the languages of Southern Europe have derived their term so closely from Ζεὺς, through *Deus* down to *Iddio* and *Dieu*, that whatever may have been the origin of Ζεὺς, the mind inevitably connects it with the tales of mythology, the bestial transformations and worse than bestial vices of the poet's Jupiter; though probably the early Ζεὺς was innocent of the monstrosities which after ages hung upon it. But ϑεὸς—*i.e.*, *good* personified—expresses at once all that human nature, in its strength or its weakness, seeks for and clings to—the *summum bonum* of the philosopher—the kind protector whom the destitute may look to when all else fails.

I do not, and I never did, believe any evil to be irremediable; but were it possible that I could, I am confident that I should very soon be what I believe every one else would be under a similar persuasion—irrecoverably insane. But, thanks be to our Maker, who has written some truths in such bold characters that they that run, and what is better, they that weep, may read, *that* persuasion never can be complete but in insanity.

Is it not Descartes whose proof of existence was, "I think, therefore I am"? I have smiled sometimes when I have seen some who trouble themselves so

little with thinking, that I wondered what the philosopher would have done to prove their existence; but as far as regards myself, I have no objection to the definition, for I cannot very well comprehend existence without thinking. Did you never feel, as I have often done, as if all the affairs and events of this world were dreams, worrying and disturbing that one individual essence within us, which has but one congenial subject of contemplation—the ONE ETERNAL TRUTH? I cannot, and I never could, amalgamate myself with the exterior world; and had I lived in the days of Greek philosophy, I should probably have been one of the disciples of him who had so persuaded himself that all external objects were but visionary things, that he broke his shins against posts for want of a due belief in their actuality, only that I should have been less wise than his then disciples were; for they held their master to prevent him from these unlucky encounters—now I should probably have broken my shins along with him.

It is one of the advantages of Christianity which we are scarcely sensible of, that it has served as a moderator to philosophy. They who attach small value to its *dogmata* are at least acquainted with them, and have been made acquainted with them at a period when the mind is most ready to receive impressions. A thousand causes may operate afterwards to weaken these prejudices (for religion in those who believe without proof is but a prejudice), but we do not quit them without having argued out for ourselves what we conceive a moral, rational system. For instance, such an one as that of Plato's *Republic* would find no supporters in modern times, nor the

doctrine of Aristippus—if Aristippus were not like Epicurus, misrepresented by the opposing sects. I must, indeed, except from my modern times the period during which

> France got drunk with blood to vomit crime;

but that was a period of such incomprehensible folly as well as atrocity, that it has not much more to do with the sober history of the human race than the ravings of a madman. The philosopher of old, before the promulgation of Christianity, had no check-rein. The lessons which natural philosophy has since added to metaphysics were but few, and imperfectly understood, and the people, abandoned to a gross superstition, exercised no sort of restraint over men who felt that even in their wildest systems they stood upon much higher ground. Yet I am inclined to think that even from this very circumstance we hardly see the old philosophers of Greece in a fair point of view. It is a mistake to say that Paganism did not persecute: banishment, confiscation, and even death attended the attempts to propagate a more rational creed than mercenary priests and a besotted people chose to maintain; witness Stilpo, Anaxagoras, Socrates, and many more who were arraigned for what it was the pleasure of their accusers to call Atheism. The philosopher, therefore, who, while he mused, found the fire kindle till at the last he spake with his tongue, had to measure his words, choose his hearers, and even then, as far as possible, keep clear of such dangerous ground. Thus, what has come down to us has probably been at best but an imperfect transcript of their opinions, and often even

this has been misrepresented, either from malice or ignorance. Often, too, a perverse opposition leads to a no less perverse ultraism of opinion, and what was true at first is rendered false by being pushed too far; and to this evil also the philosophers were subject—no slight one, since it has nearly involved a holy Apostle in its consequences. The controversy which has been so fiercely carried on among Christians for so many ages as to the relative value of faith and works, has entirely resulted from the strong insistance upon the necessity of a belief in the Gospel, in opposition to the Jews, who thought the observance of a number of ceremonial acts—wholly independent of any moral feeling—not only necessary to their future well-being, but in themselves meritorious. Such works were deprecated and faith extolled, and lo! the circumstances are overlooked, and we actually find persons in their senses averring that a belief in Christ is to supersede all rules of moral rectitude; and yet even such are but befooling themselves and others with words that ill represent their intention, for they at heart think that the faith they talk of will, as a natural consequence, produce morality, and only insist on giving the former precedence. Faith, nevertheless, is, like the divine Λόγος already mentioned, co-existent, but not pre-existent. But I am not going to enter into the mazes of theological discussion; they are like the catacombs, where a person who incautiously enters too far may lose his way and perish. My business is with the philosophers, who have been treated with far less respect by later ages than they deserve. In the moral history of man, of which I cannot quite resign the notion,

though unable fully to execute my own projects, they must fill a prominent part, and I would willingly throw together for your use the observations which have occurred to me when studying them.

I have no doubt that whoever had time and opportunity to pursue the research, would find that philosophy did not, any more than astronomy, originate with the Greeks; but I am only a desultory gleaner, and must leave to others the task of enquiring what progress had been made by the human mind generally in those great and civilized empires which appear to have existed at a very early period, but of which unfortunately we have little knowledge. I am very much inclined to think that an era which we are much better acquainted with, namely, the progress and downfall of the Roman Empire, would explain the state of the world previous to the rise of Greek civilization. All the great empires of antiquity seem to have sunk before repeated inroads of barbarous hordes. In Egypt we find the Arabian tribes taking possession and destroying much of the works of their polished predecessors; and of the great kingdoms of Asia we find one after another contending with, and often yielding to, the Nomade tribes of the northern part. Frequently the conquerors settled in the country, and by degrees learned the arts of the vanquished; but in the meantime much was lost, and the descendants of the victors had to re-discover many things that the forefathers of their Helots had known. Happily, the human mind has an expansive force that is not easily overcome; like hydrogen gas, it takes fire with the first light applied to it. And as the darkness succeeding the successful invasion of the Roman Empire by the tribes

of the North brightened so soon as the petty States into which the first victors had split their conquests were sufficiently consolidated to give men leisure and security for peaceful occupations, so it appears to me that as soon as the conquest of Cyrus had put a stop to petty warfare, peace brought its usual accompaniments of arts and sciences. Solon, Thales, and Pythagoras in Greece, Confucius in China, and Zoroaster in Persia, were contemporaries, or nearly so, of that monarch. Reasoning from analogy, I should be inclined to say that the gross superstitions against which philosophy contended unsuccessfully in Greece had grown up during the period of barbarian conquest, for everywhere we find traces of a purer worship as we get farther back in time. We have seen that the most spiritualized of all popular religions, which enfolds within itself—if my argument in my former letter fail not—all the abstract truth of philosophy, in a period of similar ignorance, became as gross idolatry (forgive me the term) as any which deformed the pure theism of early times with the vulgar mythology of the Greek and Roman commonalty. If you look at the third book of Cicero, *de Nat. Deorum*,* you will see evident proof there that the deities set up by the priests of olden time were but personifications of abstract properties or truths, mixed up with the deification of deceased men, and, in the case of Egypt, with the fetichism of Africa, that roughest form of tangible worship. I conceive, therefore, that the outburst of philosophy after the consolidation of the Persian empire was the counterpart of what took place in Europe at what is commonly called the Refor-

* Especially c. 17.

mation, the pure principle of which, when stripped of all adventitious circumstances, was the right of examining our belief and believing nothing that would not come safe through the ordeal. The friar was right who called the Greek language a *pestilent invention*, for it was not till the Greek language brought the Greek philosophy into Europe that the long-maintained throne of implicit faith was shaken. . . . Are we now verging to the time when a second stride is to be made towards the improvement of the world? As the moral world cannot be less subjected to certain, though as yet less known, laws than the physical, if we allow the whole to be the work of a Supreme Intelligence, so there is good reason to think that in judging of the future by the past, and of the past by the present, we shall not be very far wrong; though in this, as in astronomy, ages must pass ere we can accumulate observations enough to speak with any degree of confidence of what that moral order may be which was established at the creation of our race.

We who live in the midst of one of those convulsionary periods of the world when old mistakes are giving way to new ones—for I am afraid we are yet far from having established any true principles—we who, having no part to play in the changes, can judge much better than the actors of the effects they are producing, have some chance of at last dimly perceiving those laws, for the great cycle is again coming round to one of its starting-points. . . . .

[To this letter the following note is appended:—"I can pursue this train of thought no further. The friend with whom and for whose satisfaction it was

taken up is now enjoying the truth which he sought and loved. Peace to his pure soul!"

From the time of their first meeting in Italy, when Giulio was almost a boy, until his early death, at the age of eight-and-twenty, this friendship continued unbroken. His uncle, Sismondi, cherished high expectations of what one, as gifted as he was studious, might have accomplished for his country had his life been prolonged; and his English friend, to the latest hours of her life, loved to recall the memory and to dwell upon the bright excellence of a character which she frequently quoted as the least tainted by the common faults and failings of humanity of any that she had ever met with. How valuable her influence had been may be judged of by the following passage in one of his letters while a student at the University of Pisa:—"Siate piu certa che in questa vostra assenza, altra amica non avrò che la Bibbia, che ho già stabilito di non lasciar passare una Dominica senza leggerne un poco. . . . Voi siete a me cara quanto può esserlo un saggio amico sulla terra. Conosco che voi mi avete presservato dal cadere nella incredulità cui forse tendero, e che avete rettifiata e purificata la mia ragione e il mio cuore; questo è il maggior bene che voi potereste mai farmi: la mia gratitudine sarà eterna."—Ed.]

To Mrs. Atkins.

Nizells. [No date.]

. . . The only work I have seen worth talking about is Bulwer's *Athens*, and that disappoints me wofully. I verily think Whiggism is fatal to good

taste, for whilst he was outright Radical he wrote well, and now his style is all inversions and "affectations." I believe that it is because the two extremes, Tory and Radical, *feel*, and act upon their feeling, the one looking back with the tenderness of filial affection on the sayings and doings of their forefathers, the other forward with exulting hope on the prospects of the human race generally, while the Whig is merely following up expedients to keep the present as quiet as he can, not even liking his own course, but thinking it the only practicable one. His *feelings* are meanwhile enlisted on one side or the other, and his whole public life is one of restraint. I can admire and join in both the chivalrous feeling of the Tory and the aspirations of the Radical. I cannot be a Whig, and never shall be till the apathy of age comes upon me, and I think it will be long ere that happens.

To the Rev. John Frere.

[Undated: 1838.]

Dear John,—I made a sort of promise that I would tell you how I set about to clear the character of Aspasia after above two thousand years of calumny, and accordingly, being tolerably at leisure just now, I will bestow a sheet or two of my busy idleness upon you. I annex a short chronology of the times, as far as I can make it out, in order to shorten the trouble of reference. Human nature is so much the same in all ages that I fancy we should understand the times of Pericles much better by some reference

to our own, so I shall occasionally avail myself of our own party terms of distinction.

Athens, like England, had just gone through, and triumphantly through, a struggle for existence with a foe whose overwhelming force seemed irresistible—*i.e.*, the Persian empire; great changes had taken place in the feelings and views of the people in consequence; for those who had shared in defending the independence of the State thought they had also a right to share in the government of it, and Aristides (the Whig of those times, Themistocles being a Tory, a sort of Duke of Wellington) passed a Reform Bill, or something more than a Reform Bill, for all property qualifications were by it done away with, and the constitution of Solon was thus materially altered. Probably Themistocles was wrong in supposing that he *could* bring back the State to what it was before the Persian war; and probably Aristides, who perhaps proposed this law to curb Themistocles and his party, did mischief by going too far. Curion seems to have been the acknowledged and respected head of the Tories, or Conservatives, after the banishment of Themistocles; but after his death neither Thucydides the son of Milesias, nor the other heads of the Conservatives, had talents nor influence sufficient to oppose Pericles, who I think was a "Whig and something more." In order to make the parallel with our own times more complete, there appears to have been a Radical party also, headed by men of science whose views, if now and then absurd or impracticable, had nevertheless the eternal Truth for their object; and who knows if, some thousand years hence, posterity may not find that some of *our* Radicals, like the phi-

losophers of old, had juster notions on many subjects than those who hooted at and persecuted them? Be that as it may, it is clear that Anaxagoras and his disciples despised the established religion; held that knowledge was power, and that wisdom was the only nobility; set at nought the domestic manners of the nation by bringing women forward as lecturers—whereas, according to good Athenian custom, they ought not to know how to read or write, and should never go beyond the doors of the gynæceum; and had peculiar views in politics also, though, at this distance of time, we are hardly able to do more than conjecture what they were. But as Pericles, the disciple of Anaxagoras, is said by Plutarch to have entertained views of uniting all Greece into one confederacy, of which Athens should be the head; as Plato makes Socrates hint at some scheme of extensive empire, as entertained by Alcibiades, in the dialogue bearing his name, and when speaking on the subject is made rather to attempt to qualify him for than dissuade him from it; and as Alexander, the disciple of Aristotle, afterwards effected what the others seem to have contemplated, I think we may suppose with some probability that the views of the philosophers tended this way from the first, and that, as is usually the case with human creatures, they were influenced by mixed motives—partly by ambition, knowing that in a State, constituted as they wished, talent and science must hold a distinguished place, and partly by a genuine love of truth and right, which made them eager to enlighten their fellow-creatures, and rescue them from the degrading vices and superstitions that enslaved them, which were the dis-

grace of those times. Socrates, indeed, appears to have had no motives but the latter; but it can hardly be doubted, from what Xenophon and Plato have written, that he took an active part in politics, and became obnoxious to the party in power in consequence. His endeavours, first to obtain the confidence of Alcibiades, whose station, talents, and birth fitted him to be the successor of his uncle; and, after Alcibiades had failed to justify his hopes, his attempt to encourage and influence the younger Pericles (v. Xen. *Mem.* l. iii. c. 4); the prosecution of this general after the battle of Arginusæ upon so frivolous a pretext that it is clear he was the sacrifice to a faction; and the subsequent prosecution of Socrates himself for corrupting the youth of Athens, all goes far to prove that the party of the philosophers was a political party, and that the Athenian Conservatives were opposed to it. All this preamble is needful to show why I disregard what most writers have considered so conclusive respecting the character of Aspasia, *i.e.*, the coarse invectives of the comic poets. Aristophanes was a Conservative, and accordingly, Pericles, Aspasia, Socrates, and Euripides the friend of Socrates, were the favourite subjects of his satire. A woman who stepped so far out of the beaten track as to become a public lecturer on rhetoric was of course open to the coarsest slanders. The opinion which Major Skinner says was entertained by an Egyptian or Syrian Pacha (I forget which) of an English lady who accompanied her husband to dine with him, shows sufficiently what would be thought of any woman who should appear in public among men in countries where complete ignorance and seclusion are the fashion; and if Aspasia had

female pupils, which is probable, as Socrates' friends carried their wives and daughters to her for instruction, both mistress and scholar would be concluded by the οἱ πολλοί to be no better than they should be. Aspasia was young, beautiful, accomplished, and admired—enough, if ignorant women were then what they are now, to make her the object of a large portion of envy and hatred, no less on account of the liberty she enjoyed than the admiration she was regarded with by the greatest men of Athens; and the story would be no novelty even if *men*—narrow-minded ones I mean—jealous of a woman who galled their kibes, should have taken up the spiteful whispers of wives and daughters and given them publicity: to attack a woman's reputation is the ready resort of the blockhead who is jealous of her talents. Mitford talks of the careful education given to the Greek courtesans; but I think he ought first to have examined whether the distinguished women so branded were guilty of anything but the being superior to their sex in general. Ionia was the nurse of philosophy—that philosophy which held women to be fit companions and teachers for the wisest, and it was from Ionia that these captivating women came who are said to have influenced political affairs so largely. Was Thargelia, any more than Aspasia, a vicious woman? There seems room for the question, since the study of philosophy, which at any rate in the hands of Socrates was the study of virtue, seems the very last thing which a vicious woman would undertake, or her admirers seek her for. Lais, whose bad fame is undoubted, never seems to have troubled her head with science; nor Theodota, of whom Xenophon speaks (*Mem.* lib. iii. c. 11).

These, however, are but probabilities. I will now begin with dates, which are stubborn things, and which will, I think, show that the charges against Aspasia are without foundation. In the first place, she is said by Plutarch, and I think by Ælian, as well as by the scholiast on Plato (Menexenus), to have been the wife of Pericles, and after his death to have married again, and to have had a son by her second husband; consequently, in B.C. 429, when Pericles died, she could scarcely haye been forty. She must, therefore, have been full twenty years his junior, if not more. He divorced his wife before he married her, and she, *i.e.*, his wife, married another—a proof that she could not have been very much advanced in age at that time; but the sons he had by her were men before he died (Xantippus, the eldest, was married), so that he must have been married to her early, and the divorce must have taken place when he and she were not *more* than middle-aged. As we have seen already that Aspasia was at least twenty years younger than Pericles, she must have been young when he married her; and as the younger Pericles—the only child they had, as far as I can see—commanded for the first time at Arginusæ, twenty-three years after the death of his father, he could hardly have been born before their marriage. Mitford has been a good deal bewildered about the sons of Pericles; but I think it is tolerably clear from Plutarch, that he had but those who died of the plague, and this one, who, being the offspring of a foreign woman, was, according to his own law, held to be illegitimate. The Athenians, however, in compassion to the bereaved parent, allowed him to repeal the law, and

enrol his natural son—namely, his son by Aspasia, in his own tribe, and give him his own name. The conversation with Socrates which Xenophon records, implies him to have been a young man at that time, for Socrates speaks of his hopes from his command, rather because he would be likely to take pains to fit himself for his post than because he was already distinguished.

The time when the formal charge made by Hermippus was brought forward is not mentioned; but as Plutarch says that the expenses of the public buildings were objected to by the orators of Thucydides' party, and as Pheidias was the superintendent of them, and also subjected to persecution as well as Anaxagoras for charges of the same nature as those against Aspasia, it seems probable that the prosecution undertaken by Hermippus must have been before the banishment of the head of the party, which took place B.C. 444. The "impiety" of which Anaxagoras and Aspasia were alike accused was the impiety which the Christians in after times were equally subjected to persecution for—*i.e.*, the despising the Polytheism of the multitude, and allowing but one Creative Mind in the universe; but the degraded class of women to which the second part of Hermippus's charge would refer her could scarcely have time, and still less inclination, to speculate on metaphysical questions, and argue out the being of a First Cause. Besides, this charge refutes itself by its own improbability. We have no right to question the authority of Thucydides, a grave writer, and contemporary, and one who professedly was anxious to write impartially; and his character of Pericles is such that

we may at once say that such a man had no time for profligacy, and that the woman whose defence he undertook, and won her acquittal as much by his tears as his eloquence, must have been something better than the tool of his vices. His conduct was that of a man passionately attached to *herself*, and his marriage with her proves it. I am therefore inclined to consider the whole as a party affair, got up by the "Conservatives" to crush the "movement" party, of which Aspasia was a sufficiently distinguished member to be worth putting down. If Pericles failed in defending his friend, he would lose ground in the public estimation, and might be accused himself next as the intimate of persons condemned for immorality and impiety. We have no farther account of the intrigues of the two parties; but Pericles seems to have been roused to a fiercer struggle, and the banishment of Thucydides (the son of Milesias) soon followed, and left him undisputed possession of the government of Athens. I suppose it might be after the prosecution of Aspasia, when he saw that she was exposed to danger on account of his intimacy with her, that he divorced his wife and married her; at any rate, it must have been about this time. The *on dits* that Plutarch and Diodorus have given respecting the causes of the Samian and Peloponnesian wars are refuted by the very circumstantial account of these causes given in Thucydides' history of the latter; nor do I think that the coarse jokes of Aristophanes, in his *Acharnians*, merit much more consideration. It is to be observed, too, that the *Acharnians* was not represented till after the death of Pericles, and when the war was growing so unpopular that the comic

poet was tolerably sure of applause for scoffing at its origin. The Samian war, whether advised by Aspasia or not, seems only to have been a consequence of the then state of party in Athens, which made it necessary to strengthen the Whig, or democratical party, by depressing the Tory, or aristocratical, in the neighbouring countries. Has not England, of late, done the same? The Peloponnesian war was unavoidable, unless Athens could have been content to give up the empire of the sea; for, according to Thucydides' account, this was the grievance of the allies, and the war was undertaken by them to depress the political power of the Athenians. There is little doubt but that, had Pericles lived, he would have carried his country triumphantly through it, and, as a patriotic chief, he was justified in resisting concession which was to terminate in the disgrace of his country. If the prosecution of Pheidias, &c., took place at the period I have supposed, it was too long before to have had any such influence on the entering into the war, as Plutarch mentions, and the actual cause of the decree against Megara equally refutes Aristophanes. I claim, therefore, a verdict of *not guilty* in favour both of Pericles and Aspasia.

Thus concludes my special pleading: I shall like to know whether you find it convincing. In the meantime, believe me, dear John,

Your very sincere and affectionate friend,

C. F. C.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

Nizells, Dec. 31, 1838.

Thanks for the pamphlet, which I had heard much of, read some extracts from, and wanted to see. I don't know why you should think me likely to quarrel with it, for what the writer says on most points seems to me sensible and true. I differ in one or two only, for the main of what he objects to the Reform Bill I ventured to say when it was in the height of its popularity; and as I am no statesman, I, at least, may be consistent, and hold the same opinion still, which I do. But as to the change made in the constitution by that bill itself, I differ. The bill itself and the language of its advocates were at variance: its advocates admitted the rule of *numbers* as the groundwork of representation; the bill, however arbitrary in its provisions, still establishes that of *property*. The people were for a time humbugged by the talk of its advocates, and are now wondering to see how little the measure itself tallies with what they heard. There is not one *principle* of the old system of representation done away with by it; for, of course, when Old Sarum had members first allotted to it, there were inhabitants, and when the Cinque Ports returned *two* each, they were places of more relative consequence than they are now. The bill, therefore, did no more than shuffle the cards, and the shufflers did as many others do—arranged them in so doing so as to make them fall in their own favour. Nay, it was only a temporary expedient, for do we not daily see that the Whigs are losing ground in the elections? and for this reason, that the Radicals, who thought at first that they had gained their point, now see that they have been

cheated. Fifty years hence the House of Commons may be very nearly as much a packed house as ever, by a change in the tide of population, which railroads, &c. make very probable. But the principles on which that bill was professedly founded are not forgotten, and universal suffrage is the legitimate consequence of them. I, for one, do not think that this could *yet* be of any advantage; for, at any rate, the lower classes are not as yet advanced beyond the rudiments of knowledge, and in the complicated relations of a very artificial state of society, more is wanted for legislation than this. When the poor have more education, I would have the poor man himself raise his voice in the House of Commons and plead the cause of "his order;" but we must wait, I fear, for another generation ere this is possible. The thing was done in Switzerland; there is a vestige of it still in Tuscany, where, out of six judges, two are always chosen from the contadini; and it ought to be here, for "virtual representation" after all is but a humbug. In the mean time, I consider the House of Commons to be now nothing more than it always was—a set of men brought together at hap-hazard, who may chance to be clever, but who may not; but who, as individuals, are thinking much more of their own interests than those of the nation generally; therefore, no rank or profession which finds no place there is virtually represented there. I do not think that universal suffrage would alter this, unless it were at a period of popular convulsion, and then it would be the least desirable that it should be altered. If universal suffrage ever be conceded by the present generation, I think you will see that it will be under some such

arrangement as in France, and that will be another cheat. I differ from the author on one more point. I have great doubt whether the monarchical principle will ultimately stand the rude shock of common sense. I grant that if it were practically all that it is theoretically, it would be a beautiful arrangement; but it is not. Kings and ministers, common sense says, are placed and paid to look out for dangers and grievances and to remedy them, that the general peace and well-being may not be disturbed; if this be not done, what are they good for? If room be given for this question to be asked very often, I think any person of common sense may see the consequence. Philosophically speaking, I should say that monarchy was only one of the phases of human society requisite on emerging from barbarism; but at every step in civilization we see men imposing new fetters on the monarch: will not the last step be the dispensing with his services altogether? I think so, notwithstanding that there is a poetry and grandeur about a monarchy that pleases my imagination . . . . And so you grant that Hazlitt's history conveys false impressions, and his philosophy none at all! Verily, as I could say no more, I may leave him in your hands; if he were alive he might say, Heaven defend me from my friends! . . . . Guizot's lectures on the Progress of Civilization in France are very clever and worth reading, but all discussion about them must wait; and Müller's *Schuld*, a German tragedy in lyric verse, which, whether it were the interest of the play or the charm of the verse, I know not, took me so out of myself for two or three hours that I quite forgot where I was. The Germans are fond of it—they have reason. . . .

To the Same.

Nizells, Jan. 27, 1839.

. . . . I am rather glad you are not going to Ireland; every one seems so given up to idleness there, that I should be afraid the disease was infectious. Our life of industry and occupation may not be so gay, nor perhaps—but of that I am not sure—so pleasant in youth, as the diversions and *do-nothingness* of the Irish gentry; but when we come to the upshot, when we consider that during these seventy or eighty years we are but children at school preparing for the destination of our mature age, and doomed bitterly to regret the wasting of time never to be recalled; when we find how this waste has unfitted us for our situation; when this is taken into account, I say decidedly, give me the "dry drudgery" of England that strengthens the intellect and forms the character. It is a very fine thing to have a long soul in a long body; a big soul in a little body bounces and fuzzles till it puts me in a fever to see it; or, if the soul fits the body, it is so insignificant that I walk over without seeing it; but the long soul lies so much at ease in its six-feet bed that it is quite soothing to one's spirits, always supposing that it is big enough to occupy it handsomely. . . .

I have finished Guizot's Lectures, and have been amused, and on the whole, gratified; he has all the French lucidity of arrangement, which is a great comfort when treating of feudal laws; and, by throwing aside little details, he enables the mind to grasp the subject. He is pre-eminently French, and made me laugh outright by claiming for his own "glorious

country" the sole possession of—guess what—a *Tiers Etat!* It took me as much by surprise as Matthew's definition of bigamy and polygamy, and put me in mind of the French girl who wrote to her sister in the country to beg her to come to Paris to see the beautiful comet they had got there. None but a French audience could have listened to anything so ridiculous in a public lecture without a general burst of laughter. I have been reading besides a clever pamphlet of his on the penalty of death for political offences, which, as it chimed in with my own opinions, of course pleased me. By-the-bye, you have heard, of course, that Lord Brougham denies having written the pamphlet you sent me, and is quite indignant on the occasion. His style must have been very well imitated; for, notwithstanding his denial, people seem still inclined to give him the credit of writing parts of it at any rate. Do you hear *who is* to have the credit of it if he is not?

I have been promised a visit from Mr. Wellsted, the Arabian traveller, who has sent me a little pamphlet he has been writing about a language and an ancient empire in Arabia, which nobody has hitherto known anything about, and he is coming himself "to 'spound and 'splain," so I shall be duly primed when you arrive and ready to explode with hard words. It is curious that almost all the very ancient nations seem to have derived their distinctive national appellation from *red,* I cannot well conceive why—and I must see if I can get any sense out of Mr. Wellsted about it. Phœnicia, Idumea, and two or three others which he mentions, all have this at the root of their appellation. Some of the paintings of the Egyptian tombs represent the people with red skins. I wonder if Adam and Eve

were really of that colour? The word Adam, you know, means red-ochre; we are a sadly "gingerated" race, as my uncle's old gardener said of his pinks that had lost their colour, if that were the case.

I am reading the Life of Wilberforce, and am sadly out of patience with it. He groans because he cannot keep his thoughts fixed on divine contemplations in the midst of a dinner-party, and imputes it to himself as a sin, as if *contemplation* were man's business in this life. I conceive we are serving God best when we are actively performing the duties of the state in which he has placed us. These duties may be performed in a dinner-party as well as anywhere else; for if in the midst of gay society we so hold the reins over ourselves as to be gay and wise too, have committed no intemperance, and uttered no word which could harm another or corrupt ourselves, we may bend before God that night, I think, with as cheerful a confidence as if we had been at church all day. Indeed, I conceive that we serve God best by putting the stamp of the sanctuary upon the coin of this world as it passes through our hands; we make ourselves useless by refusing to touch it.

To the Same.

Nizells, Feb. 10, 1839.

. . . I have been desperately ill with a fever, and am so exhausted by it that I find the amusing my solitary self no very easy task; if it were not that with the debility comes the need and the power to sleep a great deal, my hours would hang rather heavy, but happily I am quite at leisure to be ill or even to

die if requisite, so that I can doze and lose my time with a tolerably good conscience, and the consequence is that even reading goes on slowly. Last night I was deep in Lord Durham's report, at least the conclusion of it, which was in my newspaper, and, whether for lack of better information I know not, but I thought it very sensible and good, and wished he had been able to have carried his plans on. I wonder what is the opinion of those who know more about the matter, if indeed any do, for I am no great believer in the wondrous powers of seeing into a millstone which some attribute to statesmen. I know, at any rate, that Lord D.'s views are founded in the nature of man generally, and I do not suppose that Canadians differ much from others of the human race. Wilberforce's Life, which I am still deep in, lets me into the secret of public measures—the way in which they are adopted, I mean—a good deal, and I thought again and again of Chancellor Oxenstiern's observation to his son when going to attend a congress—"See how little wisdom governs the world." A little honesty, a little sincerity and upright intention, would do much more than all the crooked counsels which are usually thought clever! The weight which Wilberforce's opinions always carried, even though in some things too enthusiastic, in none deeply read, is a proof of this. When I look at what he might have been, and might have done, if he had added to his good heart and good intentions a better judgment, I feel grieved, for I look round in vain to find another so independent and so upright; and, old-fashioned and strange as the notion may seem, I am persuaded that an immoral and an unprincipled man will not act well for his country any

more than for himself. He has not the fearlessness, the open front, the power of a confident appeal to the best feelings of his hearers which, bad as men may be individually, never fail to command respect, and generally, assent; nor can he have the persevering pursuit of the end in view, nor the clear judgment in choosing the means which a confidence in the rectitude of his motives always gives. Even clever people may be bothered when considering what is *wise* to do, but the veriest dolt may know what is *right*, and if we believe in a God exercising a moral rule in the world, what is right is in all cases wise. Had Wilberforce's notions been attended to, a moderate reform would long ago have removed the need for the more violent measures which followed, and England and Ireland would probably have been enjoying in peace and quietness the fruits of their rulers' foresight. But, unfortunately, Wilberforce mistook his road (led away by the speciousness of the religious party he attached himself to) and strove to "meditate" when he ought to have *thought*. He wasted precious time in writing down good resolutions and self-reproaches for doing less than he ought, yet seems to have overlooked the fact that all his writing and meditation was the cause of his doing little. *Thought*, happily for us, is very rapid, and if we were really determined to think when we ought to do so, with the full powers of our reason, five minutes would generally despatch the business, and well too, for the mind already stored with knowledge and accustomed too close application, can bring its powers to bear on any given subject at a moment's notice with thorough effect. To set apart *hours* for thinking is mere indolence, and has much the same

effect on the mind that a diet of weak broth would have on the body; it enfeebles and unfits it for any vigorous effort. At fifty-two Wilberforce complains that his memory is failing; he himself attributes it to having suffered his thoughts to be too desultory, and I have no doubt he was right—his water-gruel "meditations" had taken from him the power of grasping rapidly and firmly the objects brought before him, for I have invariably seen among my acquaintance that the powers of the mind failed the earliest in those who applied the least. . . . . I cannot resist quoting a bit from that strange book, *The Doctor*, which in this fifth volume, amid more nonsense than usual, has a little of very solid sense. "Any man," he says, "who will, may command ten minutes. Ten minutes the undergraduate who reads this may bestow upon German, even though he should be in training for the university races. Ten minutes he can bestow upon German, which I recommend because it is a master-key for many doors of both language and knowledge. His mind will be refreshed even by this brief change of scene and atmosphere; in a few weeks he will wonder at his own progress; and in a few years, if he is good for anything, if the seed has not been 'sown in a stony place or among thorns,' he will bless me, his unknown benefactor, for having shown him by what small savings of time a man may become rich in mind." I have tried this recipe often, and can truly say that in those odds and ends of time which most of us lose, there is space enough for a large progress in knowledge if we will only have our faculties so well curbed and bitted as to be able suddenly to turn them into the course we wish. I never found a hin-

drance to knowing everything I wished till failing health made me want the quarters and halves of hours for rest instead of application. . . . . The *man* who feels his rank as an intellectual being merely, cannot be easy under a consciousness that he is suffering his very existence to dwindle into nothingness; the *Christian* must feel he is burying his talent in the earth, and must expect the condemnation consequent on such conduct.

Pray tell your friends the Poor Law Commissioners, that I never knew our poor go begging before, but that now my door is beset with mendicants; not vagabonds, but poor labourers' wives or widows, who cannot get along without help. I am allowing a shilling per week where I can; but I cannot relieve all, and, though no great politician, I doubt the benefit of making the people feel generally that it is *the law* that oppresses, individuals who pity and comfort. The time was that the discontent was with the overseer or the vestry—the law was still the hallowed shelter of the oppressed; it is now otherwise, and I may be allowed to quote a better opinion than my own on this point. The chief legal functionary of an Italian town questioned me as to our English system of home management; when he heard it, he said, "You have solved the problem of good government. Your parochial regulations prevent the hand of the Government from ever being felt; there may therefore be local discontent, but the law is never blamed, and thus no general insurrection is to be dreaded. You are a wise people." Are we a wise people now?

To Mrs. Atkins.

Nizells, Feb. 13, 1839.

. . . . I must copy you a passage from Wilberforce just to show you how well meaning and how mistaken he was; such a man, with more rational views, would have been the firmest stay of his country:—"I have "had serious doubts" (he had set apart *a day* for private devotions) "whether or not it is right to do "so when I have so many important subjects to con- "sider, and so much to do; yet the examples as well "as writings of good men, and, above all, the Holy "Scriptures, taking the precepts which directly treat "of fasting, and comparing them with others, warrant "it.—N.B. Christ's words about the demons which "were expelled only by fasting and prayer. Then "as to being now extremely occupied, Owen's remark "in some degree applies (inference from Malachi), "that we should give God, if needful, our best time." Now, can anything be more wrong-headed than this? Are we not giving our best time to God when we employ it in serving our country and our fellow-creatures for His sake? When we carry the feelings of the Christian into the business of the man of the world, and show how much integrity, and a conscience always alive to the right and wrong of things, betters the judgment, and even facilitates business? Wilberforce's right-mindedness felt this, yet he tried to stifle the instinct because a set of enthusiasts had written and thought otherwise. Does not this show what I have often said, that we never ought to lean on any judgment but our own, nor interpret Scripture by any rule but that of reason? . . . The appeal

to the Bible for all things is the resort of indolence; to argue out from rational premises what is right to be done, is a wearisome exercise of thought, and thinking is a labour which nine out of ten shrink from. To take a text and follow it literally is easier, and to take a text and *not* follow it, but hope that we shall have supernatural aid to do so, is easier still. . . . As for the bustle about doing good, I think in that as in everything else, we should weigh and consider what we are most fitted for by station, talents, &c.; and when we see what we *can* do, we should next consider, of all this, which will be the most beneficial to mankind? and then launch boldly, watching at the same time over the evils which we see attach themselves to such a course. I think a public life—I mean one which brings us forth for applause, bad; yet if situation and talents are such as to call us to it, it would be wrong to shrink. But I would have no "meditation," which is merely humbugging ourselves with a word. *Thought,* intense thought, for ten minutes, and then action; or, if we distrust that, note the resolution of to-day, go to other work, and ten minutes' thought to-morrow or the next day, or a week if passion interferes, and then, if the result be the same, act. No long prayers—no long self-examinations—they are only self-deceptions. One short question—Is this right, and why is it right?—settles all, and I defy any one who ever thinks at all, to make longer than ten minutes' work of this, unless there be a subject previously to master. But for this sort of stern, close thought, the mind must be schooled by habits of application, and this is more rare than one would imagine; for, notwithstanding what is called applica-

tion in our public schools, the *mind* is so little employed in it, that few men even know how to isolate themselves from present objects enough to *think* really, and the habit is easily lost.

You will laugh when I tell you that my musical studies just before the fever attacked me, ran in my head all the time, and I fancied myself a minor triad, but whether of *Do* or *Sol* I could not make out. Why I was a *minor*, with so much better pretensions to be *major*, I cannot tell; I have only just learned to go to sleep without this transmogrification. I like the thought of *understanding* music much, and when we meet, if we ever do any more, I shall make you discuss largely on the subject, and analyse pieces of music to find out their component parts.

To David Power, Esq.

Nizells, April 29, 1839.

I've made some fresh words to suit an old song,
I've made a new tune, and made it all wrong,
I've painted Miss C—— in her Fleetstone attire,
Made two puppets, all but the dress and the wire;
Have altered my garden and altered my room,
And now I'm quite tired of staying at home.

Do you know that there is a German translation of *Nickleby* coming out in numbers? It really is very well done for the most part—here and there a blunder. Such things make one feel how little a foreigner can enter into the thorough idiomatic language of the natives. It made me feel, too, how little I knew of German; for much of this translation sent me to my

dictionary for the words which were unbookish ones. My chronicle of the nothings I have been about may show you that I have very little to tell. This dull and dignified neighbourhood seldom affords any events, and I think all that has occurred has been a visit from the Y—— family, attended by the very prototype of the fat boy in *Pickwick*, and dressed in the same style. Where they found such a serving man I am at a loss to guess, and I did not dare laugh or hint that he had furnished Mr. Dickens with a character; so I beheld him with as much gravity as if I had been born in Sevenoaks.

Have you seen the *Edinburgh Review?* There is another dish of characters, by Lord Brougham I suppose, exceedingly well written. It really is a pity he should ever do anything but write, for he does that admirably—real racy English, with none of the affectations of some of our modern writers. Mr. Macaulay has a clever article on Mr. Gladstone's book, which (the book) I have not seen, so I cannot tell how fair a review it may be; but it strikes me that his own views are just. He would have the Irish Popish clergy paid by the State without overthrowing the Protestant establishment. I would not entirely establish a system which in many instances corrupts the moral character; but it would surely be well to keep these priests quiet till they and their flocks can grow wiser: I am sure, if the things brought forward on both sides, in the late debate on Irish affairs, be true, or only half true, it shows a state of society which requires some better remedy than has yet been applied. If the priests were salaried they might be

made answerable for exciting mischief; and, whatever their allegiance to the Pope might be, there is a little bit of self-interest in every man which makes him lean towards it, and this would be especially the case when real Christian duty and interest would coincide. Romanism, permanently established in any country, is a complete bar to improvement; but if the Protestant establishment were kept up side by side with it, and made efficient, probably even Romanism in time would become Christian and philosophical. The English Romanists are much behind Protestants in information and enlightenment of all kinds, if I may credit the account given by a Roman Catholic friend; but still they are infinitely better than the Italians, just because their juxtaposition makes them more careful. Their teachers *must* teach pure morality or they would find their congregation desert to the next church. In Italy, where there is no Protestant church to go to, the priests rarely trouble themselves to enforce *moral* duties; how it is in Ireland I do not know. But Mr. Macaulay has excited my wrath by his most illiberal notions about poor children, who, according to his system, are to be *flogged* into right opinions; indeed, he does not seem to have a notion that there is any other way of proceeding with a child but by stern authority. Verily there is no part of creation which suffers more injustice than the human race under fourteen years old. Nobody takes up their cause, and they are flogged and scolded and tormented *ad libitum*, and it is all considered quite *selon les règles*. Sergeant Talfourd is become the champion of women, who, he says, "have too much reason to complain of being treated with legislative indifference." Who will write

a book on the wrongs of children? I remember, when I was a child myself, spending many an hour in considering whether I was not tyrannously treated; I learned to reason perhaps in doing so; but I do not find that maturer years have altered my opinion of the general system. The intellectual being is intellectual always, and therefore it is not to the brute instinct of fear that we ought to address ourselves—the very lowest motive, save actual appetite, by which we can be directed. When our Saviour desired little children to come unto him, it certainly was not to flog them.

I think it would be a pretty scheme if every man entering on public life were bound to select some crying grievance to which his whole attention should be directed till he got it abated. It would, at any rate, be better than now, when all open, like a pack of hounds, on the same scent, and then, when they have bellowed their fill after a bag fox, are whipped home to kennel again.

To the Same.

Nizells, May 5, 1839.

. . . . I am not more prepared to agree with Dr. Channing on all points than you are, but I think he has more of the *spirit* of Christianity than most writers. We see enough of the ill effects of no creeds and no establishment in America to show that the world will not do without them yet; but I certainly wish that creeds and articles of faith should be as simple and short as possible, so as to allow a difference of private judgment (without which we never have

any opinion at all), jointly with a public communion in the rites of religion, and a feeling of Christian union. The Romish Church, wiser in its generation than ours, gives its members great latitude in private if they interfere not with its public rites and *rights*, and finds a vent for much of enthusiasm in its missionary works, its monastic orders, &c. I think our bishops are beginning to see the wisdom, and indeed the propriety of this; and, indeed, the spirit of the times will modify all this without any violent change. It is much best that it should be so, but I hail any work in which the real nature of Christianity is set forth in strong light. The article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Style is very good, and does not fall foul of Dr. Channing a bit too much, for the American *cacoethes* is strong upon him. I wish it may mend him, for it is very provoking when good sense is not put into good language. I do not agree with Mr. Macaulay in his article on Church and State *fully*, any more than I do with Dr. Channing, and I think you will be of the same mind. Who does one ever agree fully with? I disagree with you on the subject of Mr. Gibson for instance. I consider that no good ever happens in the world, in the way of change of public opinion, till some wise and good men, in advance of their age, have had courage to become martyrs to their conviction of what ought to be. People look and wonder, at first, why a man can act so or so, which appears to be against his own interest. He suffers for it, and this makes them wonder still more; he gives his reasons; they are high and holy ones, far removed from all the grovelling motives of self-interest. Then comes the admiration of some who have souls big

enough to feel that there is actual superiority in this; some young hearts are warmed with the example, and the next age probably sees *that* received as a principle which the last stared at as next to insanity. Whoever it be that has courage enough to stand the confessor of a great moral truth is a benefactor to the human race according to my view of things; and I say again, "one must" not "be a party man," and, what is more, I know your own heart will say the same thing. You have not yet rubbed off enough of the image of your Creator within you, by intercourse with the bad world, to be insensible to the charm of a disinterested regard to duty, and to what is strictly *right* in our actions. God forbid you ever should! I know nothing more melancholy than to see a mind which has come from the hands of its Maker full of every noble feeling gradually narrowed and shrunk and poisoned by the real devils of this world, *i.e.*, bad ambition, servility to party, which is its first fruits, self-interest, and a thousand cognate *misères*.

To the Same.

Nizells, March 3, 1839.

. . . . I fully concur in all you say about Lord Durham,* of whom I knew nothing till I had to judge of his public actions and writings; and in these, all the way through, there has been a something that found an echo in my own heart. For the first time I saw treason treated as I thought it ought to be—*i. e.*, decomposed into its component parts, murder, robbery, and discontent, and each of these

* Lord Durham published a report containing his views for the amelioration of Canada.

visited with its appropriate penalty. For the first time I have seen, in his report, Christian and rational principles brought forward without humbug, in a State paper; in short, I seem to see my beau ideal of politics realized, and in the admiration which that report has received from thinking people of widely different political views in general, I see a confirmation of my notion, that a government conducted on the basis of right and wrong, in which a rational and philosophical Christianity should be the guide, would be a strong and popular one. I will not ask what has guided Lord Durham:—a keen perception of human feelings and motives will bring us to the groundwork of Christianity, even if we have not knowingly set off in search of it; but I will only ask whether my principle would not come to the same result? A nation is split by party hatred: the first duty of a Christian legislator is to unite all in the bonds of brotherly love, but then it must be a union of affection, not of force; and hence spring all the wise expedients for making the requisite preponderance of one party as little grating as possible to the other, and, as a natural consequence of following the course laid down by the Creator, out of the prosecution of this first great object with uprightness follow a thousand commercial and political advantages which would enrich and bless the country over which so wise a sway was exercised. But you say truly, that the great minds of one age think for the next, and it is only like Moses looking over the promised land that I can gaze upon that better period when such principles will be acted on. Before that can take place, much of political and theological prejudice must be

done away with, and we must learn to look with greater patience on what we imagine the errors of our opponents, for no permanent good is effected by a triumph of force; and if there be one thing which I think more admirable than another in Lord Durham's report it is the calm philanthropy which it breathes. Nobody would guess that the writer belonged to any party, or had any motive but the simple love of his fellow-creatures. One of the things that makes me feel that we are now living in the dawn of a better state of things is the seeing that men in all quarters of the world, quite unconnected with each other, are expressing the same sentiments; and these recorded opinions of many whose names are likely to be perpetuated by their learning or their eloquence, must have their weight—it is a sort of moral epidemy. How should you and I, for instance, have learned to think in accordance with Theodore Jouffroy and Dr. Channing, if there were not something in the very progress of society which tended to promote these views? We have all arrived at them through paths as widely different as it is possible to imagine; and this is one of the reasons why I am inclined to extend a very large share of charitable construction to the errors of those who lived at a time when society pervaded them with very different influences. Many a man lives in too perpetual a whirl of business—and this is especially the case with a public man—to be able to disengage himself from the notions with which he is in continual contact; and this I believe is one of the causes why truth makes such slow progress. The period when the real principles of truth ought to be impressed on the mind—*i.e.*, in early youth—is

generally thrown away, from a faulty system of education, and men rush forth into the world to govern and teach others without any well-grounded opinions to guide themselves or them. What wonder that we see wild work? . . .

I am not strong enough to enjoy a sturdy argument, or else I would throw down the gauntlet about the Corn Laws, for seeing that we are respectively ignorant of about half the subject, we have capital ground for going on *ad infinitum*. You knowing nothing of the agricultural population, and next to nothing of the state of things in foreign countries, and I knowing nothing of manufactures, and being very inadequately informed on the subject of general commerce—what a magnificent space we should have for throwing away words!

I mentioned Dr. Channing's name—do you know his writings? He is a man of great note in America, an Unitarian preacher, I believe, but a man of large and enlightened views; and some of his essays which I have now by me have struck me as containing a great deal of good sense, especially one on associations for promoting particular objects, which he considers as bad things, in which I quite agree with him. I would, if I could, put all in a state to supply the best education and the best nursing in their own homes; and instead of spending large sums in missions to the heathen, I would endeavour to civilize the world by colonization—that is, I would devote all we could to the improvement of our own population, and then, when it was too numerous, would send forth settlers who should do some credit to the Christian doctrine they profess. I would—but what is the use

of talking?—I would remodel the world if I could, and make it better than it is. . . . If I had been a man, and had had health to pursue my object, I would have directed all my energies to the bettering the condition of the masses; and amidst my day dreams, generally carried on on horseback, I have seemed almost to feel the outpouring of indignant eloquence with which I would have claimed for man his rank as an intellectual being, in whatever station he might be born, and have shown a pack of idle and interested legislators that there were a few measures, as simple as they were useful, which would have benefited property no less than have raised the poor in the scale of being. . . . But I can only sit quietly in my corner, and feel that the soul which is cherishing such thoughts is at least growing into closer union with Him whose mercy is over all His works.

To the Same.

Nizells, Oct. 21, 1839.

. . . . My reading has been little else than Grimm's *Märchen* and your *Examiners:* the latter, or rather the last of the latter, has provoked me. The attack there made on the clergy in general is most unhandsome in terms, and most untrue in fact. There is no man who spends his time in more anxious exertion than a conscientious clergyman. There is no fame, no reward to spur him on, for his preferment comes before his duty. He spends his life in a country village perhaps, or at any rate wherever he may be cast, without a chance or an expectation of any further emolument, and what he has is generally a modicum which

requires economy to live on it and appear like a gentleman. His duties lie among the poor and the sick, whom he has to instruct and comfort: with the rich he must mix as their equal, and by his example and conduct mend them if he can, and this must be done silently and quietly, or it is unavailing. A man who has thus given up his life to his fellow-creatures hopes perhaps—it is human to do so—that some approbation, some esteem from his fellow-men as well as his God, may follow his honest and noiseless course; and he finds himself stigmatized—as indeed his great Master was before him—"as a glutton and a winebibber," a grasping, avaricious being, who cares not who suffers if he be enriched. Is it not the way to make men worthless if they are allowed no sort of credit for their virtues? I knew one on whom all this vituperation was heaped till his grey head was bent in sorrow to the grave; yet his youth had been innocent, his manhood spent in ministering to all the wants and woes of his poor neighbours: his old age was hunted down by the Cobbettites and such as Mr. Fonblanque would set on if he could. He was carried to his grave in the place which had been the scene of his quiet and useful life, and then the delusion was over—a weeping population rushed forth to meet the last remains of the man whose worth they *then* knew, *when they had lost him!* I only wish Mr. F. had been there to see it. I wish he had been there to see the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury subdue a riotous mob by his calm courage and patient endurance. I wish he could have looked into the princely charities of the Prince-Bishop of Durham. I wish he could have looked at the humble meals which I have seen on the

tables of the clergy, and I think he would have allowed with me that the prejudices, where they exist, of a body of men who have prejudices because their attention to weighty duties isolates them from the great world, deserve to be kindly and gently touched on. But here again party steps in and poisons the source of truth. In principle I am Liberal, but when I see that party advancing its claims by malice and untruth, how can I like the Liberals? I therefore separate the great principles from the party cry. I have no doubt that they *may* mean well even while barking the loudest, but he who sows evil that good may come usually finds a crop he did not expect: the crop and the seed will be often of the same kind.

Do you see, by-the-bye, that the King of Prussia is enforcing conformity by pains and penalties, and that the Nonconformists are emigrating to America? I know not what it is that he requires his subjects to conform to, but the emigrants are Lutherans. It is curious that after having given shelter to the Austrian subjects who were banished for not conforming to Romanism, he should force his own subjects into a like state. Curious it is, too, that no experience can teach people how vain it is to try to make men alike.

To the Same.

St. Leonard's, West Malling, Nov. 16, 1839.

. . . . . The cry has been raised against the clergy with a degree of unjust *acharnement* that has led them to suppose that the scenes of the French Revolution would be re-enacted in England if the party which

raised it gained the upper hand. Virtue and benevolence were no shield against calumny; what security more was there for life itself than the maintenance of the present order of things? This it is, I believe, which has united this large and influential body against the Liberals, and will continue to do so as long as the Liberals persist in endeavouring to bring them into contempt by unfounded accusations. Self-preservation is the instinct of all; and if a party will act in a way to set our instincts in opposition to it, it must expect a vigorous opposition. I do not, therefore, draw the line which you do between the different sets of clergy. Many a man who amongst his people is the virtuous, active, and benevolent pastor, will, upon occasion, throw his political weight into the Conservative scale, for the sake of his fellows no less than his own. Priests in France were made a mark for idle boys to shoot at as they would pigeons; and if you could have a population indoctrinated by Messrs. Cobbett and Co., it might happen again here. I again repeat that the Liberals have to thank themselves for the opposition of the clergy as a body. Were I a clergyman, I would preach charity, but I would keep the Liberals out of power if I could. I would try to mend my Conservative friends, but I should distrust a party that found the slander of virtue an appropriate weapon; though, indeed, this party is the dupe of another, for the outcry against the clergy was first raised by men who wished for a scramble, and feared their (the clergy's) influence over the people would be exerted to preserve peace and good order. The Whigs have foolishly taken the same ground, and thus are gradually losing friends, and friends that could do much. I have known several

clergymen who have abandoned their ranks within the last few years. . . , I can see fully that the profession has prejudices, that there are evils even in the secluded lives and devotion to one object which are consequent upon it; but then I remember that the man who believes what he teaches, truly and heartily believes it, thinks *that* the best road to heaven, and that, therefore, these prejudices are conscientious, would be avowed on the scaffold or at the stake, and whilst thinking the *opinion* wrong, I respect *the man*.

To the Same.

St. Leonard's Place, West Malling, Jan. 25, 1840.

. . . I cannot think that a large knowledge of divinity is necessary to make a worthy communicant. "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life," &c., says our Liturgy, "draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort." This is a plain rule, and in accordance with Scripture. If none were to communicate till they were perfect, they must die without ever obeying Christ's command. I do not expect, as I believe some do, that either prayer or participation in the communion are to have any supernatural effect; but I consider that He who formed us as we are knew best what would effect the ends for which we were created, and I am very much convinced that he who has presented himself before God with no worldly cloud to interrupt his view, rises from his knees in a frame of mind to make him a better man, if he do but endeavour to preserve the impressions thus awakened.

No man can pray heartily, and be a bad man, unless he embrace what I think a fatal error—*i.e.*, that of thinking his own nature so bad that he can do nothing of himself, and therefore abides in sin "that grace may abound." St. Paul says, "God forbid!" to this, and so do I. . . .

It will be a blessed thing hereafter to meet dear friends with whom we have travelled in fellowship over the rugged way, and mutually to thank each other for the helping hand which has lightened our difficulties and our burdens. . . . There is a very sensible observation of Paley on this point which, as you may not know the work, I copy for you:—"It seems to be true that no plenitude of present gratification can make the possessor happy for a continuance unless he have something in reserve—something to hope for and look forward to. This I conclude to be the case from comparing the alacrity and spirit of men who are engaged in any pursuit which interests them with the dejection and *ennui* of almost all who are born to so much that they want nothing more, or who have *used up* their satisfactions too soon, and drained the sources of them. A man who is earnest in his endeavours after the happiness of a future state has in this respect an advantage over all the world." This is a very true observation; but, in order to make the pleasure complete, selfishness must have no share in it, and the thorough delight of such a pursuit is in endeavouring to lead others with us to that happiness. . . . Amid the riches and honours which you may very likely attain to, do not forget that there is but one way of making them available to real satisfaction. Fame and riches may be very pleasant adjuncts, but the moment we

suffer them to become ultimate ends we prepare for ourselves nothing but disappointment and grief if we do not attain them, weariness and disgust if we do. I have been preaching a sermon, I am afraid, rather than writing a letter; however, you invited it.

To JOHN PLATT, ESQ.

St. Leonard's, June 12, 1840.

. . . As for Lady Morgan, I know her not, and she writes faster than she can verify; but verily she has told the truth in her opening chapter.* You know it has long been my opinion that women were nearly as much slaves in this *soi-disant* free land of England as the blacks were in the West Indies, and that their character was accordingly debased, as must always be the case where intellectual beings are debarred from the due exercise of their faculties. If, then, when everybody else is to be emancipated, women begin to kick and rattle their chains a little, it is not very wonderful, though some good gentlemen may be as much astounded as when Oliver Twist "asked for more." A case now come to my knowledge in which a woman, hitherto left in need by her husband's extravagance and rascality, will be obliged to give up a property (which she has lately inherited as heir-at-law) to this husband, or rather his creditors, is another proof, among many, of the injustice of the law to my sex. . . I can see no crime that women have committed which debars them from the common rights of citizenship—*i.e.*, a right over the property which comes to them by descent. . . . Women look to being "settled" in life by means of

* *Woman and her Master* is the book here alluded to.

marriage, and do not marry because they love. My idea is that no couple should marry who do not feel that strong attachment to each other which entirely precludes all other attachments. I cannot understand a man, once engaged to a woman, paying attentions to or marrying another. . . . "I suppose you were not a flirt, were you?" said Mr. —— to me. I shall say some day to him, "You never picked a pocket, did you?" The reason why many clever, high-spirited women are flirts is, they perceive their false position (*i.e.*, the false position of all women) in the world, and are determined, while they are free, to revenge themselves upon men for the state of subjection in which they keep them after marriage. . . . I have no opinion of a man who speaks slightingly or disrespectfully of women. I never knew one instance yet of one who did so, who had not, some time or other, lived a profligate life, and formed his opinion of our sex generally from the worst portion. . . . If a man marries too late in life his habits usually become fixed, and it is then difficult to give way to another in the marriage state; so, if you intend to take a wife, I advise you not to be too long about it.

To the Same.

St. Leonard's, West Malling, March 31, 1841.

Yes; I do mean to say that human nature, as far as it is *animal* nature, is not corrupt: for this plain reason, that what is necessary to man's existence must have been made a part of him from the first moment of his existence, and that God did not create what was bad. The corruption, as I conceive, lies

wholly in the soul, which may elevate the animal nature to itself, or degrade itself to the animal, just as it will. I have said before, and I repeat it, that the Christianity now taught by the priesthood is not the Christianity that was taught by the early Church—not that Christianity which conquered a world; and therefore, when you quote modern bishops to me, you do not quote an authority that I by any means respect. . . . I think, if I had time, I could show you that I was right, and if we could go over the subject together; but we must go deep into Fathers on the one hand, and metaphysics and physiology on the other, before we get at the grounds of the opinions I am wishing to give currency to. It was not *fear* that carried the martyrs to the arena. The first Christians were enthusiastically attached to their great Master, and whilst this warm affection lasted, Christianity spread the world over; but when the love for the Man was lost in the fear of the Deity, the worship became a something distinct from the motive of action. The martyr rushed upon death that he might see the Lord whom he loved, and I feel convinced that we are only half Christians till we can get rid of fear. There is such an outcry raised by the bigoted and prejudiced the moment a man of any note advances an opinion at all different from what is current in the world, that it makes bishops and dignitaries very cautious. Whately has been bolder than most, but I suspect even he temporizes a little. "The meritorious sacrifice of Christ" is scarcely ever mentioned by the earliest writers; it did not seem to form a part of their creed, and this has made many reject the ante-Nicene fathers as scarcely orthodox. *They* thought only of

loving and imitating him, and troubled their heads very little with any abstruse meaning—why should we? Why should we not find the faith of a Polycarp sufficient for us? I should like to drop, as far as possible, everything that is not *practical* in Christianity; the sects and ill-will that have arisen have all grown out of the impossibility of *defining* such matters. Words cannot express more than they were invented to express, and thus we have not the very first requisite for such discussions, and it is the part of wisdom to avoid them. I am wanting to show that, without entering upon any of these controverted points, a Christianity such as for two hundred years carried men to heaven may be taught and practised. . . . I say I shall be sure to know Dr. Pusey in heaven, for he will be a head and shoulders higher than the rest—*i.e.*, have a higher reward. I would go anywhere to meet him. I know his character from having seen his correspondence from the time of his boyhood, and a more pure-minded being, then and now, does not exist. I could weep over his errors.

To David Power, Esq.

St. Leonard's, May 17, 1841.

I would not answer your letter till I could see the article you referred me to in the *Edinburgh Review*. I have read it now, but it strikes me that it *proves* only one thing—*i.e.*, that women have been harshly treated, and made to suffer the penalty of not having enough physical strength to vindicate their rights as human beings.

I almost wonder that you should not have seen the fallacy of the argument that natural capability is to be judged of by works produced to the eye of the public, even in the case of the individual; how much less, then, can we judge of the *capacity* of so large a portion of our species by a test which, till we could prove that the two sexes stand on the same footing in the world, is wholly inapplicable? How many *men* of those you know can carry out a logical conclusion from an argument? I think you will agree with me, that even of what are called educated men, not one in five hundred can; if uneducated, not one in ten thousand; yet we do not therefore say that men are incapable of drawing a logical conclusion. We argue from the few instances of men of strong reasoning powers, that the rest are *capable* of something of the same kind, though we never have seen any instance of it, and though, in fact, the capacity is in great measure, if not wholly, lost for want of exercise. You have found two women among your acquaintance possessing this capacity, and using it. . . . I do not, then, think that there is any more lack of organs for logical precision of thought in women than men. . . . I think all that is done in the way of mental work must be reduced to about three heads, or four, if we allow the sensations received from without to be reckoned in the list, which, perhaps, they should be, for quickness of observation is one element of mental power. What has been observed is stored for use, and this is recollection; then follow those operations which appear to

be performed under the guidance of the intelligent will — namely, 1, comparing; 2, combining; 3, drawing the deduction. I believe, notwithstanding Gall's and Spurzheim's "bumps," that all that is performed in the brain of mental operation must come to these at last, as the ultimate elements of thought; for what is called imagination consists in nothing more than *new* combinations. Now, comparing, combining, and drawing the deduction, being the essence of logical precision, I do not know how any one possessing this can be held *incapable* of anything that the human mind effects. I cannot now enter into the *proof* that the brain is the organ of thought, I must take that for granted. Cuvier's opinion will probably suffice here. "It appears," says he, "that there are always certain relations between the faculties of animals and the proportions of the different parts of their brain. Thus, their intelligence appears to be always great in proportion to the development of the hemispheres and their commissures. Man has these parts thicker, more voluminous, and more complicated than any other animals, and as we recede from man they become thinner and more simple." Allowing this to be the case, we have a test to try women's capacity. It is allowed by physiologists that the *size* of their brain as compared with that of their spinal cord is greater in women than in men (Fletcher), and that the weight of their brain as compared with that of the body is somewhat greater also* (Tiedemann): the *parts* are exactly the same in

* The investigations of recent physiologists set this question in a somewhat different light. See a new method of measurement, by Dr. Sappey, *Mémoires de la Société de Biologie*, iii. 109.—EDITOR.

both sexes. Whence, then, is the inequality which the reviewer contends for to arise? Dr. Fletcher, by no means inclined, any more than the reviewer, to allow that women have an equal capacity, in speaking of the larger proportional size of the female brain, says—"Hence we might be led to conclude, that it is in reality not their *faculty of thinking*, but their *materials for thought*, that are less than in males;" and, accordingly, he insists that, as the materials for thought are received through the nerves of sense, these are less powerful in women, and that they hear, smell, &c., less acutely than men. But this is too much contradicted by every day's experience to be allowed to hold good for an instant. A more candid reasoner would perhaps have considered that if a person is prevented from using his senses, it amounts to the same thing as not possessing them; but this forms a case not against the individual thus debarred from the use of his senses, but against the person who has enslaved him. If, then, one half of the human race, in full possession of all the organs of sense and thought, fail to give so many tokens of possessing them as the other half, instead of answering the reviewer's purpose his argument serves mine. It shows the system to be radically bad which thus impedes the development of the higher powers of our nature in so large a portion of the whole species.

There is one more of the reviewer's positions which I should like to examine a little more at length. Women, he says, have more of *passive* and less of *active* courage than men. I must first define for him what is meant by *active* and *passive* courage. Active courage I conceive to be an instinctive feeling

resulting from the consciousness of physical strength—we see it in animals. Soldiers gain courage from discipline; they are conscious of the strength their union gives them, they are dismayed if they find themselves ill-commanded, or broken. Both old men and male children are timid; they feel their weakness. Active courage, then, depends much more on the feeling of strength in the limbs than on any exercise of the faculties of the brain; and in fact, so soon as the latter interfere, the active courage of strength in some measure changes its character, and gains some features of the passive. *Passive* courage, I think, is that triumph of the spirit over the flesh which we admire in the martyr—fortitude to bear where strength avails not—the mind supporting or defying suffering. But this is the *ne plus ultra* of real force of character; it is the moral courage which men strive for, and are held great when they attain it. Assuredly it forms no part of instinctive emotion—no sense dictates it; it can therefore only be an effort of the faculties guided by the intelligent will; or, in other words, pure reason—an effort, therefore, of mental vigour of so high a description that whoever is capable of making it must be capable likewise of all lesser exertions. Again the reviewer has gone some way towards proving my case.

But when he comes to facts, I must deny some of them. There are names among women as great as among men; fewer, I grant, but that I will presently attend to. To go back to the earliest times. Deborah—whose consummate skill as warrior, states*woman*, and poet I think none will deny. . . . Boadicea—Semiramis. Aurelian, at the head of the power of

Rome, thought his conquest of Zenobia (Gibbon belies that part of history) the proudest of his triumphs, and his letter holds her up as a pattern of political as well as military greatness. Elizabeth of England, Maria Theresa of Austria, and Catherine of Russia, are all fit to take their place among monarchs. The oration which Athens in its best age admired as the finest that Pericles, himself famous, ever pronounced, was the composition of Aspasia; and the female philosophers of Greece left names that were famed among their male competitors. I think that I am justified in assuming that it is the bondage in which women have been kept, and not any natural incapacity, which has kept them back, and that an alteration of system would in two or three generations show how able they are to take a high place in all the departments of intellectual exertion. As it is, a woman of the higher classes is wrapped from her childhood in a veil of crape *couleur de rose*, and consequently not only is her field of vision narrowed, but she views things with a false colouring. When is a girl, put in charge of a governess to prevent her seeing, hearing, or knowing anything "vulgar," to gain that general acquaintance with human nature which forms the great poet, and I may add, the great painter? and, for the art of the latter, how is she to acquire it without studying the unclothed figure, and that a living one? No statue gives the colouring of flesh. Cannot the lack of great names in these two arts be accounted for, then, from other causes than natural incapacity? If you take into consideration also the debilitating influence of bondage, you will rather wonder, I think, that so many women have risen to

eminence in anything, than that few have. Of all male slaves of antiquity, only two that I know, Æsop and Epictetus, had courage to emancipate their minds from their fetters. Why was this? Solely, as I apprehend, because the slave had many menial offices to perform; because he was at the beck of another's will; because he was not allowed to possess any property, not even what he earned; and because he was debarred from all offices of trust and profit. The time and the stimulus were both wanting. Call the above sketch of the slave's state that of a woman, you will see that it is identical, and that the same causes have the same effect on both sexes. . . .

With regard to the rivalry which the reviewer fears, I am sorry to say that the chivalrous spirit does not extend to money concerns, and a man will cheat a woman if he can without the least regard to her sex. To keep them dependent, then, by way of giving them an undeniable claim to protection, is an expedient that would fail exactly in those instances where its failure would be most calamitously felt—*is* felt, to the extent of making the call for equal rights of citizenship so loud. The talking of the evil which would result from women's intruding on men's business is a mere begging the question. Doubtless it would not be for the advantage of society that butchers should also be tallow-chandlers. Common sense tells that we cannot do everything, and we naturally arrange and divide labour for our own ease. Would the woman who had children to attend to leave them, think you, to speechify from the hustings? or would a cultivated and refined mind find any pleasure in the rude orgies of a tavern dinner? What bugbears do

men set up to frighten themselves away from common justice! Were all the rights of citizenship accorded to women to-morrow, I do not believe there would be a single man made to wash the linen or scour the rooms in consequence. Nor do I believe that a single mother would forsake her children in order to offer herself as candidate for either county or borough.

One little word more, and I have done. It is useless to inquire what women have *published,* unless you could inquire also what they have *done privately which men have the credit of.* It was a chance that told us who was the composer of Pericles' oration. She was reproached as the author of his policy also; yet his policy was most able. She raised her second husband to eminence also as an orator and politician; and it is probable that there has been many an Aspasia that the world knows nothing of, who has enjoyed in quiet the fame of him she loved, and cared not for her own. . . .

I want to have the great principle established, that in a free country every one ought to have the rights of a free citizen, and that sex can never defeat those rights. The deprivation of property is a penalty, and a penalty should not be inflicted on the innocent. There might be a plea—the general good of society—for tying up property for the children of a marriage, but none whatever for giving it to the husband, for the law allows itself to be defeated every day by all sorts of settlements to prevent the husband from getting hold of the wife's property, and no unhappiness or evil to society is the consequence; but if a father is careless of his daughter's interests, and she is inexperienced, she suffers for this a penalty

amounting to the loss of her whole property. Society has no right to claim a greater sacrifice from any citizen than that of so much of his liberty or property as may be conducive to the general good, and therefore to his in the long run, as one of that society; but when a law is eluded without damage, and even with an advantage, then that law should be repealed, and all should be placed in as good a situation as the more cunning. I want to see the laws respecting women treated on the ground of *great principles.*

To MRS. ATKINS.

Spring, 1841.

The glow is bright in the evening sky,
And the evening star is fair;
The buds are breaking,
The flowers are waking,
And sweet is the fresh spring air.

But there is a brighter glow to come,
And an hour more fair than this,
When, tho' friends are weeping,
The body lies sleeping,
And the spirit breathes free in bliss.

This may be a sort of answer to your inquiries, my dearest Anna, for I would not that you should hear of illness in any other tone. . . . I begin to feel the confident hope that my affairs with this life are drawing to a close. How happy this hope has made me I cannot make you comprehend, but at no moment of my life do I recollect to have felt so exhilarated.

To the Same.

[No date.]

. . . . . The farther I go the more I am astonished at the hardy impudence of those who assert that

Paganism never persecuted. I have just discovered that Socrates' master, Prodicus, was put to death like him for "corrupting the youth;" Diagoras had a reward offered for his head, because he had split up a statue of Hercules for firewood; Protagoras' books were burnt by the executioner, he himself was banished, for saying that there was no proof whether there were gods or not; Alcibiades would have been put to death, if they could have caught him, for profaning the mysteries; Anaxagoras only escaped with his life through the influence of Pericles, because he had said that the sun and moon were not divine; Stilpo was tried for his life for saying that the statue of Minerva was not a deity; and Plato in his letters speaks of his unwillingness *to write* on any subjects as being dangerous, therefore he tells Dionysius of Syracuse that if he will send a confidential person to him from Sicily to Athens (!) he will confer with him *vivâ voce*, and inform him through this messenger of the things he wished to know upon these points. And this is the mild, unpersecuting Paganism!

Will you thank Mr. Children for his extracts from Clinton, &c.? It satisfies me of all I wanted to know, *i.e.*, that Pericles made an effort to get rid of the spectacles of the Dionysia, so disgraceful to the country and injurious to morals, but was unable to hold his ground. Nevertheless, Aristophanes did not begin his play-writing till after Pericles' death, when the lion could be kicked with impunity. Comedies were forbidden to be acted by a regular law passed just when Pericles was in the zenith of his power; but in three years after the law was repealed. I can fancy that the other party was then beginning

to prevail, and this was a first trial of strength. You see how thoroughly Athenian I am becoming.

Kind regards to your party.

Ever your affectionate

C. F. C.

To the Same.

[No date.]

. . . . . Our good old friend is happy, so that is but a pleasant contemplation. The next thing is to find wherewith in some measure to fill up the hiatus which human nature cannot but feel, but which I am convinced all our varied small enjoyments were given us for, in order that *all* might not be blank when one thing was removed. I look on these small pleasures in the light of the anastomosing arteries, which, when the main one is tied or cut through, keep up the circulation—feebly indeed till the first shock to nature is over, but which in the course of a few weeks take the place unitedly of the one great vessel and restore the limb to a state of healthy warmth and vigour. I doubt if we any of us sufficiently recognise the design of the loving Father in all this. The mind loses its force if pressed down too long: the lesser pleasures are spread under us like a cushion, to fall upon and rise unhurt, with a greater elasticity of spring from the nature of the material that receives us. I should never have learned this wise lesson perhaps if I had had any source of *great* enjoyment: having none, I find the little anastomosing ones keep me very warm and comfortable, and so I am trying to fill some of your capillaries to do my small part towards removing the chill.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

Dec. 1841.

. . . . . I am sure it is time something was done to make Christianity better understood, for I see in a charge from Judge Parke, at Nottingham, in a case of murder, he directs the jury to consider whether it was a malicious murder (of the man's own son), or whether the injury was done "in the ordinary passion of a good man, for the good were liable to that passion as well as the bad." Now, the child was but ten years old, and his neck had been forcibly dislocated, and this was "*the ordinary passion of a good man!*" I really can hardly believe that such a thing could be said. If such a man could be a good man, I wonder what is a bad one; and if Christianity teaches us no better lesson I wonder what Christ came upon earth for. A few more such charges would wonderfully ease people's consciences, for if the excessive indulgence of animal passion of one sort be consistent with the character of a good man, we must extend the indulgence to all; there is the same excuse for all, *i.e.*, bodily impulse. But what a world would such a system make!

To MISS LIPSCOMB.

St. Leonard's, July 31, 1842.

. . . . I don't know that we must call Dr. J. wrong in saying that the Spirit of God dwells in us and guides us if we act aright. God's Spirit rules the

* It is necessary to explain, in order to account for the didactic tone of the letters addressed to this correspondent, that they were written to a very young girl, in whose education Miss Cornwallis had greatly interested herself.

world and is present everywhere. St. Paul calls our body the temple of the Holy Spirit; and in every moment that our thoughts are bent on the unseen world, probably we are in the presence of, and communion with, that Being who bids us come to Him for guidance and support. But then, it is, as you would gain this from any other friend, not a coercion, but a persuasion: you are free to seek this intercourse or not, but purity of life is a pretty good proof that you have sought and obtained it. In Jesus Christ God dwelt as in the Holy of holies; the oracle was delivered from his mouth. In our own case we have no supernatural powers to convince us of our being under the influence of the Holy Spirit—nothing more, in short, than our consciousness of right-doing affords us. "Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God," says St. John; and this I apprehend is all that we can say on the subject. This, in Scripture, and consequently in the language of our Church, is termed the dwelling of God with us. Many mistakes, I believe, arise from the adoption into our language of a phraseology taken from the habits of a very different people. *We* define everything rigorously, but the Apostles, though writing in Greek, were Orientals in mind and customs, and their bold metaphors often mislead their modern readers into a literal interpretation of what, in fact, was a similitude. Christianity is a much simpler thing than is commonly supposed, and if we would be content to follow its rational precepts, we should have very little occasion to make use of technical terms to puzzle our neighbours, or distract our own brains with attempts at definition where definition is impossible.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

St. Leonard's, Aug. 9, 1842.

. . . . I cannot think that either Carlyle or anybody else is right who sets up the old against the present time, and prefers it. In the thirteenth century the leprosy was common in England. This wants no comment, for its disappearance tells of increased comfort in every way; the physical state of the people therefore is amended. In the thirteenth century, if we may judge from old writers, morals stood as low as physical comfort; superstition stood in the place of religion; and even among the higher orders, few could read, or if they could, had no books. Things might be a great deal better than they are now, but I feel no doubt whatever that they are much better now than even fifty years ago. So say all the old men I know who are at all given to thinking; and as there is a natural prejudice in favour of early habits and customs, so I think the change for the better must be great. My father never could reconcile himself to long trousers and shoe-strings, but he allowed that there was great moral improvement.

. . . . . .

This year is doomed not to be a gay one to me; for I have had the news of my dear old friend Sismondi's death—a friend more than for as long as I can remember, for I do not remember the first seeing him. Such a loss is irreparable, and as such I must feel it. He had greatness of mind to get over what few men do; for when disparity of years and other considerations led me to decline his proffered hand,* he

* "Tell her," he wrote to Mrs. Cornwallis, on hearing from her that her daughter could not entertain his proposals, "tell her I will work inces-

continued the same warm friend as ever, and never to his latest hour ceased to show me every kindness in his power. Such a friend is not easily replaced, and can never be forgotten. He is one more added to the list of those whose number makes me feel more a denizen of the next world than of this. My only comfort is the trying to make myself worthy of them, that in God's good time I may be found fit to enjoy

santly till I have reached such a reputation as she may derive some vanity from my past address, while always shall I be proud of having raised my wishes to her, though unsuccessfully. . . . Do not think the wish unreasonable, however. . . . Those dreams are now vanished; but the more aërial was their nature, the more have they left after them a true endearment for yourself and your daughter. She cannot be a foreigner to me; it was not *she* who has refused me; it was the war,—the distance of seas and lands, the nature itself of things. She has not refused me for a friend—a half-brother—and that I hope to remain. Though I know nothing about my future behaviour, it is almost impossible that I should not revisit England. Then, very likely, I shall find her settled, making the happiness of an honest man worthy of you in a peaceable country house, and remoted (*sic*) from the great theatre, the great passions and calamities of life. Such a lot is very different from what shall be my share and that of my partner, whoever she be. Though your daughter be very likely entitled to the inheritance of a greater wealth and a greater name than me, I have already been brought, in a great bustle of life, among greater folks, and I have found on a larger stage more diversions perhaps, more gratifications to vanity, a wider study of man, but less true happiness, than she shall obtain for her lot. However, now I cannot do without it: God knows whether I shall ever marry. . . . The letter I received last week from my mother informed me that, while you thought the business impossible, you had expressed an obliging friendship and your good wishes for me. My dear Madam, I hope what happened shall lessen in no manner the tender intercourse between our two families; for my part, though it has been only a dream, I shall ever look on you, on your Caroline, as being more nearly related to me, as having contracted some tie with me, only from the wishes I presumed to form.

"Present my best compliments to Mr. Cornwallis; bring Miss Caroline to accept of my *brotherly* love; and believe me for ever your devoted friend and servant,

"*Geneva, July* 28, 1806." "J. C. L. Simonde Sismondi.

[A few of Sismondi's letters of a later date to Miss Cornwallis will be found in the Appendix.—Editor.]

the society of "just men made perfect," and in this hope I trudge on upon my weary pilgrimage patiently and quietly.

. . . It is the *earthliness* of your profession that I complain of. Doubtless, as I said before, there are many individual exceptions; but moral good and evil are dealt with as physical evils are by surgeons—it is a matter of £ s. d., and habit deadens our feeling for the sufferer or the sinner. Happily, when a man does emancipate himself from these earthly trammels, he generally becomes so strikingly amiable, and probably great too, that it holds out some temptation to others to follow in his steps. It is well to mend the world by preaching what is right, but it is far better to do so by example; people may assent in the one case, but in the other they feel inclined to imitate. . . . What a felicity is his who has done all his span will allow towards spiritualizing the world! Such feelings do not wear out with youth, they warm as we go on, and the death of such an one is more beautiful even than his life. The lightning flash dies to our eyes, but it has left its work done, and exists still, though unseen by us. Such, in a higher sense, is a great and good man; we have wondered at his course, and the good he has done is not thought of by the vulgar, scarcely known by anybody; but he is an instrument in the hand of God for producing great results; and, better than the lightning, he can enjoy the being such an instrument.

To the Same.

St. Leonard's, Oct. 25, 1842.

. . . It is a serious matter to "test one's principles" by any man. The reason why I always urge mental cultivation on my friends so strongly is, that there is necessarily so much of error in the best of us that, if we take any human pattern, we are likely to get a double amount—*i.e.*, our own and his; and therefore I hold it very desirable to have only one portion, *i.e.*, our own, and to lessen that portion as far as diligence in acquiring knowledge and earnestness in reflecting upon it can do in our short span of life. I believe half, aye, much more than half, the corruptions which degrade Christianity arise from this clever process for multiplying error, which the Pusey people are trying to revive by potting up the errors of great men for the use of little ones. In the course of filtering the opinions I had received from others, I found so little run off clear that I got into a habit of looking with distrust at others' opinions, and with great diffidence at my own, save when they would stand the test of severe argumentative proof.

. . . . . .

Again, among Romanists are many conscientious Christians; but I think there is a large portion of error in their tenets, and error too which lessens the active influence of Christianity. Romanism is in fact Polytheism. The deep sense of the paternal kindness of the Deity is lost in their view of it; mortifications, penances, are considered acceptable to Him; Christ is separated from the Father no less in His divine than His human nature; the latter is looked on as a stern,

the former as a merciful deity (this too, by-the-bye, is the *common* preaching of *our* pulpits); and the human mind, never strong enough to hold more than one thought in full force, has its powers frittered away in dread of one and love of the other, till at last both yield to some stronger human passion, which, from its *reality*, gains and keeps possession. I am very much at a loss to know on what ground a man, who has no prejudices of education to influence him, can lean to Romanism. The delivering over our reason, tied and bound, to the rule of any other human being, or congregation of human beings, seems to me something so monstrous that I would as soon, perhaps sooner, sell myself a slave to Tunis or Algiers when such things were.

To the Same.

St. Leonard's, April 30, 1843.

. . . Now I will tell you what I have been about. In the first place I got up chemistry, of which I did not know a great deal before, and wrote the "Introduction to Practical Organic Chemistry;"* then came the talk of a Lecture on Insanity. . . . And this required no small research, and this is nearly done; and then I have been reading for our tract on Greek Philosophy, and have got through about two sheets of that, at odd times working at the Greek language, and so I have taken an oration of Demosthenes to put into literal English and back again into Greek; besides which I have been reading and theorizing about Æschylus's *Prometheus Vinctus*, with Cudworth's

Intellectual System, and Brucker's *History of Philosophy*, and Diogenes Laertius and Athenagoras, for the Orphic theology. Now, if ever one might be excused for not writing to one's friends under a press of business, I think I have that excuse to offer. . . . In the midst of this I have been quite happy and well—not a moment, even at meal times, was unemployed; my books, paper, and pens were beside me, and I ate with my left hand and wrote with my right, and never even thought whether I was alone. I think that this is the secret of being happy—the having always some engrossing subject to occupy the mind. . . . Nobody ever is idle without some inward compunction if the idleness goes a moment beyond what is requisite for recruiting strength to go on again; and the ill-temper and discontent that the world is full of is nothing else in general than the indomitable girding of conscience for misspent time. Circumstances, for many years, would not allow me to lose a moment; and, when I became my own mistress, I found the retrospect of a life in which every instant had had its duty and done it, so pleasant, that I resolved to pursue the same plan as long as I lived, and I thus find that I can command happiness under very unpromising circumstances. . . . In order to be quite happy we must work for God and not for man; the latter is wayward, and often when we deserve most praise we get the least; but God, who sees the heart, gives the reward in the exact proportion that is due; and just in the ratio of our disinterestedness is that internal peace and joy which He who made us has made the inseparable concomitants of right doing. Do plenty, and do it because it is right, not because it

may be praised of men, and you will find yourself as hopeful as ever.

. . . . . .

I have lately made acquaintance with Mr. Waghorn, the enterprising projector of the overland passage to India, and have been much struck by his account of the declining state of the Turks. He says that of actual Turks there are not above two millions or two millions and a half at the utmost, if you exclude the Greeks, Armenians, &c., who throng the country, so that in fact they are dwindling away "without hand," and universally believe that they are destined to be annihilated. . . .

Have you seen Lady Sale's narrative? The extracts from it seem to me to possess that quality of setting the scene before you which women's descriptions always do. Why is this? Do we feel more strongly, and therefore describe better? Her description of the earthquake is unique. I have read such descriptions by men twenty times over, but they never set me upon the spot as hers does. One thing I am sure of, that the way to make people see and feel what we are describing is—to describe what we feel ourselves, not the thing itself. Lady Sale does not tell how the earthquake was; but she tells how she watched it, and what she felt.

To Miss Lipscomb.

St. Leonard's, April 2, 1843.

. . . I should like to see women emancipated, and then leave them to choose their own line of life, trusting to the common sense of human nature that they

would not kill themselves with overwork. I have seen a speech of Sir J. Mackintosh quoted, "If you would educate, begin with the women," and I quite agree with him, that no step will be made in advance that is not led by the women. But the anomaly of women's position in society is beginning to be felt; and, in the *Athenæum* of March 18, almost all that I have been saying for years is taken up and discussed very ably as regards the great body of the sex, *i.e.*, those who must depend on their own exertions for maintenance. Even men are beginning to feel the danger to society from the situation in which this large class is placed by law and custom. I hail such things as the dawn of a brighter day, and remember that every woman who shows she can possess learning without neglecting her duties or being conceited, goes some way towards the emancipation of her sex. . . . I am glad that you begin to feel the pleasure of knowledge, because that is a security for your going on. I feel that pleasure more every day; and it is its great merit that when other pleasures fail, in sickness and old age, the zest of this increases, or, as an old clergyman and new friend of mine said the other day, "As the body grows weaker the soul seems to gain vigour." . . . .

Miss K—— says she has read novels till she is quite tired of them—what remains now? She has worked worsted work, and the moth has eaten it up; she has worked collars, and they were torn in the first wash; but still the resources of the mind are not sought: yet she is clever, but perhaps has not character enough to go her own way. . . . What a wretch I should have been now if my early years had not given me wherewith to fall back on. . . .

I hate Mrs. Ellis's writings; they are jejune, ill-written, and *ennuyeux à faire mourir*. I certainly do wonder with you how she could contrive to spin out so few ideas into such a lengthy article; but I wonder still more that she should find anybody to read what she writes. I suppose people think that as all wholesome physic is nasty, so all that is very stupid and tiresome must be very good. I differ on this head, and assert that, in order to do any good a book must be pleasant to read; so never lose your time in reading anything more of hers. . . . Pray don't get into the way of silly girls, and fancy that you are to be afraid of people because they know more than yourself. Depend on it that, *cæteris paribus*, the well-informed person will be the best company, and will afford you a great deal of *vivâ voce* knowledge which you would otherwise have to pay for. Learned *men* are always well pleased to find an intelligent girl willing to listen to and learn from them; and *women* who have had sense and courage enough to swim against the stream, and be what idle fools take fright at, must have no ordinary share of all that most ennobles human nature, and are therefore likely to be friends worth having. . . . It is only needful to *will* excellence to attain it; for what is not gained one year is gained the next if persevered in, and thus region after region is conquered and made our own.

To the Same.

St. Leonards, West Malling, July 17, 1843.

. . . . . .

With regard to the doctrine of the early Church respecting Christ's mission, I can only say that the

Bible cannot preach contradictory doctrines. If "God was in Christ reconciling the world to *Himself*," as St. Paul tells us, then Clement's doctrine that he became a teacher to show us how to recover our lost holiness, and that of the Bible do not differ, and we must interpret the rest in accordance with it. If "the fulness of the Godhead" dwelt in Christ "*bodily*," then that body received the whole Godhead, and there was no separation of one Person suffering, another propitiated by His sufferings. The "man Christ Jesus" had the alternative set before him of earthly suffering to win an eternal union with the Deity; He chose it, and thus the *man* typified the whole human race made perfect through suffering. But then, lest we should *claim* what is in fact a free gift, we are told to rely on Christ as a Mediator, rather than assume any merit of our own; the humility this engenders being a step towards the perfect surrender of ourselves to God's good pleasure which constitutes faith. We believe that He is, and that He will do what is best for us here and hereafter, because *He* is good, not because *we* are good. I think this is the sum and substance of the *very* early doctrine of the Church—the doctrine taught by the Apostles and their immediate successors. The habit of allegorical and mystical expressions among the Oriental nations soon led to a more symbolic language, and instead of St. Paul's "When ye drink of that cup . . . ye do *show* the Lord's death," &c., they began to talk about the "unbloody sacrifice," and then metaphors were taken from the temple service, and the lips of the communicant were said to be "reddened with the blood" of the Saviour, and so finally transubstantiation came into vogue. St. Paul

understood nothing more than a commemorative rite, it is evident. I think Justin Martyr in his account of the Eucharist seems to consider it in the same light; Clement of Alexandria clearly does. I have not Tertullian at hand, but my recollection of his writings would lead me to say that he does also. The language of sacrifice, "atonement," &c. came into use about the time of Constantine. I think when we receive the sacrament of our Church *because* God has commanded it and we wish to do our part of the covenant to the very letter, we obtain that power of right-doing and thinking which intercourse with the Deity is sure to produce. We are bettered and strengthened by conversing with a wise, strong-minded friend; how much more when we actually are in communion with the Fountain of all wisdom and all strength. The phrases "giving grace," "giving strength," probably mean exactly this: the participation of the ordinance without the mental intercourse is wholly ineffectual, and therefore they err, I conclude, who imagine any peculiar efficacy in the rite itself, or attribute any extraordinary effect to the elements after consecration.

To Miss Mansfield.

1843.

. . . . I should have been much entertained with the *Rambles of Ching Tih*, a Chinese romance, but for the extreme difficulty of remembering the extraordinary names so as to know one person from another. One curious thing in it is its resemblance to the *Arabian Nights;* it might have been mixed into them without

betraying its foreign origin. It is translated by a Chinese student in the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, an establishment I had never heard of before, but which will probably make a great revolution in China by-and-bye, for a man that can write English can read it, and if English should become a fashionable study in China, adieu to ignorance and barbarism.

I see in the newspaper, too, that Mehemet Ali is talking about a railroad through the desert from Suez to Cairo! What next? Shall we find by-and-bye that the casting up a highway in the desert is a literal prediction? I sit and consider all these things and weave pleasant dreams as to the future state of the world, and then I look at the little home details and wonder how the amelioration can be brought about. What might not an honest and fearless statesman do? and yet how little do ours accomplish! Spain has large tracts of fertile land without hands to cultivate it;—England is overflowing, yet no steps are taken to equalize the population; and this has been represented to Government by a gentleman thirty years Consul at Malaga, and therefore knowing the country well, and no attention is paid to it. Alack! for our hand-to-mouth policy! "It will last my time" seems to be everybody's motto—and so ends my Jeremiad. . . .

. . . . . .

I am so possessed with the notion that God shapes all that the perverse will of man executes into some good, that when I do not find the good in one direction I begin hunting for it in another, and, after a time, seldom fail to find it; and having found it in so many instances, I believe it in all the rest. It is a consolatory creed, and I think the true one.

To MRS. ATKINS.

St. Leonards, Wednesday. [No date.] 1843.

. . . . . .

And now I want to give you a little lesson about the art of getting well, which I don't think you understand quite. It is not occupation that does harm, but the *kind* and the extent of it. If you press any kind of employment to the point of feeling any headache, it is too much; but if it does not cause weariness, the amusement of the mind is an important article in the cure of the body. Now, do not fancy that because you may be able to do a good deal of what amuses that you are therefore able to attend to household cares or ordinary week-day occupations. I have been writing and reading, as you know, no little during these last seven weeks, and yet I have shrunk from the commonest letter of business, and have knocked up immediately if they came to me three or four times about household concerns. But with my books and papers laid before me, and my pillows behind, I could lean back in an easy position and amuse myself in quiet and silence, and then as soon as I felt weary with sitting up I went to bed again, still with a book, and read myself to sleep; and thus time has not seemed long, and I have really enjoyed myself. Dr. Baillie's direction to me was to do exactly *what I liked* when I was ill, and I am quite sure from experience that this is a good rule. It is very well to think of what *needs* to be done when we are well, but as soon as illness comes, this should be dismissed from the thoughts altogether. I only say to myself, "Let things go as badly as they may, I cannot mend it now

and the less I think about it the sooner I shall be in condition to set all right again." So *pray* do not try how much you *can* do, but consider with yourself just how much as it is pleasant to you to do, and Nature is so very good a doctress that she will tell you to a tittle how much is good for you.

I have been reading the *Warden of Berkingholt*, a Puseyite story, and a curious thing it is. When one sees everything put into such a strange, distorted shape, it really puzzles one to know whether the writer or oneself is cracky; and then comes an Evangelical man on the other side, and is just as unreasonable, and poor Christianity goes to the wall between them. Our Church is like "the old woman who lived in a shoe," and it is a pity she cannot serve her unruly children as that worthy personage did hers.

Ever your affectionate

C. F. C.

To David Power, Esq.

St. Leonards, Nov. 19, 1843.

I send you Miss Bremer's *Pleadings for Woman;* I need hardly say how much her notions and mine agree, and you will see by it too that there are other women in the world besides us rebels who complain of the slavery of the sex. I admire the President's character much; he is an admirable specimen of a good-hearted, prejudiced man, who wishes everybody else to be happy in *his* way, and thinks all would go well if he could but persuade them to be so. Poor Edla has but the fate of many a girl, and Miss Bremer has touched the character of both father and daughter

with the hand of a master. I know it but too well, for my home too was for many years "a house of correction." I think you will admire Angelika's views of Christianity as opposed to the Lutheran divine, who takes the usual dark view of it. I should like of all things to know this gifted Swedish lady, for in her sportive writings there is more of the upspringings of a great mind than I have seen this many a day. She does not shine in the putting together of a story —that is her worst side; her forte is in the touches of amiable nature, and her correct notions of *how* religion ought to operate upon the mind and conduct. Christianity in her hand is no barren creed—it is a well-spring of wholesome influences; and yet what she says thereupon is so naturally introduced that it never seems like preaching. But I shall say too much in her praise, and you will be struck with some of the great faults in her composition and be disgusted.

. . . . . .

I cannot, things being as they are,* entertain any very great expectation of recovery, though I do not say that it is impossible. Now I am so far revived that I can write, propped with pillows, in my easy-chair. But, as I have said already, it is in the hands of God; and if an easy mind and pleasure in the thought, rather than dread of death, can keep fever down and give the constitution a chance of rallying, why, I have that chance. . . . If death comes, I shall receive it as a boon and a blessing; if not, I shall brace myself again for my pilgrimage, and see how much more I can do that may be useful whilst I stay here.

* Severe illness, caused by the breaking of an abscess in the lungs.

I have almost got through the first part of *Greek Philosophy*—up to Pericles. The era of Socrates will begin the next, and whether I get well or not, I think I shall be able to finish this. Be assured that I shall not slack in my work for a moment, and probably what is thus written in the leisure of sickness will be better put together than when I was leading a more active life. The amusement it affords me is precious; and how can one spend the close of life so thoroughly to one's satisfaction as in deep research that may be useful to the world? . . . How much happier people would be when they are ill if they would amuse themselves more and doctor less!

Mr. —— is too thoroughly plunged in the world to be able to spiritualize his mind enough to comprehend the Christianity of the early preachers and martyrs; and perhaps the cause why Christianity is not now what it was is exactly this—that men's own hearts are darkened by the god of this world, and, preach it as you will, it cannot disperse the fogs. "The light shined in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

To Miss Lipscomb.

St. Leonards, Dec. 29, 1843.

. . . . For your school, don't tie yourself to doing too much—that is a great error; for if you keep to your system conscientiously, you wear yourself out before your time, and if you do not, you do mischief rather than good. If you were to fix your examination days at once a fortnight, I think very likely you might do as much good as if they were oftener; only,

whenever you hear the children read, I should ask them what they understand by it were I in your place. Young ladies are very apt to take these things up hotly, and bestow the time in teaching little children to read which would be far better employed in cultivating their own minds, so as to fit them to teach those poor children what the schoolmistress cannot. . . . I wish no one ever read the Bible as a school book. I should like that book to be reserved for the deep communings of the human heart with its Maker. I believe we are the only nation who ever desecrated its holy writings by making them into a spelling-book for children to thumb at school. The plan of teaching I propose is as useful to the teach*er* as the teach*ees;* and how blessed a feeling would it be in after-life to have the teachees come back, as they did frequently when they were grown up, to thank my father and mother for those rational lessons of moral conduct and reasonable religion which had guided them to success in life as well as the hope of happiness hereafter. Many of these children were never taught for more than an hour once a week, and frequently had no *schooling* at all, but taught themselves to read at home by little spelling-books which were lent them. They never were permitted to possess a Testament till they could read so as to understand it, and the whole Bible was the crowning gift to the fully-instructed scholar. . . .

Take it as a rule through life to consider your probable span of seventy years as the talent committed to you to be improved to the uttermost; a careful consideration is then requisite to allot that time so as to be of the greatest possible use in preparing ourselves

and others for the immortal life God has called us to. Every station has its particular duties which God has placed us in that station to fulfil. If we have the means of a liberal education within our reach, we should diligently use them, not for the pleasure of knowing more than others and laughing at their ignorance, but, as Lord Bacon justly says, "as providing us with a rich storehouse for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate." To draw out from God's word and dispensations their hidden sweetness, and present it to the hungry and thirsty souls around us who have gone to the "broken cisterns" and found nothing there to satisfy their exhausted nature, this is indeed an employment worthy of an immortal being, and such as may earn for us hereafter that best of all praise—"Well done, good and faithful servant." A woman's duty in the better ranks I conceive to be —to acquire such knowledge as, if she should have a family, will enable her to educate her children *herself*, whether boys or girls, up to the point when principles are enough formed to enable them to move in a bad world with less of danger than now—by twelve years old this might be done. Her farther duty is to discourage the wrong-doings in society by her tacit example when young, her more active counsels when older, and by the influence of a word in season expressing disgust at vice and perhaps awakening better thoughts—without attempting to *preach*, for that never does any good; and finally, to communicate to the poor who by their circumstances are placed in any dependence on her those enlightened views of religion and morality which a cultivated mind is best able to draw from the Gospel. Furthermore, she ought to

be well acquainted with all the minor details of housekeeping, so as to be able to manage a family economically and well, and should have enough of accomplishments to throw a gentle light over her severer studies, to make her an agreeable companion, and enable her to bear solitude, if it comes, without weariness. With such employment for our time, how carefully ought it to be apportioned to enable us to do all we ought to do. A really good and highly-cultivated woman is God's instrument on earth, leading all within her influence towards heaven by a kind of tacit persuasion which is more the result of affection and esteem for her worth than any long speeches on her part. But, in order to have that influence, there must be *solid* worth and *solid* information as well as lighter accomplishments and good intentions.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

St. Leonards, Jan. 1, 1844.

. . . . It is curious to see the old philosophers *feeling* so much which they could not explain. Unable to *prove* a future state, they still insisted that a virtuous life was happiness; and Epicurus writes just before his death—"Though exhausted with pain, I nevertheless feel that this last day of my life is one of its happiest." The instinct of the soul is never lost: witness the endeavour of the bad to drown thought in drink. . . .

I shall have done the second part of *Greek Philosophy* by the end of this month. I am now reading and marking Cicero's treatises where Stoics and Epicureans are fully discussed, and that will be my

conclusion, as I do not mean to pursue the philosophical sects further than that. After the coming of Christ the character of philosophy was changed. All those who were *really* seeking the truth then became Christian, as Cicero would have done had he lived at that time, and none held to philosophy but those whose pride revolted from the humility of the Gospel and the "reproach of the cross." According to *their* view, Christ was only a poor artisan—hanged for sedition; but the real truth-seeker found in his doctrine the unadulterated truth, and embraced it without considering who the agent was who promulgated it. By-the-bye, on reading Cicero's treatises, he does not seem to lean to the Stoics particularly, though in some of his *letters* he professes himself to have embraced their views; probably he had made a philosophy for himself, and followed no sect particularly, or rather followed only in some doctrines and not in all. In his *De Finibus* he makes Cato explain to him what the Stoic doctrine is, as if wanting to convert him, which is hardly consistent with his being already of that way of thinking.

I have no news of course, and no more Judge's speeches to criticise, so I think I have done wonders to find anything to say. Tell me about your Sessions when you come back; it will give me some fresh ideas, or I shall sit in my room here without any intercourse with the exterior world till I shall be unfit to judge of what I read, and still more unfit to judge of what is proper to write. If I cater for you in antiquity, you must cater for me in every-day life. There is nothing so fatal to the mind as the being shut out

from the common daily concerns of men; it narrows the intellect and perverts the feelings.

. . . . . .

Since writing the above I have been looking at Garbett's *Bampton Lectures*, specially written on account of the Pusey doctrines, and I am glad to see that *at last* our divines are going back to the second century. "The use," says he, "which the Fathers in the first ages of the Church make of the analogy which the Scriptural application of the term λόγος to the Second Person of the Trinity seems to intimate between it and the human intellect, is to show the pure and co-eternal generation of the Λόγος from the operation of the Divine Intellect upon itself, and, if we may say so without irreverence, its physical necessity from the conditions inseparable from an intellectual essence." These lectures were published in 1842, and show a great change for the better, for this writer goes more into great principles than people of late have been wont to do. He insists on the innate depravity of man; but yet he allows, with a degree of candour hardly to be expected, that "it would be a noble undertaking to reconcile the systems of intellectual philosophy, so far as they are in harmony with the undeniable principles of the human mind or natural light of God in the soul, with the supernatural truths of revelation: not as an eclectic system, but the clear sense of God's declared truth. It might be effected if it were possible to find a mind at once sufficiently comprehensive and yet analytical, with a perfect Scriptural simplicity and a catholic faith on one hand, and a sufficient sympathy with

the diversities of the speculative intellect on the other—a rare union of gifts, but without which it could never be adequately executed, nor ought to be undertaken." If I had seen this sentence before I began my *History of Greek Philosophy* it would have frightened me from trying my hand. . . . .

Eighteen years ago I first went abroad. I then wished to know something about the Fathers, and I could not find a single clergyman who could tell me anything about the matter, and Dr. Routh, of Magdalen, was held a wonder because he had read them. Now everybody knows something about it, just because Newman has broached odd doctrines; and finally, because he has taken the *fourth* century, others go back to the *second,* and fetch thence the long-buried purity of Christian doctrine. . . . Dr. Garbett does noble justice to Plato and Aristotle, and acknowledges that, "whether the object of our investigation be the facts and laws of natural morality, or on the other side, the *spiritual* aspects of the carnal man, his *intellectual tendencies,* at least, heavenwards, his decidedly-marked, though still obscure graspings after the possession of a divine happiness, and desires for the purification of the better soul from those fleshly impulses with which it seems so intimately mixed—beyond a question, these two great men are the best exponents of the truth." . . . Dr. G. writes a heavy style, as all learned men do, and is somewhat lengthy; so I will not refer you to his book, for you would not have time to get through two *heavy* octavos; but I wanted you to know that the *real* Church and I are not at variance.

To the Same.

St. Leonards, Jan. 14, 1844.

. . . Mr. C—— writes—"I do want to see the rubbish of ceremonials swept away, and the broad, everlasting distinctions of spirit and matter set forth in noble simplicity, and to this I flatter myself your labours will come. Throw light around the Christian verities and appeal to the God within us, and then this poverty-struck system cannot stand against the combined force of Revelation and Feeling in divine things. You see the work he has cut out for us, and there cannot be better rules laid down for what we are to aim at in our tracts.* Clement will help us in this, for he

* The following extract from a letter written when the first idea of publishing the *Small Books on Great Subjects* as a continuous series was under discussion, will explain the views of the A. B. C. Society:—

1842.

"My Dear Sir,—I mentioned to you some months since a design entertained by myself and some friends of uniting our endeavours to get a set of Tracts published which should spread more sane views on science of *all sorts* (whether Theological, Political, or Natural) than are at present entertained by the great mass of the reading world. We have now embodied ourselves as a whole, under the trivial name of "The A. B. C. Society," from the initials of the first movers in this matter. Perhaps a name which means *nothing* (and can therefore raise no prejudice in arms against us) is best. A small subscription from each member enables us to publish; and the object now is to get such contributors as shall be most likely to effect our purpose of exploding prejudice,—of showing well-meaning but ill-judging people that Science and Religion (or as Bacon justly terms them, "The book of God's works, and the book of God's word") must agree, and that Christianity is Philosophy. The two tracts which I herewith forward to you are a specimen of our plan of proceeding. They were published with a view of trying how the sort of thing would be received, and the approbation which they have gained emboldens us to go on. There is a new class of readers sprung up who have no wholesome literature provided for them, suited to their limited time and purses, and the danger and misery resulting from this want is great and extensive. We propose to republish the two annexed little works as Nos. 1 and 2 of the

seems to have had no eyes for anything in the Christian dispensation but the education of the soul for the life and happiness which it bestows. His constant recurrence to the affectionate kindness of God towards men has something quite heart-cheering in it. I am very much inclined to think that the constant comparing thoughts and views which has become a part of our society work, has a salutary influence on the tracts; they become more complete from the amalgamation of many minds. . . . There is nothing more serviceable to ourselves than this close application of Christian principles to their practical use. Christianity, like everything else that is good for anything, requires study to perfectionize it. . . .

A wise discrimination is wanted between the morbid pity for criminals which we sometimes see, and the vindictive feeling which prevails at other times. To draw the line justly here would be of infinite service. Crime is not a misfortune merely; the man who commits it wilfully is hateful in himself, because he has corrupted his own soul to the point that makes it scarcely human; yet, for God's sake, who made him for happiness, it is our duty to restore him to that state if possible. When people are arrived at a certain point of depravity we cannot love the sinner any more than the sin; but we can then follow the steps of Christ, and toil to recover those from their evil courses whom we look on with disgust even. The last great

Society's Tracts, and to proceed about once in six months to give a fresh one till the whole shall form a body of philosophical knowledge for those who cannot find time to read, or money to buy, large books. If we can publish them in a *cheaper* form we shall, and this I think our subscription will render easy, for of course in these two experiments a remunerating price was necessarily put upon them."

motive for our guidance is the love of God in Christ, and a right estimate of the dignity of our own souls, and we shall then do good without considering to whom, merely because we feel a wish to assimilate ourselves to Him who was the pattern of all excellence.

Pray tell me about the trans-bedpost regions—my whole concern at present is the cis-bedpost—a very narrow domain, likely to contract one's views.

To the Same.

St. Leonards, May 31, 1844.

I feel satisfied that this world is the best preparation for the next, and that so far from silence and solitude being the purifiers of the soul, there are more hazards for it in such a situation than any other. The sources of good become dried up when self, self, self always stands at the fountain-head. . . . If you have anything new or good in the shape of cheap books, pray bring me some to look at; in proportion as my strength for other occupation fails my reading appetite grows more and more ravenous. I have got a fine *pièce de résistance*, however, in Mosheim's *History of the Three First Centuries*, and this I am reading with a view to the small books. I have found, what I did not know before, that the governors of the Jews had adopted the Greek word ἀπόστολος for their messengers to the provinces, and that therefore Christ in selecting twelve apostles for the twelve tribes of Israel, answering to their princes, and seventy other disciples to answer to the great council instituted by Moses, virtually assumed the government, and showed Himself to be that "great prophet like unto me" whom Moses

had foretold and required the people to listen to. This act of sovereign power accounts for the virulence of the persecution against Him, and the yielding of Pilate to the instances of the chief priests.

I have been reading Emerson. He is a strange writer. A most extraordinary mixture of truth and falsehood is jumbled up together, and a glare of affected force of language thrown over the whole which at last fatigues the reader. And yet passages (*i.e.*, those you have marked) might be picked out which contain beautiful thoughts most felicitously expressed. To a young man who has not yet formed his opinions I should say he was likely to prove a most pestilent adviser; for the very truth and beauty of his thoughts throw a false light over those that are neither true nor beautiful; as, for instance, "Speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." Though I would not follow consistency against conviction, yet I think he would be a disagreeable and probably a useless man who should be so careless of it as to think one thought as good as another, so it was the whim of the moment, and fire away in consequence. An opinion, till it has been well weighed and argued, should surely be expressed with diffidence and in a manner which shows that we think others *may* be right as well as ourselves. Other passages of the same kind I dare say you have noticed, where the author, rather for the sake of saying a startling than a true thing, has fallen into the same kind of fault. Again, "The virtues of society are the vices of the saint." I believe this, too, is but said for the sake

of an idle antithesis; but what a world of mischievous falsehood does it contain! It is a book which I should never put into the hands of any young person without a strong protest against its fallacies in doctrine, and its false glare of style.

To MISS MANSFIELD.

St. Leonards. [No date of month.] 1844.

. . . I say that people whose only object is to do what is right and beneficial to mankind never would disagree; it is when a little private interest or vanity or ambition interferes that we find disputes.

I am perfectly serious in thinking that women for the present beat men in writing; for those women who emancipate themselves from the prejudices of the time feel the spirit strong within them. Men, on the contrary, do the thing as a matter of course, and think that by virtue of their sex and education they must be able to write, and they frequently make a woful mistake. . . .

. . . . . .

Faraday says the received opinion about material *atoms* is mere assumption, and *may* be wrong, and that all we know about them is by their properties exhibited in the shape of certain forces which act at a distance from the assumed atoms. Thus, attraction, repulsion, &c. are forces inherent in matter, yet acting at a distance. He considers the atom, then, as a point which forms the centre of force, and seems, by his arguments, though he disclaims the intention, to be verging on the Bishop Berkeley system. Thus, hardness is merely something which repels, for the very object which we

suppose we touch is not composed of particles which touch each other, for they *can* be made to go into smaller compass under certain conditions; therefore, when we think we touch we are sensible only of the repulsion which prevents the particles themselves from touching, and the force, not the particle, is what we become sensible of. If the force, then, be the object of sense, what know we about the substance? . . .

You are quite right about *smatterings*. If ever leisure or the long confinement of a sick-room should give you means of going on, you will find these smatterings fructify into good sound knowledge, and knowledge of so varied a kind that it will be far more enjoyable than if you had followed up one branch till you were quite *approfondie* in it.

. . . . . Every man, you know, thinks he has a prescriptive right to be better informed than a woman, unless he has science enough himself to see that the said woman is up with him, and therefore must know something. Faraday allows me to question his notions, and explains very quietly, pleased to hear the views of others upon them, but Dr. D—— met me with an indescribable grunt one day when I ventured to say a word on the early Church. But the fact is, I know less than Faraday, more than D——, and there's the rub.

To the Same.

St. Leonards, 1844.

. . . . There is a very prevalent idea that we grow wiser by reading *merely*. Now, though a thinking person may gain more data for thought by reading, one who does not think will remain a fool to all *use*

of reading, if he had read all the books that ever were published. I think there is now a considerable quantity of this well-read ignorance in the world, and yet people use the term a "great reader" as equivalent to a great thinker.

. . . . . .

If human beings should be heirs to immortality, is it not a sin to bring creatures into the world who do not fulfil their destiny? Can the soul really live in bodies that never look at anything beyond the mere diversion of the moment? whose days are consumed in counting stitches of knitting? Cat, dog, horse, have some vocation, but these people have none save to perpetuate a race on earth that I more than half think will not have any existence beyond it. Anatomy and chemistry, as well as argument, have sufficiently shown us that the life is not the soul. Oysters have life, and have these locomotive oysters a soul any more than their brethren of the rock? I doubt it. The only remedy I know for this wide-spread evil is the labouring individually wherever we have the power, to improve somebody; the seed scattered sparingly at first thus becomes widely propagated, and in the next generation a better race may arise. I believe worldly interest has a large share in the defective education given to girls. Parents reckon on the marriage of the daughters as a mode of providing for them, and they dread lest a girl should be *hard to please*, and commit the great fault of rejecting a wealthy suitor. They will not acknowledge this in general. I have heard it once or twice confessed, but the pretexts put forward are generally so futile that I am sure there must be some other and more powerful motive at the bottom, and as

I have heard this avowed sometimes I suspect it always. I think when old ladies wish to see girls married it is a mere prejudice clinging in spite of facts—a thought that was put into them in youth, and now will not quit them; but the notion of the real excellence of marriage *per se* I think is only to be found amongst septuagenarians. *Mammas* dream of establishments, and think no marriage good which has not the sweetener of a full purse. . . . . .

The latest piece of natural philosophy that I have heard is, that somehow the friction produced by escaping steam produces electric sparks, the boiler and the steam becoming respectively negative and positive. Faraday says it is owing to the friction of the globules of *pure water* carried out by the force of steam. We shall set the Thames on fire at last. I don't see why, if that be the case, the steam itself, being *pure water*, may not be the cause. . . . Faraday tried the experiment by letting steam run over the face of distilled water through a long tube conveying it from the boiler to the receptacle of this water—a hollow globe half filled, with a stopcock to let off the steam so as to keep up the current: from this he obtained long sparks, but if there was no water in the hollow globe he got none at all. I say this experiment is not conclusive, because it is not exactly like the boiler whence the engine-man got sparks that burnt his fingers, and it only proves that friction will make pure water electrical; it does not tell why the sparks come from the boiler.

To Miss Lipscomb.

May 12, 1844.

. . . . The excitement you feel in scenes of novelty and gaiety is what all feel, and leads to the love of dissipation which we see in so many. It is probably a good thing for you, therefore, that your situation in life will withdraw you from it again so as to prevent you from being drawn into the vortex, and what you feel now may serve to make you judge charitably of those who from circumstances are thrown into it early and have nothing to withdraw them from it. There is no harm in such things in themselves; it is when they become the business of life, and interfere with what is more important that they become evil. You would find, were you involved more deeply in such a life, that its want of something to fill the mind would become wearisome, and that you would feel unsatisfied after a day of such sort of pleasure; not, however, when music is concerned, for that hangs in the ear of memory with pleasure for a long time, and I think helps to form a pure taste. So far from trying to be above the world, I think we are all the better for mixing in it: we learn self-government by this, for after a dissipated day we ought to review what we have done, and see how far we have acted right or wrong, and such a contemplation in silence and solitude teaches us to measure the true value of such things, and is good, moreover, to show us that we are not such exalted personages as we fancied ourselves. It is at such moments, that we can best measure our own weakness, and decide how far the course we are pursuing is beneficial or not, and what we ought to do to

keep the bridle well in hand. It is a good thing to feel crestfallen sometimes; it teaches a salutary caution by making us estimate our own powers more truly than our self-love is wont to do.

Perhaps it is the best proof of my lack of strength that I deliberate whether what I have to say is worth the trouble of writing before I begin. I have some thoughts of making my bed up downstairs, in order to be able to enjoy this lovely spring, for I grudge the sitting within when all is so bright and beautiful. The birds seem to be in an intoxication of enjoyment, and keep up such a concert that I hear them as I lie in bed, as if they were singing me to sleep. There is something very heavenly in this, and I do not think that there is any scene of dissipated gaiety in which I have joined—and with zest, too—ever had anything to compare with the pleasure of a fine spring day in Kent. I thought it the perfection of earthly enjoyment when I was a child—I think so still. Labour as we will to create pleasure for ourselves, the enjoyments which God has showered upon us, rather than merely offered, surpass as much what we can contrive as He is greater than we are.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

St. Leonards, July 11, 1844.

. . . . If you agree with me that lax Unitarianism is a bad thing, it amounts to the wishing with me that it may not spread, for all persuasions have a tendency to grow lax as they grow old. What I mean by Unitarianism is the denying the Divine sanction of Christ's words; we then arrive at mere natural

religion. Christ is Socrates to us; and how ineffectual that was to curbing the most horrible immorality, we all know. I should dread this result from the spread of Unitarianism, though many, nay most, of its present professors are men of exemplary lives. So were the old Greek philosophers, but they were powerless; and till the Gospel was preached to the poor they remained—the lower classes, I mean—in a state of miserable degradation. It is wrong, I think, to make the individual professing a doctrine answerable for its logical consequences if he himself does not exemplify them; but then, surely the doctrine itself is answerable for its logical consequences, and is to be eschewed if they be bad. The taking away the Divine sanction from the tenet of a future state has, in itself, consequences as bad as bad can be. The fact is, that the individual Unitarians whose lives we admire do believe that this tenet has a Divine sanction, notwithstanding that in words they deny it. But we must not judge of a doctrine always by the lives of its professors; they may be good *in spite of*, and not *in consequence* of it. When Robert Owen admired my sketch of a Christian character, and avowed his readiness to be a Christian if Christianity were that, he asked where I found it. He would not receive my answer that it was in the Gospel, and that the lives of its professors were no argument against it. But was he right? Is the law bad because men break it? or is the law, *vice versâ*, good because it may be nullified as to its evils by the practice of the courts?

To the Same.

St. Leonards, Nov. 1844.

. . . . . .

. . . . Then, on the other hand, comes a Tractarian, with "No salvation out of the Church," because the old Fathers had some of them said so. Yet, when we consider what the lives of the heathen were at the time they wrote, I cannot much wonder at *their* conclusions; but I do wonder that men who know that as well as I do should take what was then said and apply it to the present time, as if there were no difference between Nero and John Wesley—a proconsul like Verres and a poor Baptist preacher. When, oh! when, shall we have a little common-sense in the world! . . .

Why does not our criminal law follow the example of Athens in the punishment of capital offences, and substitute a dose of prussic acid for the gibbet and the hangman? When a man can no longer be borne in the world, at least public morals should be consulted by avoiding the necessity of so horrid a trade as that of an executioner. There was something graceful in an Athenian execution; the very man who administered the fatal cup could smooth the pillow and minister to the last comforts of the dying criminal; he was not the hardened ruffian which a hangman must almost necessarily be. . . . It is a thing worth notice that one great crime, reported in newspapers and made known, is sure to produce a crop of imitators. . . .

I like old Aristotle prodigiously, though I now and then enjoy a laugh at some of his notions. Still, the

old*est* philosophers for me; they had the greatest minds, and had nobody else to build upon.

I can enjoy your travels with you, because I know thoroughly how one feels on such occasions. I do think life is brighter for ever after; at least I never have felt so much gloom since I broke prison as I did before. The monotony of a *routine* life is oppressive; when we have once shaken that off, we feel as if we could do so again whenever it becomes irksome, and the having been very happy once makes us think that we may be so again.

To Miss Lipscomb.

St. Leonards, Dec. 25, 1844.

. . . At the period you talk of, fifteen and sixteen, I was very miserable; a darling sister who, though much older, had been everything to me, married first and left me lonely, and then within the year died; my father broke the tendon of his leg, and was helpless for six months; my mother's health was bad; myself worn with sorrow and fatigue. I learned not to weep, for it vexed my father to see it; but I have been told that the first time we, the survivors, appeared at church together, the parishioners almost wept to see us so pale, and worn, and shadow-like. What was the world to me then? I only thought of that where I should rejoin what I loved; and then I made the vow which long years afterwards I found written down, that I would forsake all the follies of my age, and be to my father all that she whom he had lost had been —for she was his right hand. I toiled patiently over his accounts, walked with him when he could walk,

rode with him, sought no amusement, no dress, concealed my own grief under a gay exterior, and lived as if there had been no gaieties in the world. I plunged into books as a resource, and as a fountain whence I could draw refreshment for a weary spirit. . . . Thus bodily and mental suffering combined to make my youth unlike other people's. I think, nevertheless, if I had been thrown a little more into society, that my mind would not have broken down my body so much, and I might have felt less of that unnatural *tædium vitæ* which at times made it a burden almost too heavy to be borne. . . . This was not the religion of Christ, and had I sought on principle to enjoy all that I had around me of good, I should have suffered less in health; but I was not taught or encouraged to do so. Do not, therefore, fancy that you do wrong in enjoying all that God has scattered around you so liberally merely for enjoyment, for it seems to have no other object; only take care that you never make amusement the *business* of life. As soon as it becomes so it palls and wearies; but by that time the mind is become incapable of severe application, and so people go on to old age, wearying themselves with amusements which no longer amuse, and are in fact toilsome. It is variety —the interchange of study and recreation, society and solitude, that makes us enjoy both, and keeps the body healthy and the mind in good working order. Amusements, of course, must be *innocent* to make them desirable; there must be no repeating of scandal, or ill-natured observations, when in company—no flirting—no such devotion to dissipation as to unfit us for study before and after—no rivalship

in dress, or expense beyond our means. In short, though we may give our horse his head when we have a mind for a gallop, we never throw the reins on his neck, but keep them in hand for a check when the needful moment comes. To "use as not abusing" is the rule of the Christian, for God has "given us all things richly to enjoy." I have written a long discussion, because I fancy you a little wrong in your notions on this head. We were not sent into this world to *despise* it, but to *sanctify* it by our moderate and innocent use of it. . . .

People must like you before you can do them any good; but, when you have once won affection, you may *lead* another to many things which you could not *drive* her to. If you are always on the watch to be of use when you can without wounding or displeasing, you will both grow better yourself in the doing it, and most probably mend others. When we *preach* we do neither, for there is always an "I am more virtuous than thou" at the bottom.

. . Ask in your prayers for judgment to know, and courage to do what is right—for the will and power to be useful to others without forgetting to guard your own heart, and ultimately you will succeed. When you have shaped this wish and uttered it on your knees you will naturally begin to think what progress you have made in these things—so far all is in the course of things; but I do think, moreover, that in this intercourse with the Deity by prayer (short heart-breathings, not long set forms), there is supernatural strength gained; that the mind grows calmer, the head clearer, and, where we were puzzled and perplexed before, all seems straight again.

To MISS MANSFIELD.

St. Leonards, 1844.

. . . Now for another discovery—at least it seems like it, thus far. A suspicion had been entertained by Sir Humphry Davy that nitrogen was not a simple body: experiments have now been made which, if confirmed by like results on a repetition of them, will prove that it consists of a compound of hydrogen and silicon. The change which this discovery, if it be substantiated, will make in all the views of elementary substances will be immense. Liebig throws out a conjecture that all gases are of a metallic nature. Nobody has yet decided what silicon is; but I find Brande, in his last edition, reckoning it among metals from the similarity of its behaviour under like circumstances with metals. If so, a step is made towards another great simplification of science. Quicksilver is an instance of a metal in a fluid state at common temperatures; there is no reason why a metal should not be in a vaporized state at common temperatures also. And the field of thought which all this opens is so immense that I am lost in it. . . .

. . . . . .

Have you seen the strange letter Miss Martineau has been publishing about Mesmerism? The whole affair bears so much the aspect of imposture that I cannot think how she can hazard her fame by sending forth such statements. If she were right, Messer Rovina, in Firenzuola's comedy, would no longer be a burlesque, for nobody would know whether he were himself or not. Nevertheless, I think even imposture of this kind would not be kept up without *some*

ground, and I cannot but fancy that galvanic currents may be established between individuals at given distances which may give rise to some odd sensations which imagination heightens. I think, if any one holds the points of the fingers extended towards your forehead at about an inch distance, a sensation is excited which tells the whereabouts of the fingers, and I think I have now and then observed movements in the short hair and a willingness in it to cling to the finger under some circumstances, which indicates some electric action. I wish some dispassionate scientific man who does not believe in it, but would examine without prejudice, would undertake to set the matter at rest by a series of carefully-conducted experiments. Electric influence is so clear, in regard to most of the phenomena of sense, that I can easily believe that there is yet a good deal more to be discovered on this head.

Have you heard of the curious circumstance that, when a long bar of iron is converted into a magnet by passing an electric current round it, if it be properly supported at the exact point of vibration, it gives out a sound, at the moment of becoming a magnet, like that of a small bell? The spark is produced at the same time, and herein lies, I think, something very like a proof that all that people have called imponderable substances are in fact no substances at all, but simple phenomena of molecular movement. I protested, two years ago, that Dr. Black had not proved the doctrine of latent heat; but I hardly expected so soon to have so strong an argument supplied by actual experiment. If light be merely undulations of some rare medium, there is a ready explanation of why light is lost in a

large room, for it will have no reverberation from the walls.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

St. Leonards, March, 1845.

I am *with* Sir R. Peel in regard to his grant to Maynooth; I should be with him also in making a provision for the Romish clergy, but not at the expense of the Protestant establishment. . . . I think the conciliation of the Romish Church wise; I should think the abandonment of the Protestant *un*wise; for, of the two, there is no question in my own mind which is the best; but, if the swine will not care for the pearl, we must not force him to wear it, but we may hope, in time and with care, to cherish a better race than swine. The Romish priest made converts because the appointments of the Protestant Church were shameful in the beginning and middle of the last century; they are so no longer, I believe; but we of this age are suffering for the sins of our grandfathers in the turbulence of Ireland; the next generation will be the gainers if we proceed wisely and *rightly*. Few that have not carefully studied the two forms of Christianity are quite aware of their influence on the social state. I would not grant a provision to Romanism if I thought it would prolong its reign, so fatal do I think it to human progress; but I think the provision would accelerate its downfall. . . . Therefore, as earnestly as I deprecate persecution, which tends to make men lip servants only, so earnestly, and with my whole heart, do I detest Romanism as being the undoing of what Christ came

to do. But the English in general have only a traditional notion of Popery; they talk of transubstantiation, and Smithfield fires, and the Pope's infallibility, and frighten themselves with a bugbear; what it really *is* and *does* they do not know; the falsehood, the lethargy of the understanding, the immorality, they do not talk or think about.

To the Same.

St. Leonards, March 8, 1845.

. . . . I had seen some of the Report of the Transportation Committee, and that set my brains seething to find out some better plan. I think there is one objection to the prisons on the plan you speak of—*i.e.*, that when the prisoners are discharged they are again thrown among a dense population where it is difficult to get a livelihood.* In a new-settled country this would be avoided, and the labour which would form a part of their sentence would teach them how to maintain themselves in future in a country where land is ready to give maintenance to those who have industry enough to win it. The labour taught in the model prisons would not fit men for colonists; and yet to make the reform there become complete, the discharged prisoners should be sent to some wider land than England. I think this requires to be forcibly pointed out. I am afraid the *silent* system is a very great torture. I remember passing one winter (five months) wholly alone, that is, communicating with none but servants, but I hardly expected that my senses would

* I misread your letter. I see they are sent abroad—but to a *penal* colony.

hold out through it; the incessant stretch of the brain brought on headache, and when I first entered into human society again the pain of hearing mingled voices was such that I was obliged to take opium to allay it. Out-door work, where animals and birds and insects keep up a sort of link between man and the creation he is a part of, is far better for the mind and the heart than anything that can be done within doors. An industrious countryman is rarely a bad man; even the lightheartedness which constantly breathing the fresh, pure air gives to those who are much in it, though a mere physical sensation, is good. If a labouring man can but arrive at the point of having a *sufficiency* of the commonest food and raiment by his own industry, he is a contented, happy man; and many such I have known who were to me as friends and equals in the sight of God. I know nothing more solemnly affecting than the scene, which I have often witnessed, of the dying labourer giving his blessing with the calm of a patriarch to the richer friends who had treated him with frank kindness during life, and feeling his own dignity raised by his near approach to the throne of that Heavenly King before whom all must appear. I remember well a death-bed of that kind, a sheep-shearer, who had been the wit of the place, and with whom we had often laughed at the gate of the sheep-pound. He was struck down by illness, and my father went to read prayers with him. His wife, as we entered, said, "He is a good deal changed; he can't hold out long," which he heard with quiet unconcern; but after the prayers were over he held out his hand, grasped my father's in his, and said, heartily, with no faltering at the great change

before him, "God bless you, sir; we shall meet again, I think," and in a few hours he died. But I am wandering from the subject; my intention, however, was to show the sort of character I wished to form—the independent labourer, who beneath God's free heaven looks up to Him who formed all, and figures himself a happy home with his friends where earthly distinctions are at an end. I know, for I have seen it so often, that one of the joyful anticipations of the poor is the society of those from whom they are now separated by education and rank, but whose kindness has won their affection. There is always the expression at the hour of death, "We shall meet." It is a rich mine of happiness thrown away when we separate ourselves from the poor, whose untutored feelings pour themselves forth with all the strength of nature, and do one good after the hackneyed phrases of the world. . . . . But we never love without personal intercourse, and you have no chance of this with the agricultural poor.

To Miss Lipscomb.

St. Leonards, Oct. 1, 1845.

. . . . . .

I have been amusing myself with Lamotte Fouqué's stories of knights and magicians and the like (he is the author of *Undine*), and wishing you had been here to read too, for he tells his legends beautifully as long as he will be content to write in prose; his verse is wretched. Among other things, he tried to write war songs like Körner, but oh, how unlike! I suppose there must be some drops of French blood in his veins

which prevent him from being able to write poetry, for he has plenty of imagination.

Lord Byron was another Alcibiades, but with a worse chance, for he had no Socrates. I believe he had good in him, but it was sadly choked with weeds. I know that when his daughter was first born he used to get up in the night to go and look at the child, and shed tears over it. The narrator who told me thought it was mere romantic nonsense; I thought I saw in it a deeper feeling, a contrast between that innocent child and himself. Total self-sacrifice might perhaps have enabled a wise woman to save him, but who, with all his vices, could have loved him enough to do that? The wise saw, "A reformed rake makes the best husband" is on a footing with catching birds by putting salt on their tails: *when* it *is* done, doubtless the bird may be caught, and doubtless *when* the libertine *is* reformed he may be a good husband or an angel, or anything else that is good; but

> When will that be?
> Say the bells of Stepney.

Alas for all your romance! Alcibiades reeled about the streets supported by his slaves and his opera girl. Lord Byron drank himself to death with *gin!* There was this difference between them, that Alcibiades ruined his country, but, thanks to modern civilization, Lord Byron only ruined himself. Both had done all the mischief they could before forty; both, I think, were intending to do better, when death came to show them how vain was the hope to remedy a misspent youth by a repentant middle age; both, I believe, owed their downfall to the folly of women. Oh, what our sex has

to answer for since Eve! and how little has it yet done to make amends!

Buonaparte did not drink gin nor get drunk in any way, I believe, but he was unfeeling and calculating to a point which leaves no room for human sympathy. I have had a greater spite against Cæsar for his sake, for he imitated the Roman, and had Cæsar been less savage, perhaps his imitator might have been so also. His abandonment of his troops when he saw the game was up, on so many occasions, was perhaps a sound calculation, but it was what no generous feeling could have allowed. His scolding of Lannes, who cried out with pain when dying of his wounds, was harsh, to say the least; the man might be wanting in fortitude, but still he had been wounded in *his* service. These are not things to make a hero of, though I give him all credit for vast talent. His nonsensical little quarrels at St. Helena had no grandeur in them; they were the mere waywardness of a spoiled child. On the whole, I think Alcibiades was the greater man of the two as far as talent went, and perhaps grandeur of soul, for he tried to save the Athenian fleet for them even after they had banished him. We live too near the times of Napoleon to judge him fairly, but I doubt if future times will place him among the *Great*. For that title something more than mere conquest is wanting. Alexander the Great carried civilization with him; Constantine and Theodosius, though stained with many crimes, gave stability to the government, before distracted, and consequently benefited the people. Alfred was a blessing to his country. Gregory, the great Pope, with all his ambition, was still a benefactor to the world in many ways; Peter of Russia, though

a barbarian, tried to be something better; Charlemagne, ditto. But Napoleon *might* have done much that his inordinate ambition prevented him from effecting, and his reign was like a meteor—no consolidated benefit claims the gratitude of posterity. He re-established superstition, curbed the liberty of the press, sacrificed French blood and treasure to place his brothers and sisters on thrones, and finally wrecked his own power on this nepotism. In short, he was a "plagiarist," as the French author said of the Prussians, by way of giving them the worst title he was acquainted with—a bit of Cæsar, a bit of Charlemagne, but the worst bit of both. Cæsar would not have put the Duc d'Enghien to death—and Charlemagne would not have forbidden the study of Greek.

To David Power, Esq.

St. Leonards, Dec. 7, 1845.

. . I have been and am still deep in the Chevalier Bunsen's *Egypt*. . . . I anticipate a great outcry against the students of Egyptian antiquities from one party, and much scoffing at the Mosaic books from the other. I have long believed that the historical part of the Bible was no more than the honest record of honest writers. It makes no hole in my faith to find them now and then mistaken in the facts which did not come under their own eyes; but those who contend for the inspiration of every word will find themselves much puzzled and annoyed by this "pestilent invention" of the deciphered hieroglyphics. The upshot of all is, that Egypt was in possession of arts and sciences, was a populous and, after its fashion, civi-

lized country thirty-six centuries before Christ—*i.e.*, 2000 years before Greece was colonized. The paintings at Beni Hassan, which show so many of the arts to have been practised by that ancient people, must be referred to a period considerably earlier than Joseph, or perhaps than Abraham, and the pyramids are the graves of kings probably anterior to that. The way that this long range of kings is certified is curious: the Egyptians dated everything by the years of the king's reign, so that the tombs, mummies, &c. are covered with records of the kings not to be doubted, and the very length of reign given by Manetho is thus verified, for acts are found done in the thirty-seventh year, for instance, of a king who is stated to have reigned thirty-nine years, and so on, in some instances, up to the very last year of the reign. The present Coptic language seems to be the lineal descendant of the ancient Egyptian, with not more, if so much, difference as there is between the modern Romaic and the ancient Greek, and with much the same difference too—*i.e.*, the insertion of particles in abundance to supply the place of cases and affixes. Whence comes the difference between ancient and modern languages, for it is universal? Is it that the greater precision of civilized life requires the precision of words afforded by distinct prepositions to mark every sense of a case? Among savage nations still more inflections are to be found than exist in modern languages generally. As far back as the earliest monuments of Egypt a fair written hand was used besides the hieroglyphics; in short, I know not where we are to look for the times of barbarism which some writers have called the state of nature.

. . . . . .

And so the Corn Law is to be repealed. What will be the consequence to the country? It will cause a great panic at first among the farmers, of course: and if, in consequence, land is thrown down into grass, it will be a fearful epoch for the poor labourers; and, moreover, if we do not grow corn enough for ourselves, some day, when crops fail elsewhere, we may have a chance of being starved. However, the experiment will now be tried. The abundant crop of corn in all this part of England has made the cry of famine sound almost laughable to us.

To the Same.

Dec. 21, 1845.

. . . My own conclusion is that the writings of Moses were, as other books were at that time, inscribed on papyrus rolls, and that in the course of time they got into the state which we find them in—brittle and crumbled away in parts. When Hilkiah found the Book of the Law, in the reign of Josiah, it had been long forgotten. Who, then, was to decide how much was authentic? The priests and Levites of former times might have added their comments and traditions, the roll of the law might be decayed and restored by Hilkiah to the best of his ability, but still there is abundant room for interpolation and unintentional alteration. The phrases continually occurring, "unto this day," show interpolation at least, if not a later authorship than is generally supposed; and if this be so, much that is recorded as "the Lord commanded," &c., will amount to no more than that the

leaders of the people had done so and so, and that subsequent writers had supposed an express command. The last *rifacciamento* of the Hebrew canon was by Ezra, who got together as much as he could of their national records after the Captivity, in which calamity again the damage to the few copies that survived it was probably considerable; the discrepancy between the genealogies, which to them were most important, shows how impossible it was even to that learned and diligent scribe to restore these books to their integrity. Those who imagine that they are as they were written imagine Ezra to have been divinely inspired to set them right; but, seeing that the Gospels have come down to us with all the faults of transcribers, &c., there is no ground for supposing that the Hebrew Scriptures were preserved supernaturally. It therefore amounts to this, as far as I can see, that the Hebrew records must be submitted to the same code of criticism as any other ancient work. The existence of Moses and the general facts of the history cannot be doubted; the evidence is conclusive; but the traditions previous to Moses and the details of events admit of doubt not at this time to be altogether removed. Both Philo the Jew and Clement of Alexandria consider the history of the Fall as an allegory; they have been blamed for this by later writers, who probably knew less about the matter than they did, and most likely we shall have to return to their opinion, which, as they both studied at Alexandria, was probably in some degree founded on the comparison of the Hebrew and Egyptian records. . . . Now then comes the question—Shall I publish the tract on the State of the World before the Coming of Christ, or not? All

this study of Egyptian antiquities was undertaken in order to enable me to do the thing well—you see the result; and, if the "Small Book" is to be written,* I must state what I have said to you. Will it affront people's prejudices, and throw a cloud over all the other tracts? or is it better that the facts should be fairly stated by one who does not see anything in them which can shake our faith in God's covenant with man, instead of leaving them to come before the public uncommented upon? It is a question of such serious import that I do not find anybody willing to come to a decision, and I do not see my way in the matter myself.

. . . . . .

There is a great deal of apprehension among the poor workmen here in regard to the repeal of the Corn Laws; for, as I have often told you, it is on them that the evil will fall if there be any, and all buying and selling is nearly at a stand. "I never wish to see flour below a shilling a gallon," said one of our labourers the other day, "for then the farmers can afford to pay us;" and this is the true state of the case. My hope is that the scarcity of corn in most parts of the world this year will prevent any sudden decrease of price and consequent reduction of wages or discharge of workmen, which would make a very wide-spread distress. *Pour le reste*, I know free trade is what we must come to at last; the only question is one of time; and perhaps the peculiar circumstances of the present period, the numerous railroads to give employ, and the lack of any great deal of corn that can be imported, may render this

* It was published in 1848, being No. XIV. of the series.

year as harmless as any one for the change. It will not make a farthing difference in the rents unless by throwing a starving population on the rates for maintenance; for at this present time grass land is worth ten shillings an acre more than arable, so that if all Kent were a sheep-walk it would be a gain to the landlord, but for the poor thrown out of work. This has been a point very much misrepresented, for the Corn Laws were considered a boon to the landlords and a detriment to the poor. I asked an intelligent tradesman at Maidstone what he thought about it. "I don't think the poor will gain a farthing by it," said he; and that is and has been my persuasion all along; for the manufacturers will reduce their wages in proportion if bread-corn becomes cheaper. I believe that the outcry was raised by the master manufacturers, who wished to make larger fortunes by extending their transactions, and that they will be the only gainers by the "cheap bread" they make such a talk about, *if it comes*, but that I sometimes doubt. However, I am sure that a completely free trade all the world over, without restriction of any kind, is what the world must come to, for Europe is fast becoming a confederation of countries governed by their respective municipal and commercial laws, and subject to general regulations by a general congress, rather than an aggregate of rival nations often at enmity with each other; and by-and-bye this order of things will be acknowledged *de jure*, as well as now, in great measure, *de facto*.

To MISS MANSFIELD.

1846.

. . . I am reading Bunsen's *Dissertations on the Ancient Egyptians*. . . . The *proved* antiquity of this extraordinary nation, so much greater than anybody till within these very few years suspected, has set me cogitating about the Mosaic accounts; for while the Egyptian monuments and records go far to prove the accuracy of the Hebrew records as far as the writers drew from personal knowledge, they prove in an equal degree that the *traditions* of that nation are not more accurate than traditions are wont to be, and must not be received as matters divinely inspired. For instance, the monuments of Egypt prove beyond a doubt that the kingdom of Egypt was great long, very long before Abraham; but the length of the reigns of her kings is not enough longer than common reigns to allow of anything like the length of life assigned to the Patriarchs. Menes, the first King of all Egypt, about 3800 B.C., reigned sixty-two years only, at a time when six hundred or seven hundred years is given as the ordinary life of man. *Query*, Were not these patriarchs in fact *families* who held rule, and those particularly mentioned by name the most illustrious of the family? Everything proves Moses to have been an honest historian; then there must be some way of explaining his assertions in accordance with something like fact. The pyramids seem to have been the work of some of those very early kings; they must have been wrought by a swarming population; and then, how comes Egypt to be so populous so early? Was the Flood only partial? and did Africa

not suffer from it? These are questions which would at once have ranked me among infidels had I propounded them thirty years ago, and now they are the natural consequence of proved facts. How cruelly, then, have those been treated who, for venturing to doubt the absolute inspiration of every part of the Bible, have been objects of hatred and of as much persecution as modern times will allow. Bunsen is a religious, good man, but he cannot, and will not, shut his eyes to the necessity of treating the Hebrew traditions as we should any others, and obtaining the truth by criticism and research rather than implicit faith. I do not think that the childlike reception of the Gospel which our Saviour recommends means the receiving things without proof. None question and ask "Why?" more than children do; but it seems to me rather to mean that full dependence on the care and love of our Heavenly Father which a child feels with regard to his earthly parent. The fearful consequences of attempts at belief without reasoning may be seen by the daily conversion of our clergy and college men to Romanism, with all its idle mummeries, its ambition, its profligacy, its falsehood. I hear of thirty-three Tractarian converts from a friend in Rome.

I think dogmatism must always be to a thinking mind what Saul's armour was to David—an incumbrance when we have not proved it, and that it would be better always to hold very slightly what has not been demonstrated to be true, than to embrace a doctrine with our whole heart, to have it, in many cases, rudely torn from thence.

. . . . . .

I was looking just now at the *Edinburgh Review*,

and was struck with the difficulty which is made of the origin of evil. It would be easy, I think, to make it clear if we are allowed to assume the world to come not as a compensation but a necessary sequel of this; and the impossibility of explaining this state of things without a reference to what is to come is a strong argument in my mind for that future state. It seems to me that *choice* is *necessary* to happiness; therefore, if man had not liberty to do as he will, he could not enjoy; and to make that choice a wise one come the evils which tread close on the heels of those who quit the right road. Here is a cause for evil which is in accordance with Divine benevolence.

To Miss Lipscomb.

St. Leonards, Jan. 4, 1846.

I do not quite agree with you as to the results which ought to follow from finding human performances not perfect. If we are never to learn anything till we are assured that it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I fear we must leave the mind to rust for want of exercise, and even learning to unlearn again is better than that. I have spent many years in unlearning what I was taught; but should I have been better off if my teachers, doubting the truth of what they knew, had taught me nothing? I have, at any rate, learned to reason, to discriminate, to weigh arguments, and look for proofs. This, if we never had any book or lesson that was not altogether true, we should never learn; so, on the whole, it is best to take things as they come, compare and reason, and get a well-grounded knowledge in-

stead of opinions taken up merely upon the *ipse dixit* of another. . . . With regard to the *Vestiges*, I told you that a book which gave no authorities was not to be depended on, and that as I knew some of his assertions to be false I should trust him no further than I knew his facts and inferences to be good; it was a good book to make one think and examine further: and so I think still. Sedgwick's review in the *Edinburgh* is not a bit better than the book in point of proof, and is not so well written. I think there is only one *fact* given by the Cambridge Professor — *i. e.*, that respecting the relative diametric measure of the earth at the poles and at the equator. So far so good; he has proved *one* mistake, and if he would have gone quietly to work he might have proved some more; but he has chosen to ridicule what at any rate is not ridiculous, and to call an author blasphemous and irreligious who speaks with all the warmth of a heart rightly attuned to religious feeling, of the pleasure of resting one's hopes and one's cares on a God of mercy and truth. To impute to an author feelings which he disclaims is something like falsehood and malignity, methinks. . . . The facts of geology are established in many cases beyond a doubt, and as for theories about *how* the present species of animals came to be what they are——we may laugh; I feel inclined to do so myself, but I know very well that laughing is no argument, and that almost every scientific fact might be made a subject of laughter by the ignorant, just such laughter as Professor Sedgwick has tried to excite. He appears to me to have got no farther than the German Bauers in their argument about witches. One said, "Es gibt

Hexen;" the other said, "Es gibt nicht Hexen;" and this dispute, with the assistance of a pipe, they carried on in the same phrase for a whole day. *Vestiges* says, "Es gibt;" Professor Sedgwick says, "Es gibt nicht." What are the bystanders the better for *such* arguments?

. . . . . .

It is cowardice, not magnanimity, that sends people into retirement. You, like others, will have many a heart-ache and many a struggle with yourself probably ere you get your schooling completed; but if you keep to the principles you see to be necessary you will get well through at last. There have been times when, if there had been any convents to retire to, I should almost have been tempted, so weary was I of the continual warfare with oneself and everybody else: but that is not what we were sent here for, and we must struggle on; and then comes the looking back on time not wholly misspent or wasted, and then we feel satisfied that we have so struggled. . . .

I think the art of conversation may be learned by any one who possesses the fund to draw upon, for you see all who are particularly desirous of being good company learn it. Military men who like invitations to dinner, and diplomatic men who *must* make themselves agreeable, commonly converse agreeably; but the great mass of English do not think the *art* worth studying, and speak only to vent their own thoughts, or, if they have none of these, to avoid silence, without any regard to what effect it will have on their hearers.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

St. Leonards, April, 1846.

. . . . As I have nothing else to do, you shall have the letter you begged for; but it will be more warlike than philosophical, for I can think of nothing now but the war in India. I know not how it is that our generals there have learned to write so well, but certain it is that they have set the whole scene before us with a graphic skill that is really startling. I used to say that *men* could never make one see what they describe; but I can only suppose now that nothing is wanting but strong emotion to make a description visible to the mind's eye, and that women being for the most part more impressible than men, the emotion comes to them the soonest.

In the late battles there has been enough to move a stone, and so the generals become eloquent. I cannot shed tears, or I think I should have done so at the death of poor Dick, the gallant, the good. I remember him well, the cynosure of all eyes, when he returned from the Peninsula, confirmed Lieut.-Colonel of the 42nd on the breach of Badajoz, where he *alone* planted the British colours—every senior officer and man before him having fallen. So young, so brave, so beautiful, so modest, he was everything that a poet would ask for the description of a hero; and the place where I met that gallant youth—at the holy Communion, with his mother—fixed the recollection indelibly on my mind. And yet I do not know why I should be sorry; he has died as a gallant soldier would wish to die, and he has heaven, and that dear mother to greet him there. Nor could his death, though sudden,

be unprepared for, and he has fallen in the midst of a glorious victory. Why is it that human nature is so loth to let those go to whom death is a gain? It is one of the strange *instincts* of our nature, for it is not *rational.*

I have a sort of knowledge of so many of those engaged that the spirit-stirring accounts of the proceedings have double interest to me; and then the sort of brotherly feeling between the European and Indian forces which seems to animate all is pleasant to contemplate. I cannot tell why, but it seems to me that this war has a something in it more Christian than warfare in general. There is a glow of kindly feeling in all the despatches, a moderation, a spirit of justice rather than ambition of fame, that seems to be the soul of Sir H. Hardinge, from whom I had hoped so much. Thank heaven that there are such men. . . .

I see that the reform movement is breaking out now in the South of France: a priest and his congregation have openly abandoned Romanism, and he is *imprisoned for it,* in the nineteenth century! Really, Romanism *is* the same in all ages, and as ready to persecute as ever; nevertheless, it is tottering to its downfall, and I hope something better will take its place. The Pope still refuses to allow of science in his realms; then, science will be even with him, and not allow of a Pope. . . .

I went to M——, where I saw a fine ruin and *the tongs which St. Dunstan pinched the devil with,* duly preserved! . . .

*Pericles** is done, and I mean to make you a

* *Pericles: a Tale of Athens of the Eighty-third Olympiad.* 2 vols. Longman.

present of it; it will serve to refresh your mind on some circuit, for I think you never saw the latter part of it. In my opinion the story of Pericles gains its deep interest from being *true*. What human beings at any time have done and suffered will always touch those chords in our hearts which were touched in theirs; and the proud, haughty Pericles, impassible as a god to all the chances of fortune, weeping but twice in his life, and that over the gentler domestic affections—for the danger of Aspasia, and the death of his young Paralos—has always seemed to me a piece of inexpressibly touching ancient history. It did not enter into my plan to describe the last circumstance, which is as affecting as the other: the father bearing the death of his sister, his elder son, and almost all his relations, without a groan; but when his youngest Paralos died too, he stepped forward to put the garland on the unconscious brow, but stopped short, covered his face with his mantle, and burst into tears. That break-down of the spirit that kept him up till then was his death-blow; he sickened then himself, and died too. I always feel that I love that man; he was so beyond his time—so wise, so good, and so kindly in his affections.

To David Power, Esq.

St. Leonards, May 2, 1846.

. . . . I am still reading Ewald with a strange interest, differing from him largely, and yet finding here and there bits of criticism which wake up trains of thought, and seem to clear the obscurity of antiquity amazingly. It seems to be the peculiar *forte*

of German authors to open the mine from which others fashion the metal. How I should like to write a tract on the Authority of Scripture; but it would bring a host of hornets upon us. Yet I think I shall be tempted to do as Johnson said of—who was it? that "he charged his blunderbuss, but had not courage to fire it off, and so left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to pull the trigger after he was dead." Mallet was the editor so characterized: but who was the author he edited I have forgotten. I think I shall write my tract, and leave my executors to draw the trigger. To say truth, public approbation is a sort of shackle; while we expected to be clapper-clawed, there was courage in braving it and speaking the truth, *coute qui coute*, and this was the feeling till the success of the Lectures showed that it *could* be spoken with impunity. *Now*, ten successful tracts make one dread to spoil all by a reaction. . . . Still I firmly believe that such a thing is much wanted to draw the line between superstitious reverence and absolute unbelief.

. . . . . .

By-the-bye, in all I have described of the wedded life of Pericles and Aspasia I have closely followed historical authority, so the possibility of such a felicitous union is no fable, and what has been may be. . . .

To Mrs. Atkins.

St. Leonards, Tuesday Night, Dec. 29, 1846.

. . . I have seen various reviews of Dickens's book,* but am out of patience with it for being founded on

* Dickens's Christmas Story, *The Battle of Life.*

such false principles from beginning to end—principles which have made the misery of the world, and will probably continue to do so for a good while longer. I mean the false view of what marriage is intended to be. Everybody thinks it is a mere gratification of feelings—not always the most refined—with no end beyond the peopling of the world; how or with what sort of creatures matters not. So Miss Marian is made to do what is very wrong—namely, distress her father and sister, and trifle with the happiness of a man who has staked his whole hopes upon her, and is held up as a heroine! Marriage, to my thinking, and I think, too, that I think as God thought—if I may be allowed an expression that sounds profane—is the union of two individuals in this life of such thorough congeniality of thought and purpose, that they will help each other to become better and wiser every day; that they will bring up their children to be good and happy like themselves; that they will be a double existence in one, doing more than twice the good in the world which each could separately have done. And thus, though there be no "marrying or giving in marriage" in a future state, quitting this world only to renew in the next the interchange of holy thought, and to enjoy every delight the more for enjoying it in such dear society. Now, in one of these "heroical sacrifices" how stands the matter? The pair who *could* thus sympathize do not come together. The woman may be amiable in her way, the man estimable; but in some trifling point of character they do not *fit*, and then half the good intended by God for both is lost by their own perverse notion of right and wrong; and if the sacrifice be *very*

heroic indeed—a hateful man married to please or to save a parent—then the talent is buried; the woman has no chance farther of being useful, and the designs of Providence are thwarted. In Mr. Dickens's story the man must have been a sort of *polype*, who could thrive as well turned either side outwards, or his life could no longer be what he had intended it should be —his quiet wife could not be to him what his heart had sought, and his character would never develope itself into what it might have been. I am always provoked when I see a popular writer lending his pen to propagate and maintain false views, and I should like to "whisper in his lug," if I had the means, that he is very wrong. But these high and holy views are, alas! so rare that people in general hardly understand them even. I think in Germany the ceremony of the Golden Wedding points to a loftier way of thinking among the people. I grieve to think that in England it would be, as I have heard it, laughed at.

Have you seen the astounding American invention of a mode of performing operations without pain? By inhaling sulphuric ether a kind of stupefaction is produced, during which sensation is suspended, and a limb may be cut off ere the patient becomes aware of it. It has been tried in London, I see, and Liston has performed an operation on a person so stupified, who is doing well. I suppose the loss of blood during the operation prevents ill effect on the brain; for it seems a state of intoxication for the time being, and I doubt much if I should be willing to try it for fear of finding my wits the worse afterwards. It is curious that in some of these cases the patient winced, put up a hand, &c., and yet afterwards declared that he had felt

nothing, a further proof that many of those actions which appear the consequence of pain are, in fact, reflex movements unattended with sensation. Had these been animals or insects we should have said they suffered; here is the man with speech to tell you that he did not. In this respect it is one of the most curious experiments that has been tried. How the discovery was first made the newspaper does not tell. It is from *Forbes's British and Foreign Medical Review* that the extract is taken. Of course it interested me a good deal, and I shall try and find out whether the plan is attended with success on farther trial, for if it succeeds thoroughly it is a thing in which all are concerned. As it does not appear to prevent reflex action, would it not avail in the pain of parturition? the action there is purely reflex, and if it could be suffered to go on without sensation it would be a great gain. Of course the thing is as yet so new that nobody knows exactly how to manage it.

To Mrs. Atkins.

[No date.]

My Dearest Anna,

What Sharon Turner has to say in Queen Elizabeth's favour you will see, so I need not dwell on it; but it is from Rapin that I find that in 1601 some monopolies being authorized under the Queen's letters patent, and these having become a subject of discontent and some talk in the House of Commons, she revoked the grants at once, before any steps were taken by the people—a measure so acceptable that one hundred and forty of the members waited on her to return thanks,

to whom she made an apologetic speech as to the difficulty which princes had in getting at the truth, and declared that she never would persist for a moment in an injustice when she knew it to be so. I think I have read of other instances of this kind, but I cannot lay hands on them at. present. However, it speaks enough as to the Queen's habit of attending to the wishes of her people, and therefore to have sacrificed Mary to her private jealousy would have been quite out of character. But do those who *talk* about such things always look deep enough into contemporary records to be able to understand the motives of the actor? or do they not very often misunderstand the very records for want of having applied the common facts of human nature to the decyphering their meaning? Instance Melville's record of his conversation with Elizabeth wherein he states that she inquired the height of Mary, and decreed that being the taller she was *too* tall, for she herself was exactly the right height. Now, if we trace Elizabeth's character all the way through, she was keen-sighted and clever, fond of gaiety and fun, quick at a repartee, hasty in temper. These all belong to a particular kind of character, and exactly that kind which loves to *bamboozle.* Can you not fancy such a speech made by such a person, without the slightest intention of being taken *au pied de la lettre?* Elizabeth's witticisms, even when a little misplaced, show how difficult it was to her to restrain her gay spirit, as when on receiving a Puritan divine in his canonicals, she addressed him with "Those *loose* robes become you so well, I wonder your notions are so *narrow;*" and to a person who saw through the people by whom she was surrounded, the

temptation to amuse herself at their expense, when no State business interfered must have been abundant. Elizabeth is generally viewed as a gloomy dissembler. I fancy her very much such a person as myself, with a mind too active to be idle a moment, and too full of whim and gaiety to be grave always when others would be grave. The search I have been making into her doings has raised her higher than ever in my estimation. It could not be *mere* policy that made her so economical that for many years she never had to ask a subsidy from Parliament;—so just that none had to complain. I find a letter in the *Scrinia Sacra* from a Mr. Brooks, complaining much that the Queen would not promote him because his character was not immaculate; this was to some court lady who had been his advocate. Burghley gives as a reason for dangers foreseen by him, the Queen's mildness in her government; and all, foreigners and English, join in saying that she was moral in her private conduct, and most wise and just and good in her government of the people committed to her: none but those who had an interest to defame her say otherwise.

To Miss Mansfield.

1846.

. . . . I will not say that the state of Ireland is a "judgment," for that sounds horrible, but after all the matter comes to the same point, for there is no doubt that the present misery is the consequence of long anterior causes—misgovernment, mismanagement, malpractices of every kind—and perhaps nothing but the utter destruction of the potato crop would have

forced the people into new habits—worse than their former ones they could not well have; so I rather hope for some good which will be much more durable than the present distress. I like to view the dispensations of Providence in this light, not as vindictive punishments, but as remedial measures which man's perverseness has rendered necessary to effect good purposes which he has chosen to oppose. Will not this visitation do what no one has thought possible, namely, destroy the small holdings and drain a great many bogs? for if the people must have work, it will soon be seen that setting them about productive work is far the wisest as well as the most saving plan; and if potatoes fail, the small holdings are impossible. I have always looked at the world with a hopeful eye, and have been provoked to see how diligently man collects the fragments of abuses after God has crushed them by some visitation like this, so that another and another becomes necessary before the good can be effected. I cannot believe in *punishment*. A good God must have some good in view.

To David Power, Esq.

St. Leonards, Jan. 13, 1847.

. . . . Herodotus says that the Egyptians believed the soul immortal, but in this way: that it ranged through different states for three thousand years, and then came back to its original body. Were not the solid buildings, mummies, &c. all meant to outlast this three thousand years, and enable the soul to find itself at home again without much discomfort? The representation in one of their burial rituals of a winged

thing embracing a mummified body, and seeming to enter it, is no doubt the representation of this reunion. The customs of the Egyptians gain some meaning if taken in this point of view. The kings doubtless intended to wake in their pyramids in all the pride of regal power again. I cannot make out what they were to do after this; but it seems as if the Jews had taken their notion of the first resurrection when the dead were to arise in their holy city, and live and enjoy earthly delights there, from this ancient belief; and perhaps the millennium which the early Christians pictured to themselves when the saints were to reign with Christ *on earth* had the same origin; for it has generally been allowed that this notion of the Christians was taken from the Rabbinical writers. Irenæus is strangely circumstantial in his description of the grapes, &c. which the saints of the millennium are to enjoy. It is the part of the Apocalypse which throws the most doubt on its authenticity in my mind.

I could very readily make myself believe in the transmigration of souls, for progress seems so the law of the world that I could fancy a very amiable dog becoming a man in his next state, as man becomes an angel; and I could fancy those who had misused their chance being sent back into a brute to go through another cycle of being till they became fit to go forward to perfection. It is a tempting speculation, and I can quite understand heathen sages of antiquity might adopt it; but when it came to the point of a return to earth and its unspiritual pleasures by way of reward, *then* it became a mischievous error that tethered the soul to the earth and forbade all spiritualism of thought and wish.

To the Same.

March 17, 1847.

. . . I do not like the Government scheme for the reform of criminal punishments, do you? It seems to me impracticable and foolish; for how is a confinement in a penitentiary to fit a man to be a respectable free settler where spirit is cheap and where the chances of impunity are great? The very punishment which has been endured would make the people more mad when set at liberty; every excess from which they had been debarred so long would again have the charm of novelty, and the tainted imagination would soon prompt to the trial. It is not upon grown-up offenders that the work of reformation can be attempted with any large hope of success; and I wonder that men of any experience in the world can suppose anything so against all experience.

. . . . . .

True love seeks the happiness of the beloved object even at the expense of our own; and temptation, if we cannot face it, may be fled from. People make an amazing mistake generally in their way of using the word love; the earthly passion is throned in the place of the soul's affection, and the high and noble sentiments which this last engenders are supposed to belong to an emotion which we share with the brutes, and so a man fancies that he is becoming something pre-eminently excellent and happy when, in fact, he is only intoxicated with passion. I wish we had some distinction in our language like the Venus Urania of the ancients, so that men should at least know what feeling it is that possesses them; the one that of a

deity, the other that of an evil demon; the one fruitful of virtue and felicity, the other no less so of vice and misery.

. . . . . .

. . . . It provokes me to see so little done towards amending the real evils of Ireland now, when it is possible. Joseph bought the land of Egypt for Pharaoh on a like occasion a long time ago, and I should like to see Ireland so bought and the people so removed to better habitations: in short, I want to see another Joseph in Ireland to change the whole face of it; for I can fancy, from the description of the transaction, that Egypt previous to that must have been cultivated somewhat in the same fashion. They "sold *every man his field* because the famine prevailed over them, so the land became Pharaoh's; and, as for the people, he removed them to cities from one end of the borders of Egypt unto the other end thereof." Never till now could anything have been done towards mending the miserable system of Irish affairs, and I am afraid that even now the opportunity will be allowed to slip away, and that nothing will be done to any purpose. I cannot think why landlords do not take advantage of the opportunity of getting rid of all the wretched small holdings. They must give up their rights for bread; and then, if the plough were put in over the broad acres, and the people paid to work at putting in the crops for the landlord, hoeing, weeding, and so forth during the summer, and then reaping, there would thus be a good crop and employment for the people, and a miserable system broken up. If there were middle men who would not yield, I would apply to Parliament for a special bill. Farms

of from fifty to three hundred acres would employ the people at reasonable wages, and not starve them upon half an acre of potatoes. The landlord who would accomplish this must sacrifice a year's income, perhaps two, but he would have an estate worth something and more orderly people at last.

To the Same.

St. Leonards, April 27, 1847.

. . . . . .

I have watched the education proceedings with much interest, and I am confirmed thereby in my long-held opinions that Christianity never works so well as under an episcopal form of Church government. . . . In short, by principle and rational conviction of the advantage, I am an Episcopalian. I believe it was the order of government established, if not by Christ Himself, at least by His immediate successors, and I do not feel satisfied that we have the same claims to His promises as attached to the sacraments, when administered by unauthorized persons, save when episcopal ordination has been unattainable. Spoiled as our clergy have been by all sorts of folly, it is a good proof of the excellence of the form of government that they should thus spring up into efficiency at the call of liberal principles: the lending heart and hand to the promotion of education shows their full conviction that they can only be the gainers by increased knowledge; and they are right. The more I have read and studied, the more I have clung to my own Church government, though lamenting the nonsense of Puseyism, Evangelicalism, and all other *isms*, and the more I feel

convinced that the clouds will pass away and advancing light produce more brotherly feeling. Sects there have been and will be always, but we need not scold them. I never read the account of a heresy yet that I did not find so much in it that savoured of the truth that earnest men might be wedded to it in good faith; but he who resists knowledge dreads the light, and that is a symptom of error; *ergo*, I think both Romanists and now, Dissenters, have a sort of doubt at bottom whether they are right. . . . .

It is a pretty fable of Plato that man and woman were originally one, but that the gods in wrath snipped the compound being asunder because it was too perfect; and that ever since that both have done badly. According to my scheme of education, and I think it is that of Christ Himself, I would restore the compound to its pristine state.

To Miss Lipscomb.

Crowdelham, Nov. 25, 1847.

. . . I do not think that suffering is a necessary concomitant of high civilization, but I believe that the transition from one state to another always is; for men in general resist any change, and then it can only be effected by circumstances, which is not the most favourable passage from one state to another. The suppression of monasteries was in itself a good thing, but it produced an immense deal of misery, because it was harshly and badly done; the transition from manual labour to machinery has miseries also, because people are only thinking of making money by the change; and all these things are done without thinking

of consequences or providing for them. I believe that man's destiny is a full dominion over all the powers of nature, so as to make the world really a home for intellectual beings; but how everybody resists this! The mind, compressed in youth, has no wish to expand in after years, and, excepting with a favoured few, science and knowledge get no audience; and even among those few "religion of science" is rare. But moral periods are like the geological; all *seems* convulsion and confusion to those present—volcanoes here, earthquakes there, one country sinking, another rising; yet the distant beholder finds after a time that all this has prepared for the existence of a higher order of beings, who were born, as it were, amid the throes of expiring nature. So, out of the confusion and outbreak of men's angry passions arises a better order of things, with this difference only between the two, that whereas dead matter obeys unchangeable laws, man has the power to vary his; and, if he did his duty, these moral convulsions would never happen. . . .

I have a letter to-day from the Secretary to the —— Ragged School, in which he says, "We feel your kindness to be greater and appreciate the assistance the more, as coming from the ladies of the Established (may I say) High Church. But, madam, these acts do more to cause those who, while they are Dissenters are not bigots, to esteem the Church of England as the older and more venerable sister than any arguments that could be used, and must prove to the ignorant that their prejudice is to a very great extent unjust and erroneous." It is pleasant to think that we have wiped out a bit of prejudice, if it be only

from one mind. In my reply, I honestly avow my objection to dissent, because it lessens the feeling of brotherhood among Christians.

. . . . . .

If you once fix your mind steadily enough on things unseen to feel little moved by the things that are seen, then you will resist change of circumstances; but you do not yet know how largely these work on the character. I give you the same rule I follow myself—what you see others do in like circumstances, is what you are liable to be tempted to do yourself. Hence my resolution to bind myself up with the interests of some other of my fellow-creatures, lest I should become selfish, as many, but not all, single women do. . . . If I repeat to you what our Saviour said to his disciples, "*Watch* and pray, that ye enter not into temptation," I only give you a wholesome lesson which we all need. Were I suddenly to come into large fortune, I should look very sharp to myself, old as I am. . . . I think human nature weak, not bad; and I believe if public men generally thought the same, and guarded against its weakness rather than its corruption, there would be far less evil in the world.

To David Power, Esq.

Crowdelham, Jan. 5, 1848.

. . . I cannot withdraw my firm opinion that, when a counsel *knowingly* brings forward what is false by way of bamboozling the jury, he does a wrong to his own soul in the first place, to society in the next. I allude to such things as reproaching the adverse

counsel for not bringing forward a witness, when all the time he knows that there is no such witness to bring forward, &c. Nothing can excuse a man for falsifying but the being himself deceived; and this is among those immutable laws of morality that can never be altered by the custom of any trade or profession. All the little tricks by which short measure is given to the consumer by the seller, are so customary that they are practised without remorse by men who would shrink from stealing a bank note, yet the one is not less wrong than the other; a more cowardly wrong is the former, because the wrong-doer keeps on the windy side of the law, and is not liable to penalty. The danger to the man who moves among a society where some great rule of morality is customarily disregarded, is, that he himself may in time find his moral sense thereby weakened, especially if his own imagined interest lies on the side of the wrong; and I can assure you, that I have heard more than one father object to the law as a profession for his son, because he thought an advocate's practice incompatible with strict moral feeling. I do not think so. I think an advocate who does his duty honestly—fearlessly—can do great good in the world, and, in proportion as there may be temptations to act otherwise, is the nobler character; but I certainly think some of the customs of the bar not good. If I may credit Townsend, Abbott never practised any of those arts that I complain of, yet he made more than 8000*l.* per annum, and his income increased afterwards, and the barber's son left a handsome fortune to support a peerage; so that honesty, in this respect, is not necessarily bad policy either. But that is not the question.

We should avoid a profession where honesty could not prosper, but not concede our notions of right. Happily for poor mortals, they are not put to this hard trial, excepting in their own wayward fancy; for an upright man always does prosper sufficiently for real comfort, unless he join with his good some evil or other sufficient to neutralize it. Do you remember the Athenian pleader, who got the generals at Arginusæ condemned by appearing in mourning, and claiming from them his brother lost by their negligence? The man never had a brother in the battle; but this was not known till afterwards—the generals were condemned. You will say the judges were in fault for not inquiring more narrowly—so they were; but was the advocate blameless?

To the Same.

Crowdelham, Feb. 1, 1848.

. . . . . .

I have not had patience to read the arguments respecting Dr. Hampden's case; it seems to me that everybody is wrong. Fortunately for the consistency of all parties, Dr. H.'s book is so written that *any* doctrine may be deduced from it. To put the whole country into commotion for the sake of making a bishop who cannot express himself intelligibly, seems to me a feat which none but Whigs, who have a wonderful faculty of setting up posts to run their own heads against, would have performed.

March.

. . . . . .

Do you see that the French are adopting the principle which you talked of a year or two ago—of

making masters and men one great joint-stock company? A railway and a newspaper have put it actually in operation, and it seems to me one of the wisest things I have heard of for a long time; for thus the *menu peuple* will have an interest in preserving peace and promoting commerce. Men who have a capital employed in a manufactory will not be eager to march over the frontiers as soldiers. It appeared to me at first that nothing but giving the *people* a stake in the country and letting them in great measure govern themselves under the guidance of a criminal code, could satisfy the exigency of the time, and if there be honesty enough left in France to make this kind of partnership a safe one, it may yet be the salvation of that country, and of many more. It is perhaps happy for Europe and the world that there is a nation rash enough to make these experiments on a scale which will effectually test their applicability. This is one which seems to have in it the seeds of a new and better state of things, and one which may wonderfully benefit England, who will not be backward in availing herself of any useful plan which may turn up out of the jumble. Where universal suffrage is given, as now in France, no time should be lost in giving the people an interest in a good and quiet government; and I must give the directors of the concerns which have set the example credit for an extraordinarily clear view of their own and their country's best interests.

To Miss Lipscomb.

Lidwells, July 21, 1848.

. . . Did you notice the speech of the French deputy (I forget his name) who said Christianity was "wearing out?" It made me think a good deal, for I am afraid it is a truth, at least as regards a very large portion of the world, and then I wonder whether things will ever be better. There is one feeling that at times oppresses me—that of being blindfold. Even whilst we are meaning to act for the best, it is so uncertain whether we are acting wisely or not; we so blunder and mistake on all occasions, that life seems nothing but one grand illusion, and it is that feeling of unreality which wearies me so. Europe, at present, gives one the notion of our great game of blind-man's-buff.

To Mrs. Atkins.

Lidwells, Sunday, 1848.

. . . My house is now going on rapidly to its completion, and I hope soon to be free from workmen within doors. . . The plasterer has his son, a boy of about eight or ten, to hand him his plaster. It is hard work, and M—— and I had silently thought he did not love the boy, for he *made* him work. I went to look into one of the rooms at noon; there, on a bundle of shavings, lay the plasterer asleep, and, curled up on his breast, his lips resting on his father's, lay the boy, closely clasped in his arms, so as to have a soft pillow on his bosom. . . I dreaded their waking and being annoyed at being seen, so I durst not sketch, but I

shall never forget one of the loveliest pictures I ever saw; it put me in good-humour with human nature. The man had made the boy work that he might be able to get his bread, and had then cared for his rest at the expense of his own. How they must have loved each other! The child was a very pretty one, which made the picture all the better.

To the Same.

Lidwells, Friday, 1850.

My dearest Anna,—I am happy to say that I am now getting forward rapidly with my tract, the first of the last series, and if I make the division I proposed, I may consider the January, 1851, Tract as already done within a few pages. I propose to divide the subject into five parts, at four shillings each, containing about two hundred and ten pages.

1. Down to the death of Constantine, and the establishment of Christianity.

2. To the Crusades and establishment of Papal usurpation.

3. The Supremacy of Papal power, ending at the Reformation.

4. From the Reformation to the French Revolution.

5. The Present State and Prospects of Society.

What think you of this scheme? It is an enormous undertaking, and I shall be aground for books as I proceed, for none of the libraries, save the Museum, will afford what I want. . . . I shall find my difficulties thicken as I go on.

Did I tell you that second editions of *Greek Philosophy* and *Christian Sects* are called for? I shall make no alteration, I think, unless you wish anything added or changed. . . . Here is a true author's letter, but I have not anything else to tell about, after having been confined to the house for two months with Athanasius and Origen for my companions. . . I am making large extracts from the first of these worthies to show how orthodox I am. He quite bears me out in my views of what the Christian system is, but I quite shudder at the labour before me, when the books I shall have to consult become more voluminous yet. Verily, the people who lived before the art of printing had a very small notion of the value of time.

I am scheming various things for the benefit of this parish, and begin to have a hope that finally I may accomplish something.

To the Same.

Lidwells, Monday [no date], 1850.

. . . The complete nature of the Deity is beyond our grasp, but what He has chosen to tell us is intelligible enough, and I go back again and again to my old argument: that if God was about to do anything in His government of the world repugnant to *our* notions of justice, though conformable to His own eternal rules of equity, then He would have enlightened our minds further, or else should have made our nature a different one. He could have formed the clay as He would; why throw a stumbling-block before the greatest minds, and leave those in the dark who are most anxious for the truth? His creation

and His revelation must be in accordance, or He has not sought His ends by the best means; a thing that cannot be predicated of Omniscience and Omnipotence. We must see and be aware of excellence before we love; and our love cannot be given to God as a Father if we believe that, as a Father, He could doom the innocent to death only to please *Himself*. To bring back an erring world to happiness and immortality by such a sacrifice, voluntarily made, and nobly rewarded, that, indeed, we can well conceive of perfect benevolence, and yet sympathize with our whole human heart with the gentle and yet brave man who was contented to fulfil such a mission, knowing its termination. There is no sympathy with a suffering God, even if it were not an impossibility; the nonsense that God could not know what suffering was, unless He had tried it personally, is really below notice if it had not appeared in print.

. . . . . .

I follow the Fathers and the Apostles in maintaining that God was *in* Jesus, as in the most holy place, making Himself known there, and there only, and that *Jesus*, when thus used as a temple, was *Christ*, the Anointed, He being all the time a Man to all intents and purposes, subject to temptation "like as we are;" choosing, "for the glory that was set before Him," to bear the suffering, "of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting." The Creeds, the Fathers, the Scriptures, and our reason, all speak the same language; it is only our later divines who have bothered the matter. Justin calls the form used in baptism, "the *name* of God," and says all who attempt to explain it further than he has himself done, "must be far

gone in incurable madness." But though disclaiming any attempt at what is beyond our *com*prehension, both he and others appeal boldly to the rationality of *Christianity;* for if it were not *reconcilable* to our reason who could believe? Every objection on this score is always carefully answered by them, and in terms which leave the whole scheme of Providence as regards man perfectly clear to the commonest apprehension. It was thus that the world was made Christian. Why must we now fancy that what the heathen could understand is beyond the reach of a far more cultivated people? Here, I think, lies the error. If I speak with those who have been taught as the modern clergy teach, I am but one against many; and those who have not learning to read the writers I read, have but my *ipse dixit* for what they contain. I am met continually with—"Are you more right than all those wise and learned men who have had access to the same sources and are of a different opinion?" It is vain to say, then, that these men read only to maintain a previously conceived opinion in their minds, and *durst not* seek *the truth only.* Yet such is the fact. I once talked with a young man about to take Orders of what I learned from the Fathers. After hearing a little, he exclaimed, "You must not say any more, for I shall have to subscribe the Articles, and if you unsettle me on any of these points"—I was speaking of original sin—"I shall not be able to do it with a good conscience." This man evidently did *not* believe these Articles, for if he had done so, he would not have feared that his acquiescence in them would be weakened; and now he is coldly teaching the people what he believes to be liable to such serious objections

that he did not dare to hear them! What wonder that the people do not profit. It was not so that the Apostles preached; it was not so that the Martyrs believed. The teacher must be in earnest ere he can possibly make any impression, and the secret of the spread of all sects is, that even though the teacher may be in error, he believes heartily what he is teaching: his eye and his manner show it, and he carries men's *hearts* with him. . . . .

One word more as to scientific teaching and rationalism. I might be of your opinion if I had the carving of affairs as I thought best; but I believe I should be wrong, for we cannot keep religion spiritual among a people ignorant of science. However, the question is not what we think best, but what *is*. Every question that I have ever mooted is taken up in penny pamphlets and tracts in the very worst way; fallacies are advanced which the people have no mode of detecting, and which require much learning to detect. . . . Remember God has made us as we are, with this restless inquiring spirit. We cannot seek His ends by inadequate means. If He has made us thus, He has, of course, given us enough knowledge of Himself to *ap*prehend Him. Take away the vulgar teaching of the doctrine of the Atonement —namely, of the sufferings of the innocent being acceptable to God as a penalty for the sins of the guilty—every other tenet of our religion can be reconciled to even our finite reason. Can it be that the most important point of all can only have been known at a late period of the Church, and then be utterly irreconcilable with all human ideas of justice? So irreconcilable that we are forced to teach it as a mys-

tery which nobody can understand. God's arm is not shortened that He cannot save so as to make that salvation a source of pure joy and admiration, and all the testimony of the purest ages of the Church is against the modern teaching! Surely this offers a sufficient cause for hesitation in the upholding a doctrine which the early bishops and councils anathematized, and which cultivated reason rejects.

. . . Thanks for *Chambers's Miscellany*. The whole history of electro-biology seems to me a great humbug; no more than any one of excitable imagination might conjure up. As for being unable to let go, &c.; unless there were an actual galvanic current established, I conceive there is no ground for supposing such a thing possible in reality, though very easy to imagine. The gentleman in question had disbelieved for no reason—therefore was not a man given to seek demonstration. Such a man might easily be led to fancy a good deal if he felt *anything*, and I know that it is possible to create a very uneasy feeling by holding a small galvanic battery made with two shillings and two halfpence between the finger and thumb. So the mere experiment on the tongue will also; and I remember, after trying it, my tongue was preternaturally excited for all the rest of the day, and I had almost a fit of tic-douloureux: so much so, that I threw away all my bits of zinc, and never would try any more small experiments. *Some* sensation was probably produced by the metal put in the hand, and imagination did the rest, or it might do all, for that, too, is very possible. Every day shows what tricks it can play, and if the brain be once excited, the appearances and thoughts are very real; but we are

the fools if we suffer imagination to have the dominion thus. The human will can supersede all external influences: witness my turning my nails back without feeling it; witness the Martyrs who did not feel the torture.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

Lidwells, Jan. 29, 1850.

. . . If a man forms a judgment on well-drawn deductions from sound principles, the world will come round to him at last, and all the sooner for having heard them enunciated; in the meantime, he may have but few, but they will be the wisest, on his side. If he chooses to *pre*judge, in the first place it is likely he will be in the wrong, and even if he should get the fools—who always hunt in packs—to join him, I trow that he will not find their "most sweet voices" particularly gratifying; and furthermore, he will then be obliged to go on with the fools, and be despised by the deeper thinkers, or he will be in a perpetual ague-fit of recantation, and be laughed at—not a pleasant alternative. . . .

. . . If a man cannot know or judge of himself, moral responsibility is a farce, and the mission of Christ a delusion; for if wrong-doing be a thing we cannot perceive in ourselves, then it is tyranny to attach such heavy penalties as even in this world are attached to every deviation from the narrow path which leads "to glory and immortality." If we over-estimate our own powers, we probably do mischief; and this is wrong, for the mischief would not have been done if we had measured ourselves more truly.

If we under-estimate ourselves, we do not do the good we might; and this is wrong, for then the benefits which God intended us to confer on the world are not done, and might have been had we better estimated our talent. But in order to make this estimate aright, we must form the mind and the judgment most carefully; and if we fail, from not doing this, even here we are guilty of a sin, for God has given us the means if we had chosen to avail ourselves of them. I believe every man may know himself, *if he will*, better than any one else can, and may measure his acquirements and his powers of mind with the utmost accuracy, if instead of thinking about the applause of either the great or the little vulgar, he set up a standard of ideal perfection, and measure himself against *that;* and there is such a standard in art as well as in morals. Praxiteles knew which was his best work, though others were puzzled to decide; and his mistress, to whom he had promised his best piece, was in doubt till she got his own judgment by pretending that his studio was on fire. He ran to save his cherished work, and then she asked it, and the judgment of the age confirmed his own. Cæsar knew the value of his *Commentaries* when he swam with them in his teeth; he was an admired orator, but he did not value the applause he had gained for his speaking, and rested his fame on what none knew but himself. Thucydides knew that he was writing a history for a perpetual memorial, and I believe that, for the most part, it is not the thinkers who mis-estimate themselves.

To SAMUEL BIRCH, ESQ.

Lidwells, Jan. 16, 1851.

. . . I believe you are quite right with regard to the Romish faith; it is the Fetishe worship after all which all untaught minds return to. The Israelites did not believe that the golden calf was in itself a deity; it was merely the emblem of the Divinity; and as they had seen some such emblem in Egypt it was the most natural to their minds. The crucifix, the Virgin and Child, even the puppet dressed in a square scarlet coat and cocked hat, which was exhibited to me in the Cathedral of Genoa, as *God the Father!* are the Fetishe, or the "medicine," as the North American Indian terms it, of the ignorant Christian. The tendency which human creatures have to quit the abstract idea for the sensible object is the cause why ceremonies so soon degrade both the religion and the worshipper, at least so it seems to me. The stern old Puritans saw this, and warred against all church ornaments as rags of Babylon. The Romish priests, therefore, are quite right in keeping their people ignorant—they could not maintain their system, or be "medicine men" otherwise. Nevertheless, I do not think the fault lies in the Italian *mind;* as soon as it is cultivated, there is a larger share of talent, I think, among natives of hot climates; and if your theory hold good with regard to women, namely, that their more delicate organization gives them finer perceptions, then the slender and delicate form of so many Italian men ought to make them capable of greater, or, at any rate, more rapid mental progress than our stout muscular countrymen. I think, too,

there was far less of superstition among the subjects of Numa than we find at a later period when war had banished science. At least if we may believe that the books of Numa were found and burnt because they did not agree with the then practices; the priests of that day must have been afraid of them I imagine.

Procopius' account of the Goths is most amusing. The elders of the tribes, reasoning with the Queen Regent on the heinous offence against the barbarous code of teaching her son to read, forms a scene so unlike, and yet so like present times. Every argument which those honoured chiefs used has been stolen for modern uses, only the sort of learning dreaded is a little altered; the *cui-bono* is enforced with a wonderful gravity, and the success of Theodoric, who never had learned to read, is insisted on as a proof that it is quite needless. They are just the arguments always used to deter girls from improving themselves. I remember a careful elder sister telling me once, when I observed that the younger ones lamented their own deficient education, "I do not mind that; they have nothing, and must marry, and learning does not get a husband. I dare say they will be able to scold their maids and their children just as well as if they knew all the languages under the sun." This was unanswerable, except upon Solomon's rule, "Answer a fool," &c., so I made no reply at all; but I noted the course of one of these young ladies after she had married, and certainly it would have been better for her husband's pocket if she had been somewhat more instructed, at least in arithmetic.

I am not likely to find anything about lamps that you are not acquainted with. .... I have a very

coarse earthen lamp in my own possession which was turned up near Rome, and was probably of the kind used by the common people, and this I think is the extent of my lamp knowledge. . . . I am now quite deep among the Goths, in whom I feel a great interest, and am not likely to find anything of the sort there; for I dare say they went to bed as soon as it was dark, and wanted no lamps at all; and when they were drunk probably, like the Athenians, they lay where they were till dawn, though really I think these so-called barbarians were better than the Romans. Procopius' account of Theodoric is a beautiful picture of what a king and a conqueror should be; and when he had been betrayed, by false information, into one act of injustice, "the first, the last," he died of grief. Where should we find king or kaiser who would do so now-a-days?

To SAMUEL BIRCH, ESQ.

Lidwells, May 8, 1852.

. . . . . .

Where all *may* be kings it is very apt to become a struggle for who *shall be*, and that ends in the loss of all liberty: and why you, with your refined tastes, your learning, your philosophical mind, should long for a democracy, I cannot think. Demos is a very coarse, unlearned, unreasonable sort of person, and Aristophanes, who ought to have known his bearing well, does not make one in love with him. Had you lived in Athens you would have been banished like Anaxagoras, Protagoras, Stilpo, &c.; or you would have had a price set on your head, as was the case with

Diagoras the Melian, for cooking his dinner with a wooden Hercules; or you would, it is more likely, have been put to death, like Socrates, for your love of truth and honesty. Verily, philosophers have a poor chance in a democracy, and not a very good one under a despotism: witness Domitian's edict against all philosophers. Even America exercises a somewhat despotic rule over opinions, and you might be "Lynched" if you happened to offend a general prejudice; so, on the whole, I believe, though bad is the best, we are about as well off now and here as the human race ever has been: but things might be much better, nevertheless, and there are two things wanting to make learning receive its deserts. Women and the mass of the people must be made to appreciate it; and then, if the early tendencies of education were such as to make knowledge a lovely and honoured thing, the men who add a page to the great book of science would be honoured as the benefactors of the race. But Mr. Demos must be better taught ere this will be the case, and the sum of prejudice one has to encounter when one makes any attempt to push on the ponderous wheels and move the car a little forward, is astounding. A few women are beginning to see what is needed—darkly, indeed—but there is a little gleam. . . . I believe it is the large amount of democratic influence in our government that stands in the way of all patronage of science. Nothing is valued that does not bring an immediate return in money. Country gentlemen are too much absorbed in parish and county affairs, and manufacturers in those of commerce, to think much of the more distant benefits to be obtained by refining and elevating the

tone of society. Believe me, Demos will never be better behaved till we have educated him better.

So old Jacob Bryant, after having been laughed at for a visionary, will turn out to be right after all, about Semiramis at least. One cannot help asking oneself, What is history worth without monuments? I do not wonder that you cling almost affectionately to the unchanging granite-cut characters of Egypt, which cannot deceive: how one would like to have such of all other nations! I read a work, a short time since, disputing the authenticity of almost all the received writings of the Fathers, and really life is not long enough to examine the whole evidence for every work of every ancient author. I almost feel tempted to give up reading and stick only to what my own reason and mathematical demonstration will give—an intelligence beyond our own and an illimitable universe. And then, out of those two propositions comes comfort; for that intelligence has an object, and if we aid all we can in working it out—if we seek to make the world wiser and better when we can, and at any rate employ all the good gifts of God "to His glory and the bettering of man's estate," we have done our work, and shall have our reward. The thought of misspent time I have always seen to be so grievous, that I believe those who can say they have not that on their conscience, may call themselves comparatively happy. Honours, fame, are pretty things enough, but they do not bring peace; but the man who has worked on unseen and unknown, because he has a noble nature and will use it nobly, has one glowing feeling which the worldling never can

know, and which may well make up for all he loses—the feeling that *he has done his duty:* and the longer you live the more will this feeling cheer you, even if Demos should never find out during your lifetime that learned men have their uses as well as mill-owners.

I have been reading modern books by way of diverting my mind from the great loss I have sustained; but I am out of patience with the flippancy of some and the prosiness of others. Out of the thousands published I have hardly seen half-a-dozen worth reading, and I begin to wish for Caliph Omar to clear the world of trash.

To the Same.

Lidwells, Aug. 30, 1852.

. . . . . .

Can we depend on Major Rawlinson's readings of the cuneiform inscriptions? My faith is not very firm in his interpretations, but perhaps your treaty with the Egyptian king may give a little more certainty to his conjectures. Not having Mr. ——'s plenary inspiration, I am troubled with a certain feeling that I know nothing about the matter, but that when names are *expected,* it is possible that they may be imagined rather than deciphered. I did not read Poole's book; your opinion of it did not tempt me, for again I felt that I was not enough informed on the subject to be able to decide on my own knowledge.

I believe many great errors both of historians and statesmen might be avoided if we would but bring a general knowledge of human nature to bear on par-

ticular circumstances. I am rather puzzled, however, to know how Mr. Urquhart can do any good by hypotheses without facts. Is not that very like giving a man air without adding food for his maintenance?

To the Same.

Lidwells, Oct. 26, 1852.

. . . . . .

I see Bunsen's *Hippolytus* in the *Athenæum*. The extracts given have whetted my appetite for the rest, and I shall lose no time in getting it. Such a work could not come at a better time, and I do hope it may do some good. I have heard of two or three conversions to Rome lately, and these will go on till Christianity is made a little more rational than it is in the hands of many of our preachers at present. . . . It is well that burning heretics is no longer in fashion, or Bunsen would have had to look to himself. However, even now I suspect his book will make a hubbub in the so-called "religious" world.

I have lately seen some people from Paris. They say that all appear satisfied there. A French gentleman showed a friend of mine some coins of "Napoleon III.," not yet in circulation, of course, but ready to come forth soon, so we shall soon have the empire again. One comfort is, that Louis Napoleon cannot put on his uncle's military talents and experience along with his robes.

> With Hotspur's titles, blazon, name,
> I still am poor Smithson.

To DAVID POWER, ESQ.

Lidwells, Dec. 1852.

. . . Things may be *better*, perhaps, but I doubt whether Old Sarum was not the best constituency of all. Our parliament now is neither one thing nor the other—neither numbers nor property are represented; and the Reform, as I always thought, and am more than ever convinced by late doings, was nothing but a scheme to increase Whig influence, without the least regard as to whether it would make elections purer, or parliament a better representation of the national will. The old Duke's common sense, as usual, hit right when he said that the consequence of it would be that neither party would be able to carry on the Government. Perhaps that is a good thing, for all *party* is unprincipled; but how shall we scramble on in the meantime? Whigs could not, Tories could not, manage alone; now we have got both, making together a rope of sand. How will it all end? . . . .

I suppose the fate of the Derby Administration is decided by the late division. I am sorry; for whatever I may think of the men, their measures were, to my thinking, wise and good. I believe if the reduction of the malt and tea duties had been carried, it would have been the greatest boon to the poor of anything that has been done since the war. . . . I am vexed deeply at the tone taken up towards the cultivators of the land: the wound will rankle.

I suppose in the crash of parties all our educational schemes will be smashed, and we shall go on squabbling as to who is to govern, till there will be nobody inclined

to be governed. . . . My best hope for the country is in the industrial schools, where I am in hopes that some practical Christianity is taught; but they are not half numerous enough yet to leaven the lump.

Do you see that Lord Shrewsbury has left all his estates to be converted into money for the use of the Romish Church? . . . The Romish priests are playing their old game, and will hang themselves in the long rope they have now got—at least, it is to be hoped they will, for they have a longer one than is good for any other purpose. The conduct and speeches of the bishops in France are really quite disgusting. Pray read Bunsen as soon as you have time. It is the most sensible book I have seen for a long time. Some of his "aphorisms" strike me as exceedingly good.

To JOHN PLATT, ESQ.

Lidwells, 1852.

I think I must beg for the American pamphlet, if it contains anything about schools that may be useful in the Essay I have been writing for Lady Byron's prize.

I assure you my old chronicles are about the most entertaining of anything I have chanced to meet with, and I have been extremely diverted with the anxiety of some noted saints of those days about fashions of dress. When the knights of Aquitaine first cut their hair short and wore tight garments, the holy men of that day denounced it as the livery of the devil. About a century and a half later, the fashionables of the day got tired of short hair and close garments, and took

to long hair, which they combed every day—a great sin!—and long robes again. St. Anselm denounced this as a dangerous sin. When I see people now complaining of the dress of the lower classes, I think of these saints denouncing in turn both modes, and preaching sermons thereupon. St. Jerome says his age was so nice it would not bear the *smell of a saint.* I am sure *I* should not. I never can comprehend why God gave us senses if it be a sin to use them; or surrounded us with comforts if it be a sin to enjoy them. If a human tyrant had served his subjects so—set all sorts of good things within their reach, and then threatened them with the torture if they touched them, what should we say of him? and people dare to say this of the Creator!

I really am anxious that the Derby ministry may stand, for I do not see who there is capable of holding the reins of government if they cannot. Heaven defend us from the Manchester school; and, except among that set, there seems no other compact party.

To David Power, Esq.

Lidwells, May 2, 1853.

Roger Bacon and Wycliffe would make a revolution in opinion now as well as formerly if people would read them. Did you see Wycliffe's opinion on baptism? That it is unavailing if unaccompanied by the baptism of the Spirit. How that good old reformer's sound sense would help us in these times!

It is curious to see how, when a reform of old abuses is required, the same philosophical principles are laid down; and how soon these principles are for-

gotten when the point is carried. Wycliffe says no man can be called on to believe what he cannot understand; that man has "wit and reason" given him in order to be able to choose what is good, and disclaims all mysteries that are too deep for man to understand, upon the same ground that I have done so—namely, that we can no otherwise judge of what is of God than by its consonance to His nature.

To the Same.

Lidwells, June, 1853.

. . . . . .

I believe, if it were possible to alter the Articles so as to make them comprehensible to general readers and *subscribable* to many of the present moderate sects, it would be a great advantage. Some Articles are requisite to prevent wild doctrines from being taught in our churches, but ours are obsolete, framed to meet an occasion which has long ago passed away, and in a phraseology which scarcely any of those called upon to subscribe understand. . . . . There is another thing which has been an evil of late years. The rubric is obsolete and at variance with the common practice; the *order* of public worship should be settled so as to leave nothing to the fancy of the minister, or he may disgust his congregation if his notions and theirs happen not to coincide. . . . The reaction of a mind discontented with itself produces asceticism . . . *rational* religion is too calm for a restless mind.

To SAMUEL BIRCH, ESQ.

Lidwells, Feb. 16, 1855.

. . . . . .

I know not whether others feel as I do, that we are on the verge of a great revolution in the conduct of State affairs; but I cannot divest myself of the "Ahnung" that another *régime* and another race of men to carry it out, are needed and will come. Our clergy and our aristocracy formerly had all the learning, and consequently all the power, in their hands; they used it tolerably well for the most part, and people were satisfied. But they have stood still and others have gone on: a university man is now an ignorant man as regards all the science requisite to carry on every-day life, and most especially in all that is needed for our political relations: the knowledge likely to be practically useful is now in other hands, and the power will follow it. Will it be done without bloodshed? I think it will, and if it be, we shall rise greater after our temporary eclipse; but I cannot look forward to what is contained in the clouds gathering round us without some degree of apprehension, for all seems uncertain. As for our clergy, they seem as much struck with blindness as those of Rome were previous to the Reformation—they shut their own eyes, and then fancy that no one else can see. No two bishops agree as to what the doctrine of the Church of England is, and the young men who seek ordination are subjected to all sorts of vexations in consequence, for they cannot tell what they are expected to teach and to believe.

To the Same.

Lidwells, Nov. 3, 1856.

. . . . You and I agree perfectly on the question of the laws respecting women's property; the whole system is bad. Sir Erskine Perry has drawn up a bill to be brought in next Session. It is not altogether well done, but probably the Law Amendment Society will polish it up. I am writing another article for the *Westminster* thereanent, and at any rate, if we do not gain much, we shall keep up a rumble in the ears of our law-makers. . . . . .

I had an amusing account the other day from India of the astonishment of an Afghan merchant at his first railway trip. He seemed convinced that some very unholy agency was at work, and prayed devoutly to Allah the whole time; but, nevertheless, he transported himself and his merchandise to Calcutta in an incredibly short space of time, and for a very trifling cost, and so, notwithstanding his dread of diabolic agency, he was well inclined to trust to it another time. What a change will these railroads effect in India! The old prejudices of caste *must* yield before them, and the more readily because it is not any systematic attack on old customs, but simply a necessity resulting from the introduction of a great convenience. What will ensue in the Papal dominions from a like cause? and in Russia? It does not seem as if any corner was to be left for ignorance and barbarism to hide in.

By-the-bye, do you know that *brat* is Russian for *brother?*" How came we by the word, I wonder?

I have been a good deal interested by Bunsen's

late work, *Signs of the Times.* It really seems as if even railroads would not enlighten Germany. Since the middle ages I never heard of anything like the struggle between the constituted authorities and the ecclesiastical power in Baden, and it does not seem finished even yet. I sometimes think that we have made a great mistake as to the real spirit of Christianity when we set aside a particular order of men for the priesthood. It always is a temptation to men so established as a corporation to league together for their own interests, in contradistinction from the rest of the world, and the corruptions of doctrine which have arisen in the Church have most of them originated in an endeavour to promote the interests of the priesthood. From the time of the ancient Egyptians to the present age, the sacerdotal caste has been an ambitious one everywhere but in old Rome, where I cannot see that they possessed or sought power. It would be a curious inquiry to discover why they did not, if I am right in my supposition. Certainly all our modern ecclesiastics do seek it undisguisedly, but I am sorry to see such an apple of discord cast among our people as the deprivation of Mr. Denison will prove. Shall we never find out that belief cannot be coerced by pains and penalties?

Yours always most faithfully,

C. F. Cornwallis.

POEMS:

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

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ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

ΕΙΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑΣ.

FROM ANACREON.

The bull his horns,—the generous steed
His hoof of strength,—the hare her speed
Kind Nature gave:—the Lion's paw
She armed with power, with teeth his jaw;
The finny tribe through waves to stray
She taught,—and birds to wing their way:
Reason to man she gave;—no more
For woman then remains in store:—
What boon was hers? A form so fair
That spear and shield are useless there,—
A blooming cheek, a sparkling eye
Stronger than warrior's panoply.

ΟΣΤΙΣ ΤΟΥ ΠΑΕΟΝΟΣ.

Οιδιπ. επι Κολ.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

Best of all I deem it were
Not to breathe the vital air;
After that next blest is he
Whose soul from earth is soonest free;

Youth will come, and in its train
All that's idle, light, and vain:—
Who shall then a refuge find
From the woes that lurk behind,
Slaughter, tumult, wrongs and strife,
Hatred;—then of lengthened life
The weary end; fractious, unblest,
Unfriended, helpless, and oppressed,
Lone too, save those companions drear
That cling round all who linger here.

FROM SCHILLER.

HOFFNUNG.

Men talk not a little, and dream much more
Of brighter days that are coming;
And after some fancied bliss, flying before,
They ever are wildly roaming.
The world may grow old, and grow young again
Ere man cease to hope, though he hope in vain.

Hope cradles the infant as soon as born,
And the boy's gay sports will gladden,
In youth's full breast as a jewel is worn,
Nor in age leaves the heart to sadden:
And when the grave closes his weary road
There he plants it again, and looks up to his God.

Then deem it no idle, flattering dream
That but lives in the brain of folly:
'Tis a voice that speaks from the heart's warm stream,
"We were born for a life more holy."
And that inward voice, when it once hath spoken,
Hath ne'er to the soul its promise broken.

FROM SCHILLER.

DIE IDEALE.

And wilt thou, faithless, quit me, then,
With all thy graceful phantasy?
With all thy joy and all thy pain!
Thus quit me, and unpitying fly?
Can nought thy fleeting course arrest,
Thou of my youth the glittering tide!
Vain hope! thy waves, still onward pressed,
Down to the eternal ocean glide.

O'erclouded is the brilliant sun
On youth's first steps its ray that cast;
Imagination's dream is done—
The short intoxication past!
Gone is the sweet belief on things
That my full heart so fondly dreamed,
And truth the veil all rudely flings
From what had erst so lovely seemed.

As once of yore, with eager love,
Pygmalion clasped his marble bride,
Till the cold statue learned to move,
Instinct with passion's glowing tide.
In youth's first ardour even so,
Fair Nature to my soul I pressed,
Till she began to breathe and glow
Upon the poet's fervent breast.

And, sharing my impassioned fire,
To me the mute nymph gently spoke,
Gave back the kiss of fond desire,
And on my beating heart awoke.
Then lived for me the tree, the rose,
For me the silver stream flowed on,
Till 'mid all soulless things arose
The echo of my life's sweet tone.

Then came the mighty strife within
Of feelings struggling to be free,
That yearned to see young life begin,
In all its wild reality.
And fair did this world seem to view
While yet the bud its promise hid;
But of those buds have bloomed how few!
How small and mean were all that did!

How rushed with heedless ecstasy,
'Mid dreams that boded nought but joy,
By care unfettered,—wild and free,—
Upon life's path, the happy boy!
Even to yon æther's palest star
Imagination then could spring:
Nought was too high, and nought too far
To tire the stretch of Fancy's wing.

How prosperously each scheme advanced!
Nought could his youthful strength o'erload:
How lightly round life's chariot danced
The gay companions of his road!
Love with his sweet reward was there,
And Fortune with her garland gay:
Fame with her crown of jewels rare,
Truth brightening in the noontide ray.

But, ah! scarce half the course was done
Ere that gay fellowship was o'er;
Faithless they paused, and one by one
Departed to return no more.
With rapid step had Fortune fled,
And Knowledge mourned her unslaked thirst,
And Doubt's dark cloud had overspread
Truth's sunny form, so bright at first.

I saw, o'er brows unhallowed hover
Proud Glory's desecrated crown,
And all too soon, it's brief spring over,
I found Love's blooming season flown;

And deeper still the silence grew,
And darker was the rugged way;
Even Hope's withdrawing taper threw
At every step a fainter ray.

Of all that gay companionship
Which lingered yet to cheer my road,
Which still, with comfort on her lip,
Will follow to my last abode?
Thou, thou, each ill of life that healest,
Whose gentle hand ne'er frets the wound,
Friendship! that half life's burthen stealest—
Thou whom I early sought and found:

Thou, too, that lend'st thine honest aid
When she with the soul's storm is warring—
Employment! quiet, untired maid!
Slowly proceeding, never marring!
True, thou but bringest grains of sand
Eternity's long claim to pay;
But from Time's mighty debt thy hand
Wipes minutes, days, and years away.

GEBET WÄHREND DER SCHLACHT.

KÖRNER. 1813.

Father of Heaven! I turn me to Thee;
Thick o'er my head hangs the cloud of the battle,
Lightnings flash forth 'mid its thunder's dread rattle,
Leader of armies! I turn me to Thee:
Thou, Father! lead me!

Thou, Father! my guide, my defender shalt be,
Then lead me to victory, or lead me to death;
I bow to thy mandate, I live in thy breath;
Lord of the combat! oh, still guide Thou me!
God, I acknowledge Thee.

Oh God, I acknowledge and bow before Thee;
As in the autumn, when sear leaves are falling,
So 'mid the thunder of battle assailing,
Fountain of mercy! Thy path can we see:
O Father! bless Thou me!

Father! withhold not Thy blessing from me;
My life to Thy hand is confided to-day;
Thou gavest it first—Thou canst take it away;
Be it life, be it death, 'tis a blessing from Thee:
Father! I praise Thee.

Father Almighty! all praise be to Thee;
Not now do we combat for temporal good,
Now all that is holy is bought with our blood;
Then conquest or death shall be equal to me:
I give myself to Thee.

God! my life and my hopes I have rested on Thee;
Even when the roar of Death's greeting shall sound—
Even when my heart's blood is poured on the ground—
Thine am I, my God! Oh, have mercy on me!
Father, I pray Thee!

AUFRUF.

KÖRNER. 1813.

Up, up, my people! 'tis the beacon flame!
Bright from the North the lights of freedom play;
Thou, too, in foemen's blood may'st wash thy shame—
Up, up, my people! 'tis the beacon flame!
The seed is ripe; ye reapers! no delay!
Our hope, our safety is the sword alone;
Urge, then, thy phalanx on the spear again—
There is one path to freedom—only one!
Thy heart's blood must wash out thy country's stain!

This is no contest for a doubtful crown—
No mad crusade; a holier war we wage:
Right, virtue, law, faith, conscience, old renown,
All call thee now to hurl the tyrant down,
And conquer freedom for the future age.
The sobs of thy grey fathers cry "Awake!"
Thy smoking ruins curse the robber brood:
Vengeance—oh, vengeance for thy daughters' sake:
Thy murdered sons yet cry to Heaven for blood.

Leave, then, the ploughshare, let the chisel fall—
Still be the loom, let every business cease—
Haste from the farmyard—tradesmen, quit your stall—
Unfurl your banners now at freedom's call,
Nor longer slumber in inglorious peace.
So be the temple of our freedom won!
The morning ray shall see it rise once more,
The sword shall hew the strong foundation-stone—
The cement of the building be our gore!

Why weep ye, maidens? matrons, wherefore grieve?
Ye whom Heaven formed not you sharp sword to wield,
That when for you our quiet hearths we leave,
From Death's stern hand the garland to receive,
Ye cannot share the rapture of the field!
'Tis yours the paths to God's own courts to tread,
With gentle care to smooth the bed of pain,
To call down blessings on the patriot's head,
And tell us that we have not fought in vain.

Yes; for our sakes to Heaven your voices raise,
That we not now degenerate sons may prove
Of conquering sires—be ours the martyr's praise!
Then, when the sword our bitter wrongs repays,
Like angels watch the partners of your love.
Louisa! shed thy blessing from on high!
Spirit of Ferdinand! lead on the war!
Shades of fallen heroes! round our banners fly!
On! on with us amid the battle's jar!

Heaven is our help—hell dares not now oppose:
Up, Germany! 'tis freedom calls the brave;
High throbs thine heart, and high thine oak-tree grows;
Reck not how high the pile of slaughter shows,
So Freedom's banner from the summit wave.
Then, when fair garlands wreathe thy happy brow,
Such as were thine in days of old renown,
Forget not those who died to save thee now,
But deck our ashes with the oaken crown.

MÄNNER UND BUBEN.

KÖRNER.

The people are rising; the storm wakes the land;
Who now in his lap lays his trembling hand?
Shame on the fellow who sits by the stove,
Nor dares from the maid-servant's side to rove.
Oh! what a pitiful slave art thou!
Thee shall no German maid caress,
Thy lip no German wine-cup bless,
Nor German song his deeds avow,
Who dares not stand,
Hand to hand,
While yet he is able to wield the brand.

While the storm whistles loudly, and, drenched in the rain,
Thy countrymen keep their night watch on the plain,
Wilt thou thy limbs on a down-bed lay,
And luxurious dream thy night away?
Oh! what a pitiful slave art thou!
Thee shall no German maid caress,
Thy lip no German wine-cup bless,
Nor German song his deeds avow,
Who dares not stand,
Hand to hand,
While yet he is able to wield the brand.

When for us the loud trumpet's deafening bray
Like the thunder of God awakes the day,
Wilt thou in the theatre please thine ear,
And applaud the song, or the dancer cheer?
Oh! what a pitiful slave art thou!
Thee shall no German maid caress,
Thy lip no German wine-cup bless,
Nor German song his deeds avow,
Who dares not stand,
Hand to hand,
While yet he is able to wield the brand.

While, shelterless, scorched by the hot rays of noon,
We should hold even water a priceless boon,
Wilt thou with champagne thy palate please,
And with slaves around thee feast at ease?
Oh! what a pitiful slave art thou!
Thee shall no German maid caress,
Thy lip no German wine-cup bless,
Nor German song his deeds avow,
Who dares not stand,
Hand to hand,
While yet he is able to wield the brand.

While we on the onset of murderous strife,
Give a sad thought to home, to children, and wife,
Wilt thou, thy course after mistresses hold,
And buy thy profligate pleasures with gold?
Oh! what a pitiful unhonoured lot!
Thee shall no German maid caress,
No German song such deeds confess,
And German wine-cups ring for him not,
Who dares not stand,
Hand to hand,
While yet he is able to wield the brand.

When bullets hiss round us, and lances oppose,
And Death's horrid face in a thousand forms shows,

Wilt thou, unabashed, to a gaming-house fly,
And know no risk but a loaded die?
Go, then, enjoy thy pitiful lot!
Thee shall no German maid caress,
No German song such deeds confess,
And German wine-cups ring for him not,
Who dares not stand,
Hand to hand,
While yet he is able to wield the brand.

Then when strikes our last hour amid the battle's glow,
And the soldier sinks on his conquered foe,
Thou under thy curtains shalt trembling lie,
And, whimpering, writhe as Death draws nigh.
Die, then, as becomes a pitiful slave!
No German maid shall weep for thy sake,
No German minstrel the harp awake,
And no beaker's clang shall honour his grave,
Who dared not stand,
Hand to hand,
When the sword of the warrior freed his land.

THE SWORD SONG.

FROM KÖRNER.

Written a few hours before the death of the Author, Aug. 26, 1813.

Thou sword beside me gleaming,
What means that glance so beaming?
A pleasure 'tis to see
Thee look so cheerily.
Hurrah!

'Tis that a brave man wears me,
And into battle bears me,
It joys the sword to be
The weapon of the free.
Hurrah!

Yes, good sword, I am free,
And love thee heartily:
The bridegroom by her side
Not better loves the bride.
Hurrah!

To thee, as thy true wife,
I give my iron life.
Ah! for the sponsal tide!
When wilt thou wed thy bride?
Hurrah!

Of the bright nuptial morning
The trumpet shall give warning;
When roars the cannon's peal,
I'll clasp my bride of steel.
Hurrah!

Oh! clasp me closely ever,
That we no more may sever;
I wait impatiently,
My warrior love, for thee.
Hurrah!

Why in thy scabbard rattle,
Thou lover of the battle?
Is it thy joy to show?
My sword, why clang'st thou so?
Hurrah!

Oh! in my sheath I rattle,
While longing for the battle;
And thus my joy to show,
My warrior, clang I so.
Hurrah!

Wait yet within thy bower,
My love, the fitting hour;
Soon will I fetch thee home:
Wait, darling, till I come.
Hurrah!

Oh! bid me hasten, rather,
Love's garden sweets to gather,
Where roses bloom so red,
The blossoms of the dead.
Hurrah!

Come forth, then, best and brightest,
Thou that mine eyes delightest;
Come, beauteous falchion, come,
I bear thee to my home.
Hurrah!

Oh! now I breathe more freely,
In beauty bright and steely,
And with a kindred gleam,
Give back the sun's bright beam.
Hurrah!

On, German warriors! forward,
Ye riders in the vaward;
And should your breast be cold,
Closer the loved one fold.
Hurrah!

Till from my left I brought her,
With stolen glance I sought her;
But now with honest pride
My right hand clasps my bride.
Hurrah!

And thus your love caressing,
Your lips to hers close pressing,
Upon her steely edge
Your truth and honour pledge.
Hurrah!

Now let her sparkle proudly,
And flash and carol loudly;
'Tis the wished morning tide;
Hurrah! thou iron bride!
Hurrah!

BUNDESLIED VOR DER SCHLACHT.

On the Morning of the Battle of Danneberg, April 12, 1813.

KÖRNER.

Big with danger, yet met boldly,
Dawns at length the eventful day,
And the rayless sun all coldly
Lights us on our bloody way.
In the next hour's lap, yet slumbering,
Lie the fortunes of a world:
Even now the lots are numbering,
And the iron die is hurled.
Brothers! the morning is urging us on;
For life and for death we are banded as one,
By our oath and our pledge when our flag was unfurled.

Far behind, by night enshrouded,
Lies our shame and our disgrace.
There the strangers' tents are crowded
Who brake the oak-tree of our race.
Our temples in the dust are sinking,
Our tongue dishonoured, once so dear;
Our honour's pledged!—with front unshrinking,
Germans! Friends! redeem it here.
'Tis the vengeance of heaven! Clasp, brothers, each hand;
We may turn to a blessing the curse on our land,
And again our Palladium rear.

Glorious hopes extend before us,
There the brilliant future lies;
Freedom's joys are hovering o'er us,
Heaven is open to our eyes.
German songs shall rise to greet us,
Woman's grace and love's delight,
All that's lovely sighs to meet us,
All that's great is ours to-night.
Yet must we buy it with high-minded daring,
And none of his blood or his life must be sparing
When the flame of the offering burns bright.

Yet, God with us, none shall falter,
But firm-banded, mock at fate;
Lay our hearts upon the altar,
And for death unshrinking wait.
Parent land! for thee we perish,
Thy voice called forth each hardy son;
Grow, German oak! grow in freedom once more;
Push forth thy branches refreshed with our gore!
Hear the oath, parent land! Brothers, on!

Ere we go, one sigh be given
To hearth and home—perhaps the last—
Where love's blossoms, crushed and riven,
Lie beneath the South wind's blast.
Are you sad? When such hopes wither,
One fond tear, oh! who can chide?
Waft ye, then, the last kiss thither,
And to God the charge confide.
And all the fond lips that are praying for us,
And all the fond hearts that we trample on thus,
In thy care, God of mercy, oh! let them abide.

Now, with courage undiminished,
Rush we boldly to the fight;
Every earthly duty finished,
Heaven before us beaming bright!
Forward, then, ye German brothers!
On! your hearts no fear can quell;
Earthly hopes we leave to others—
On! for this world, fare ye well!
Hark! the thunder and flash of the battle is round us
On! brothers, on! by the ties that have bound us,
We meet in a better world! Farewell!

ABSCHIED VOM LEBEN.

KÖRNER.

As I lay during the night, badly wounded and helpless in a wood from the 17th to the 18th of June, 1813, and supposed that I should die.

My deep wounds burn, my pale lips tremble; now
I feel my heart with feebler effort beat.
It is the hour when Death and I must meet!
Lord! be it as Thou wilt! to Thee I bow.

Once saw I many a brilliant vision nigh:
Now for a bridal song the dirge must sound.
Yet, courage! What in my true heart is found,
That lives with me in blest eternity.

And all that here as holiest I knew,
All that my youthful fancy fairly drew,
Whether I called it freedom or fond love,
Like seraph forms I see before me stand,
Beckoning my fainting sense with angel hand,
And pointing to a brighter dawn above.

THE DREAM.

"Friend of my heart! do I see thee yet?
What has befallen since last we met?
I have mourned thy loss, and when none could see
Have wept the night through while I thought on thee;
I have traversed the world like a stranger there.
Why didst thou leave me? Where wast thou? oh, where?"

"I have slept in peace, and pillowed my head
Where the cares of the world vex not—the dead.
In that narrow dwelling whose deep repose
Leaves no place and no pang for earthly woes.
I have slept where the wretched wake not to weep,
And where thou, too, sister, ere long shalt sleep.
And thou?——"

——"I have wandered the world alone,
Have read other hearts and veiled mine own.
I have dried the tear, and have checked the sigh,
And have joined in the crowd's wild revelry.
But thy name was a jewel too dear for them;
In my heart unseen I have treasured that gem.
I have borne the lot of a child of earth,
And lit the dark brow with a show of mirth;
I have plunged in the lore of other times,
Have questioned nature in distant climes,
On her secret recesses have loved to gaze;
Have flouted the world, and mocked its praise,
And felt as *they* feel who know that here
Remains nothing more to hope or to fear.
Pleasure and learning alike are vain.
We have met—oh! why should we part again?"

The morning has dawned, and the dream is fled,
And has left a dimmed eye and an aching head,
And a heart!——But the face must in smiles be dressed,
Lest the world should read in the aching breast.

TO FLORIAN.

If, when joy sheds its brightest glow,
To feel one sad thought cloud it o'er
That dwells upon another's woe;
If this be friendship—and it be—
That heart-breathed sigh a sigh for thee—
Florian! what wouldst thou more?

If amid health and fortune's wreck
To cling far closer than before,
Regardless of the cold world's check;
If this be friendship—and it be—
This unbought friendship given to thee—
Florian! what wouldst thou more?

Love may be blind, but love has wings,
And flies when joy and youth are o'er;
The pang that one true bosom wrings
For others' sufferings—if it be
A holier feeling—and for thee—
Florian! what wouldst thou more?

I cannot play the flatterer's part,
'Tis true. I sought for other love:
And mine is but—an honest heart.
But if within that heart there be
Feeling for all—but most for thee—
Florian! what wouldst thou more?

I.

'Tis a trite saying—yet who hath not deemed
He saw in summer's morn his youth portrayed;
When all so fair, so sweet, so radiant seemed,
He scarcely could believe how soon 'twould fade?
And there be haply few but thus have said,
When the dark world lay all within their view,
And those gay hours in joy's light garb arrayed
Seemed but the sparkles o'er the wave that flew,
A moment seen, then whelmed in ocean's deeper blue.

II.

But some there are, like meteors seen on high,
That flash upon the darkness of the night
In lonely radiance, till the dazzled eye
Shrinks from their rapid course of sparkling light;
Born in full vigour, short-lived, cold, but bright,
Too low for heaven, and yet too high for earth.
The wondering world may gaze, and at the sight
Forego awhile its labour or its mirth;
But *they* pass on—their tomb is dark as was their birth.

III.

Such splendour of career can little boast
Of earthly happiness; yet could the bard
Have chosen his lot, how deep soe'er the cost,
Such race had then been his—even as it fared
With thee, young Körner! whose high daring shared
Alike the warrior's and the poet's fame.
Thine was the soldier-minstrel's best reward,
A tomb of glory and a deathless name,
And all that patriot worth from kindred minds can claim.

IV.

Oh! it is sad through life's dull round to pass,
And see whate'er could give it zest decay;
To see the preacher's motto—"Flesh is grass,"
More wofully confirmed, as day by day
Friends, hopes, acquirements, health, all fade away.
'Tis true, we look beyond the grave; but then
'Twere sweet, when those are gone, no more to stay
A lonely wanderer 'mid unthinking men,
But leave our fame to them, and fly beyond their ken.

V.

Fair dames! such moralizing themes, perchance,
To some soft ear may bear uncourtly sound,
While the gay tune of last night's gayer dance
Is lingering yet in memory; and the bound
Of lightsome spirits in that mazy round
Has not had time to sadden! Wait awhile—
In life there ever will be moments found,
When the grave page its sorrows will beguile,
Better than fashion's slaves, all feather, frill, and smile.

VI.

Nor yet despise the bard whose sober lay
Springs from the deeper feelings of his heart.
He could be light and frivolous as they:
Small skill it needs to learn the flatterer's part;
Yet rather would he choose a nobler art;
Or haply, in his unknown garb, may deem
Such skill to him no pleasure could impart,
When he must vainly hope to mark the beam
Shot sidelong from some eye that mocked the diamond's gleam,

VII.

And heighten'd colour, that might serve to tell
When flattery's tale to the young heart was new.
Such pastime haply may have pleased him well,
When he hath joined the idly-busy crew
Who follow fashion's lead—her votaries true;

But then come hours of lonely bitterness,
Feelings time ne'er can soften nor subdue.
And sometimes he hath deemed their anguish less
When he hath decked them forth in antique minstrel's dress.

VIII.

And thou, who view'st with partial kindness still
The idle produce of an idler brain,
That seeks with rhyme to mitigate the ill
Which reason oft would treat with physic vain;
Thou wilt at least not blame the minstrel's strain,
But haply rather cherish with a praise
All undeserved, yet valued,—to complain
That friendship's warmth cool judgment's 'best betrays
Were but a graceless task—who list such scoff may raise.

IX.

No meteor course is his; for He who gave
The burning soul had marked its station too;
And he hath bent, cold circumstance's slave,
And bowed a mind full well its force that knew;
Checked the proud heart, and taught it to subdue
Its aspirations; and with idle lore
Beguiled the hours; or, idler, stood to view
The clouds which summer eve had gilded o'er,
And thought of brighter rays on some far distant shore.

X.

Who that hath wandered o'er thy sunny plains,
Fair Italy! e'er turned to northern skies,
Heard the wind howl around his bleak domains,
Nor felt some thought he wished to quell arise?
Some fond regret, which he from prying eyes
Would fain conceal? and, fixed no more to roam,
How would he every comfort *seem* to prize,
Lest he be thought from foreign climes to come
Perverted and estranged—unworthy of his home?

XI.

Yet love we less, because the swelling heart
Dares not its inward motions to reveal?
Or feel we less, because with anxious art
We blind the world, and would not seem to feel?
Oh, no! with eagerer hand will memory steal
Fancy's bright pencil each past scene to deck,
And every feeling we would still conceal
Rises triumphant o'er such useless check,
Like waves that first assault, then foam above the wreck.

XII.

Oh, give me back the glance of living fire
That flashed beneath Italia's sun-burnt brows;
The liquid voice that mocked the attendant lyre,
As the gay peasant breathed his laughing vows;
Or the mad Florentine, from wild carouse,
Reeled to his home, and carolled as he went—
Or bade on Arno's shores the echoes rouse,
Till back from Pisa's palaced streets was sent
The long-rebounding strain of waning merriment.

XIII.

Sweet were it then through olive-groves to roam,
Nor pause to think if time had woes in store;
Call every spot where shone the sun, my home,
And dive in that dark ocean's depths no more:
Nor ask what passed on Albion's frozen shore,
Content that I could live and trifle here,
Or when I parted, and the jest was o'er,
See the dark eye shine brighter through a tear—
That dearest pledge of all, even there, where all was dear.

XIV.

Fair were those scenes—too fair, for I must now
With lingering weariness their price repay;
Rest on the listless hand the aching brow,
And through long months behold the lonely day
Wear in unprofitable thought away;

Save when past hours come o'er my soul again,
Like the last gleam of summer's evening ray,
More lovely, but alas! more cold than when
I moved, all sunny life, among my fellow-men,

XV.

And roused the flash of wit, or bade each tongue
Pour its deep lore in calmer, gentler tone,
Till, as by some skilled master wisely strung,
The social harp breathed harmony alone,
And all were happy; while that happier one
Drank the deep draught of joy from that full bowl,
Nor asked, 'mid those light hearts, how fared his own.
It was enough all sadness to control
To mark the glowing beam that cheered another's soul.

XVI.

Yet, though those days be past—though on his breast
Weigh the cold hand of death-like solitude—
Still the lone minstrel hails as not unblest
Those hours when haply in more studious mood
Fair Science' modest charms he saw and wooed;
Yea, loved her more when nearer friends withdrew,
And, 'mid the withering blast all scathed he stood.
Nor will he now the spite of Fortune rue,
If, when all else forsake, he yet may find *her* true.

XVII.

High themes are hers, and proud remembrances,
And lofty thoughts that mock at puny wrong:
Deep pleasures that the vulgar never guess—
The burst of eloquence—the flow of song—
The joy of keen research, that, followed long,
Like a coy maiden, fondly yields at last
More than we asked: the hope, firm-based and strong,
Of immortality, of power to cast
Light on the future hour, yea, soothe the bitter past.

XVIII.

All this she gives; why longs the soul for more?
Go, ask the shipwrecked seaman, when his eye
Roams o'er the wide expanse from yon lone shore,
And sees his comrades sink; go, ask him why
Life is to him so worthless. His reply,
Is it not echoed in the deep, low groan
Of many a heart whose source of tears is dry?
Though inly reason scorn her lonely throne,
Call memory to her side, and weep o'er days bygone!

XIX.

Not so the minstrel felt, when from thy height,
Arona! o'er thy blue lake's loveliness
He cast his last fond look. Far stretched and bright
The waves lay sleeping; and, as if to dress
The dark, grey mountain, in each deep recess
Rose the white town, which told that man was there,
And Nature smiled on human happiness.
His thoughts were on his own far land; and where
Kind hearts gave greeting warm, he felt it *must* be fair.

XX.

Yea, even when toiling up the steepy way,
Where the high Simplon, in his garb of snow,
Defies through half its course the summer's ray;
Though fair Italia lay behind, and though
Each breath was pain,—even then his bosom's glow
Cheer'd the lone path. Avaunt! stern memory!
It was a dream, and he hath waked to woe:
So wake all dreamers, and the weary eye
Knows but one hour of rest, when it may close—to die.

XXI.

Land of bright suns and brighter eyes, adieu!
The bard who may not greet thee loves thee yet;
Loves the warm hearts, that still in absence true,
Give the far stranger all they can—regret.
Oh, had but Nature, when the stamp she set

Of loveliness upon thee, had she given
But manly courage, princes had not met
To parcel out thy lands, where banners riven
And bloody fields yet showed how stranger hosts had striven;

XXII.

The whilst thy sons, as erst in Rome's worst days
Gazed on the gladiator, Gaul and Hun,
Nor blushed in turn the obsequious shout to raise,
Whoever triumphed—slaves of all who won!
Pass o'er Marengo's plains—no sculptured stone
Records a nation's gratitude; tho' rank
The green corn wave o'er many a mouldering bone—
Who perished there? The Austrian and the Frank!
No drop of patriot blood to give it nurture sank!

XXIII.

Slave of the slave! but didst thou freer breathe
When the dark tyrant's nod from Capri's isle
Could doom thy noblest to a traitor's death?
Could brows that stooped to court a Nero's smile
Hide with a victor's wreath a stain so vile?
There is a lingering glory on thy land
That our dazed senses would almost beguile;
Yet hast thou but thy meed: thy fettered hand
Lay heavy on the world;—it would not snap the band,

XXIV.

But cast thee from thy throne, and left thee there,
Helpless and powerless, the writhing prey
Of every eagle's beak; and though thou bear
That curse, 'tis lighter than was once thy sway.
Yet even those wrongs made *men*, and when the day
Of retribution came thou found'st it so:
Till now dull German and light Gaul repay
The ancient debt; and thou hadst learned to know
A slave's demeanour well, while Rome was Rome's worst foe.

XXV.

And thou canst sit and trifle with thy chain,
And laugh at honour as an idle jest;
And marvel why those lands far o'er the main
Hold truth a virtue, or with dauntless breast
Seek honoured danger more than prizeless rest.
Thy sons are wiser, and their rivalry
Has not more danger than their love has zest:
Content some female tyrant's slaves to be,
To 'scape—though vain the hope—the worser fiend, Ennui.

XXVI.

And so life wears away; *we* deem unblest
Such listless beings: do *they* find it sweet?
Yet death to them is dreadful, and its rest
Unwished; the wretch scarce hails that last retreat;
And though unpitying Time with pauseless feet
Creep to the goal, the servitor of dames,
Unwearied in his duties, still we meet;
Habit has sanctified his youthful aims,
And, 'mid old age's snows, still lurk half-smothered flames.

XXVII.

There is a charm when hearts which bloomed together
Unsevered trace their journey to the grave:
Poets have sung it, sceptics doubted whether
Or man's or woman's faith life's storms could brave.
Lo! here the problem solved! wave after wave
Rolls not more constant on the sands beneath,
Stones lie not steadier in the streets they pave,
Than yon aged pair, unbound by plighted faith,
Have yawned from youth till now, and now will yawn till death.

XXVIII.

'Tis strange that they to whom life gives the least
Cling to it most. Has earth its ties so twined
Around the soul that, levelled with the beast,
It loathes that new existence where the mind
Springs to its proper sphere, and, unconfined

By mortal trammels, revels in the blaze
Of knowledge? Does the listless dreamer find
No inward aspiration, that betrays
His higher destiny—that still would upward gaze,

XXIX.

And rise above the world, and look on high
For something better, lovelier, nearer still
To his bright vision of felicity?
Or hath Vice spread her limed twigs until,
Like some poor bird, he soars no more at will,
And clings to earth because his clammy wing
Is heavy, and hath lost its pristine skill?
Better, if such the joys those fair climes bring,
Were England's northern blasts, and tardy, nipping spring.

XXX.

And why, in praise or censure, love or scorn,
Still turn my thoughts to thee, lost Italy?
I have been thankful that I was not born
Thy denizen; yet still thy cloudless sky,
Thy idle nobles, and gay peasantry—
When the mind, haply with its toils o'erwrought,
Shrinks from the heavy weird it yet must dree—
Rise in the pictured scene, by fancy wrought,
When the dull present sleeps—the carnival of thought—

XXXI.

And tell of happier hours:

. . . . . .

if of stubborn stuff
The heart be made and break not, we may yet,
Like some stalled ox, sleep, eat, and deem it proof
That we exist: and if we can forget
The higher claims of man, our fetters will not fret;

XXXII.

And we may look upon the early doom
Of all we loved, and, like the bestial herd,
Graze on. A horse knows better—yea, finds room
To thank the hand its dole that ministered
In time to save . . .

. . . . . .

I have borne that which my heart's core hath stirr'd,
And can forgive it, but I cannot be
The thing that wrongs like these could brook with apathy.

XXXIII.

. . . . . .

No—I did not weep;
There are no tears for feelings wounded deep
As mine were; and I laughed when on the main
I bade farewell to Dover's lessening steep.
Even its excess will sometimes medicine pain,
And the wrung heart at last finds refuge in disdain.

XXXIV.

And I have spent my youth in toil for this!
For this have trampled on fond hearts, and been
Myself the victim of a fate like his,
The fabled Titan, who in wasting teen
Long years consumed, and yet, however keen
The pang, groaned not while earthly eye could view.
He was immortal. Thanks to heaven, the scene
For me is shorter. Pleasure's sons may rue
Life's quickly-wasting flame: I hail a friend more true;

XXXV.

And Death, the liberator of the slave—
The healer of all woes—the opener
Of that dread hall whose ante-room, the grave,
Gives the first quiet sleep—to me is dear.
Though lone and mean should be the sepulchre,

What matters it? The immaterial spark
Of our existence cannot linger there;
Our restless being hath a higher mark;
And who, when morning dawns, cares though the night were dark?

XXXVI.

Enough of this—too much! What boots it now
To think upon the past? 'Twill not return;
True, it hath left its furrows on the brow—
Its brand upon the heart—and thoughts that burn
And scathe the brain that breeds them; they might learn,
Methinks, to slumber now: yet be it so!
Though harsh hath been the rede, the teacher stern,
Yet is it learnt, and now 'tis well to know
That fate hath done its worst, to dread no heavier blow.

. . . . . .

XXXVII.

—Vain trust!—seared, scathed, the inmost soul hath still,
Like him, the goddess-born,—some unsteeled part,
Some vulnerable spot, that mocks our skill,
And leaves an entrance for the poisoned dart.
Farewell—a long farewell to minstrel art!
The listening ear, the voice that praised its tone,
Where are they? Only in the aching heart
That shrined thee there, loved! lost! and now, when gone,
Gives thee that living tomb for monumental stone.

XXXVIII.

Thou hast no other! And forgetfulness
Will mark thee for its prey; no tears but mine
Will consecrate thy name; and none will guess
That saints for minor virtues at their shrine
Saw bending myriads hail them as divine.
But not to thee farewell; we meet again!
In the deep love that bound my soul to thine
And thine to me, there was no earthly stain:
Dust may return to dust, but *that* must still remain.

XXXIX.

It was the mark of being, stamped upon
The very essence of our nature—wrought
Into its texture; yet desire was none,
Save for the full communion of pure thought,
Such as unbodied spirits might have sought
Before the throne of God. Shall we not meet?
Are our best feelings but with torture fraught?
Or must we learn to feel such union sweet,
Only to see its cords cast broken at our feet?

XL.

That were blaspheming Heaven; it cannot be.
Our love—our hopes—our wishes—are *they* not
The still undying part? This form we see—
This is not man!—this tenant of one spot,
So soon to share in nature's common lot,
This had not clung to spiritual excellence,
Nor shrunk from earth's pollutions. Too remote
Our aims for such short being: we go hence
Filled with unsatisfied dreams of distant consequence—

XLI.

Scorning the present for futurity—
Spurning the clay that stains us, and with tears
Washing that stain away. Oh! not to thee
Clings it—oh, not to thee! Though thy sad years
Rolled hopeless on, 'mid darkness, doubts, and fears,
Was the deep anguish of thy broken heart
The scope of thy creation? Nature rears
No plant in vain; and even meaner art
Hath yet its drift and aim. Could, then, the Almighty impart

XLII.

Life but to blast it? Fiends might so create!
Man in his little rage may dash to earth
The opposing foe; though even in him 'tis great
To smile at wrong. Shall He who gave us birth
Spurn the poor worm who felt his little worth,

And therefore doubted his high destiny—
Saw, 'mid the zealots of the land, the dearth
Of all his soul required, but could not see
Beyond the clouds of earth what better yet might be?

XLIII.

No . . no; upon that peaceful shore
Will be some spot where weary hearts may rest—
Where *thou* wilt grieve o'er parting hours no more,
And *I* find bliss in knowing thou art blest.*
Let me but dream of this—upon my breast
The weight were lighter then—I care not how
Life may wear on; in smiles it ne'er was drest,
And all it has of bitterness has now,
At least, been tasted. Yet one hope remains, and Thou,

XLIV.

Great Soul and Judge of all things, to whose eye
The secrets of all bosoms stand displayed—
Thou who, from out thine own eternity,
Called forth our being thus to bloom and fade—
Thou canst fulfil it: nascent light obeyed
Thy mandate, and young life and happiness
Sprang forth. Cheer now the beings Thou hast made,
O'er thy frail creatures let thy thunders cease,
And let the still small voice succeed, and whisper Peace!

THE FYRSTE FYTTE OF A RYGHTE MERRIE BALLADE,

OF THE SAYLING OF CAPTAINE PLUTO AND HIS SHIPPE'S COMPANY.

Ye gentlemen of fair estate, who sit at home at ease,
Come hearken to the tale I'll tell of perils on the seas;
And if you love to eat and sleep, I pray you all remember
You must not think to cross the Bay of Biscay in November.

* Be as it may futurity's behest
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest.
Childe Harold, Canto iii.

It was upon that dreary month we left the British shore,
With butter, cream, and ducks and fowls, I wis a gallant store:
A sheep, a goat, and turkeys too, with cackling geese beside,
And eke were other geese, I ween, that among them did not bide.*

And there were ladies fair to see, with ringlets hanging down,
With squires and knights of gentle blood, in caps of woollen brown;
And all day long with stamp and tramp, they up and down did stride,
And half the night, with jest and glee, o'er the red mulled wine did bide.

And then there was the gallant crew, ten men, I ween, were all,
And only two of them could steer—the rest do naught at all.
And officers there were to boot; too long my story tarries—
Ryghte cunnynge men *we hoped!* and eke five supernumeraries.†

To sea we went, with smoke and splash, for the vessell was a steamer,
The *Tartarus* was she hight, and well the title did beseem her;
Old Pluto was enthroned without; within, his deputy:
Poets say the first was deaf and stern, as the king of hell should be;

And 'tis thought the Whigs an ally to gain, when forth our vessel went,
So fit a *locum tenens* chose by way of compliment.
I cannot tell an it were so, but on board was little peace;
For aye, whate'er there was to do, the jangling did not cease.

* The cackling of geese once saved the Capitol. M. Niebuhr well conjectures that this was but a figurative mode of expressing that some certain bores among the Romans of the guard had kept a few of them most providentially awake.

† Supernumeraries appear to be somewhat of the nature of Roman works of supererogation: a kind of extraneous merit bestowed on, but not sought by, those who have none of their own.

Some would set sail, and some would not—in sooth we went but slowly,
And when we did, like Mr. Frog, it was "with a roly-poly."
And then full many a ladye fair her ringlets ceased to trick,
For the cry was still 'mid the damsels there, "Oh, Steward! Steward! I'm sick."

But when half-way through Biscay's bay, a storm came sweeping o'er,
And the oaths above, and the worse below, were drown'd in the ocean's roar.
It was an hour to stir the soul of all who had souls to wake,
And to deem that, 'mid the wild waves' crash, 'twas a Mightier Voice that spake.

Heaving and groaning the vessell rolled, like a huge sea-monster dying,
Now trembling on the crest of the surge, then down and exhausted lying.
Yet 'twas a proud and dear delight to ride o'er the giant wave,
Nor to one heart had the joy been less in its depths to find a grave.

For ocean's breast, though cold it be, hath rest for earthly woe,
And the storms that o'er its surface sweep vex not its peace below.
The world may smile, the world may court—it hath no biding joy;
Then good it were to rest at once where its frowns cannot annoy.

For though with laughter, jest, and song, we speed time's lingering foot,
The wintry hours will come at last when the grasshopper is mute!
And 'tis better, ere old age creep on, our short career to close,
Than to linger still, and sigh in vain for the last best boon—repose.

SECONDE FYTTE.

The morning dawned, and there was told a tale of mickle woe,
How our dainty fare was washed away "to Davy's locker" below.
No pudding would boil, no meat would roast, for "the water doused the fire,"
And aye, as night drew on, the wind rose higher yet and higher.

Then all that could flew overboard—whate'er could tumble fell,
Crash went the glasses, smash the plates, and aye ting-ting went the bell.
He that would drink 'twixt cup and lip had many a chance to abye;
He that would eat might thank the gods if the fork hit not his eye.

At last 'twas thought 'twould be as well whereabouts we were to know,
But when the sun was called to tell, alack! it was "no go."
For some said this, and others that, and so the captaine sage,
Said the only thing there was to do was to strike an average.

So one day we were ninety miles wide of Cape Finisterre,
And though eighty miles we made meantime, next day we an hundred were;
And aye the farther that we went, the farther off were we,
So the captain quietly went to sleep—"There's no fear of land," says he.

But fate would so have it, that, ere the dawn, we had well-nigh run on shore;
For once, the commander left his bed; as wont, the master swore.
But what the cape, or where we were, was beyond their skill to explain,
So we, like the Psalmist, thought how "man disquiets himself in vain."

But, by heaven's grace—for sure to man the thanks we owed were small—
We reached the Spanish shore at last without getting aground at all.
The sweet, bright moon looked calmly down as the vessell onward glided,
And streams of light on the rippling sea twinkled aye as the waves divided.

On such a night, for a love tale fit, 'twas a sorry thing to hear
The peace of heaven contaminate with wrangling and with jeer,
And the minced oath that trippingly came from the practised tongue,
With the air of an old coquette that still would be innocent and young.

Health to the seaman! let him be fair nature's untaught child—
I can laugh at his rough simplicity, and forgive his nature wild.
But the fop blasphemer in gloves and pumps!—from such may heaven defend me!
Or, if ever I go to sea again, a better sample send me!

On went the vessel; the glassy sea reflected the blaze of day,
Till, purple beyond the hills of Spain, we gazed at his sinking ray;
Gibraltar's rock before us towered in the gleam of parting light,
And the heavy boom of the evening gun came softened from the height.

To sea-tossed wanderers the sounds were sweet that promised a quiet bed;
Sweet even to hear the lengthened note of the seaman heaving the lead.
All thought full sure, ere the daylight failed, in the port safe moored to be.
Says the captaine—"Don't be too sure of that—you had better drink your tea."

And they tugged and pulled, and warped and hauled—but got
no nearer ever;
For every vessel to right and left seemed loving and loth to
sever.
Of the fond embraces of yards and ropes I small account can
render,
The only thing I understood was "Jack" with "the cork fender."

But in vain was all their lugging and hauling—for none of it
would do;
So our captain wisely sent to borrow a lieutenant and boat's
crew:
The latter gave the *hands* we wanted—the first, the more
needful *head;*
For with few short words and never an oath, the whole affair
was sped.

And much he laughed at our wretched trim, I ween he might
well do so;
But on such high matters I must not touch, for how should a
"shore-goer" know?
So to future times I will only tell what struck my ear alone,
That the good lieutenant's conjuring word was ever—"*War-
burton.*"

And now, friends all, a hasty good-night! for I want to go
to bed,
And to sleep 'the sleep—oh, could I!—that cures an aching
heart and head.
God bless the King! God bless the Queen! and their subjects
eke also,
And defend them from ever going to sea with the king of the
realms below!

SUNSET.

"And they heard the VOICE of THE LORD GOD walking in the garden in the cool of the day."

And was it thus from Eden's bowers
  Yon glorious orb declined,
Or have those blessed, those vanished hours,
  Left one bright trace behind
To show how small the space between—
How like to heaven our earth had been
  Ere man his hopes resigned,
And bartered for an idle toy
His future meed, his present joy?

Was it on yon bright path of rays
  Descending angels trod,
While glad creation turned to gaze,
  And hail the present God?
Nor ever from the sight withdrew,
Till sin had taught her victims too
  To dread the Avenger's rod!
Oh! never was a scene so fair,
Unless the light of heaven were there!

Yea! were it given to mortal sight
  That hidden world to view,
Which erst, on Dothan's flame-clad height,
  The prophet's servant knew,
When blazed before his trancèd eye
The throng of heavenly chivalry,
  As earth's dull veil withdrew,
Should we not find each roseate track
From angel pinions glinted back?

Smile not, enthusiast though I be,
  Earth has no joy so dear
As when, my God, I turn to thee
  And weep I still am here,

And long to cast that veil aside
Which now those brighter scenes must hide,
And makes each coming year,
Whilst doomed this darkened world to roam,
A lengthened banishment from home.

Those tints whose mitigated ray
Blast not the admiring eye,
Still seem in gentle voice to say,
"So beams thy native sky,
The splendour of the Almighty Throne
Is veiled for thee to gaze upon,
Till heaven thy tears shall dry,
And all that fancy pictured here
Is trebled in that brighter sphere."

These *are* my pleasures; what has been
I stay not now to trace:
To think on many a vanished scene,
And well-remembered face,
Were useless now. The future lot
Is mine; the past, though not forgot,
At least in little space
Will be—what now I would it might—
A dream that fades with morning light.

ADDRESSED TO Mrs. M * * *

The traveller o'er the Arabian waste
Sees mimic waters round him spread;
Deceived, perchance he stoops to taste,
And grasps the burning soil instead;
Then, sighing, vows to trust no more
The promise of that treacherous shore.

Onward he goes, his weary view
Resting on waves that mock his thirst;
But mark that plain of verdant hue,
Its vivid green some spring hath nurst:
He hastens on—with eager hand
Plucks bitter herbs and arid sand.

Heartless, with feeble step and slow,
He turns him from that chase so vain,
Yet feels a mournful pride to know
He cannot be deceived again;
The pang of sickening hope is o'er,
And death can bring few terrors more.

Yet should, amid the barren wild,
Some palm, sure pledge of life, arise,
Once more to labour reconciled,
He gathers strength and onward hies,
Till by the spring, beneath its shade,
He, grateful, rests his weary head.

To-morrow's sun must see him bound
Once more upon his dangerous way;
And he may vainly glance around
For shelter from the burning ray;
Yet even the contrast renders blest
Those few short hours of shade and rest.

Yea, even if that sad journey o'er,
He rest him from his toils at last,
Muse on what fate hath yet in store,
Or think upon his perils past,
No sweeter scene will fancy bring
Than that tall palm and quiet spring.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MRS. M * * *

And wouldst thou know my dreams, and bid me tell
All that can wring to bursting the sad heart?
All that yet bleeds within its "silent cell,"
And wounds, though cicatrized, that yet will smart?
Such dreams wouldst know? It is a happy art
That teaches man to blind his fellow-man,
Nor wisely does he seek to take a part
In scenes which it were madness but to scan;
Enough of woe for each lies in his little span.

I have been schooled in suffering, till my soul
Is grown all sinew; and the thoughts that rise
Are now accustomed to that stern control
Which triumphs over nature's sympathies.
But who, when calmest are Cumana's skies,
Would then the bosom of the earth explore?
Seek unborn earthquakes, or behold where lies
The fiery stream that cleaves the summits hoar
Of Andes' towering ridge, or shakes Columbia's shore?

Even such a calm may spread the brow of one
Who can smile on till grief be hushed in death;
Firm as that primal mountain's craggy stone,
As little moved by summer's genial breath,
And as, along such mountain's snowy wreath,
At times will sparkling coruscations flit,
Like couriers from the fiery realms beneath—
So o'er man's darkened mind, in wilder fit
Will glance in hurried course the flashing gleams of wit.

And thou wouldst know my dreams, and see the tears
That flow when sleep has loosened the strong chain
Of fettered feeling: woes of fourteen years
In one brief, bitter moment borne again,

Fresh as when first upon my aching brain
Fell the dread stroke, and reason on her throne
Sate trembling, and the free soul stooped to pain,
Compelled, in that extremity, to own
He not the worst has felt whose mind endures alone.

Oh, rather rest in ignorance, and deem
That others' lives, like thine, may peaceful flow;
Nor ask thou if thy friends be what they seem;
It is but misery too much to know
Amid this weary scene of life below—
It has its charms—that ignorance is one;
Nor is it wise its veil aside to throw,
Till in the presence of the Eternal Throne
It will be bliss to know even as we are known.

DIE SCHÖPFUNGEN MEINER INNERN.

MAY 25.

Old friends grow cool, but thou, old Pain,
Art never slack to come again,
Uncalled, unsought-for: still I find
That thou wilt ne'er be left behind,
And even when others grudge to bide,
Cling'st ever closer to my *side*.
Well, be it so! for, in the end
I think thou'lt prove the truest friend,
Since, whether fortune smile or frown,
We jog together up and down.
Now sit thee quiet; 'tis not fair
To make me start to find thee there;
Old friends should come with gentler pace,
Nor clasp in such a rough embrace.
Well, if thou must, then have thy way!
For I have known thee many a day,
And, spite of all my best endeavour,
Thou ne'er would'st be polite—no, never.
If I would paint, so close thou'lt stand
That I can hardly hold my hand;

Would sing, that's worse, thou hold'st so tight
That notes and voice are stifled quite;
And if I walk, no arm must be
Accepted, unallowed by thee.
For dancing thou'rt more tyrant yet,
But that I hardly can regret:
I never loved it much, and thou
Hast taught me quite to hate it now.
Besides, unless we two fall out,
And that, I think, admits a doubt,
I've not forgot thy plighted faith
To tread with me the dance of death;
When that is o'er, we part, 'tis true,
The acquaintance never to renew.
But if, as some divines contend,
All human love there finds an end,
And though we sup with friends around,
We breakfast upon foreign ground,
With not one soul for whom we care
Gently to bid us welcome there—
Then, amid every friendship past,
Thine, good old Pain, will be the last.

DIE SCHÖPFUNGEN MEINER INNERN.

NO. 2.—FEB. 1826.

The year has reached its weary end—
The new begun, since we, old friend,
First interchanged our plighted faith
To part but in the hour of death.
And though, sometimes, like man and wife,
We differ in our mode of life,
Still, on the whole, I'll not regret
The hour when thou and I first met.
Is there a pang that wrings the soul,
Thou canst the poison's force control,
Soothe the deep anguish of the heart,
And blunt misfortune's keenest dart,

Resolved, spouse-like, that none but thou
Shall wound my breast or cloud my brow;
For then thou show'st that happier shore
Where thou and I shall meet no more.
Does that displease?—*until* we part,
Thou, worthy friend, art next my heart;
And when we must, I know not who
Would wish such union to renew;
Since I, all frightful, skin and bone—
Youth's raiment worn to rags and gone—
Talents and spirit dull and dead—
Each hope, each wish, but one, all fled—
In such a state can only be
Fit for thy shores, Eternity!
And in that air, know, good old Pain,
Thou diest—so to earth again!
I may enjoy unclouded skies,
And *thou* may'st win some newer prize;
For, be it known, whate'er men say,
Thou art a Bluebeard in thy way:
I knew, ere first I met with thee,
The secret of thy golden key—
Had seen the young, the gay, the fair,
Cast from thy arms and hidden there;
And knowing all—with free goodwill
Embraced thee first, and clasp thee still.
There is a pleasure, though 'tis strange,
In knowing life's extremest range;
In thinking that its varied scene,
All stained with woe as it has been,
Shifts but once more—the enchanter's wand
Avails not on the heavenly strand.
There is no change; no friends can sever;
What *is* to-day, *will be* for ever.
And thou, although thou canst not be
Admitted there, still guidest me;
And if my steps should chance to stray,
Wilt kindly point the nearest way.

Thus, though thy grasp be hard and rude,
I would not feel its strength subdued,
Nor wish thy voice had lost the power
To reach my ear at any hour.
That path I might not find alone—
Thou knowest it well. Good friend, go on!
And teach me, ere we reach the strand,
To steer my bark with steady hand;
That when thy guidance serves no more,
I may not miss that brighter shore!
But own, while ranging with the blest,
Thou, my old friend, wert still my best.

DIE SCHÖPFUNGEN MEINER INNERN.

NO. III.—FEB. 29.

And meet we then, old friend, once more?
From wandering on a foreign shore,
Lo! 'cross my country's stormy sea
I turn to luxury—clouds—and thee!
Two little years! Oh, how their range
Has scope bestowed for mortal change!
And, as to mortals 'twere not given
To fly the malison of heaven,
Each evil of their crazy round
Waits, as in magic circle bound,
Till the first step on England's strand
Should give the wanderer to their hand,
And whelm at once the daring soul
That erst had 'scaped from their control.
Chill is the breeze, and chill the cloud
That spreads around its darkening shroud.
But, oh! on darkening brows the chill
Is colder, keener, bitterer still!
I came—each feeling gushing o'er,
Warm as Italia's sunny shore;
I came—around me seemed to grow
A barrier of unmelting snow.

Where'er I turned, where'er I gazed,
Higher the chilling wall was raised,
Till the warm current of my breast
Was iced and frozen into rest.
A moment's dizzy pause and start,
As the first anguish thrilled my heart;
Then sunk to earth my humble knee,
And I returned to heaven and thee.
Not thus I felt when thy clear sky
Wooed me to joy, fair Italy!
And every step o'er hill or plain
Broke some fresh rivet of my chain.
There were dark brows, but eyes below
Flashing with all their climate's glow;
And courteous word, and smiling face;
And kind good will, and native grace,
Stole round the heart that hardly knew
How, when, or where the liking grew.
Each breeze was balm, and seemed to bring
Hourly fresh vigour on its wing;
Till, faithless, I almost forgot
My pledge to thee—though thou hadst not.
I set my foot on England's shore—
The magic fled, the dream was o'er!
And now I feel *that* dream, though fair,
Had given to heaven too small a share.
It was a joy that owed its birth
Too much to feelings of the earth:—
The air, the sun, the distant hill,
The chestnut shade, the mountain rill,
And that gay peasantry, whose soul
Spurned even at poverty's control,
Thought earth was good, nor sought on high
A brighter mansion in the sky;
All this, and more, had filled my breast,
I scarce knew how, but I was blest,
Found that even earth some joys could give,
And owned at last 'twas good to live.

APPENDIX.

PHILOSOPHICAL THEORIES AND PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A PARIAH.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

Since the Pariah first laid his Theories and Experiences before the public, some thirteen years have elapsed, and a Third Edition is now called for. During that period the mutations in the world have been neither few nor small, and it is natural that the writer should scan them with an inquisitive eye, for they are the test of his arguments and opinions: have they or have they not been such as, from these arguments and conclusions, might have been expected?

In former times when "the pilgrimage from London to Canterbury" required a guide; when the journey from Chester to the capital occupied eight days, even for a princely *cortége*, and when roads were so dangerous that few travelled at all, the period above mentioned would have been deemed far too short to confirm or to upset a theory, or to effect any great change either in the moral or the political world; but railways and electric telegraphs have had their influence on ideas no less than on commerce and locomotion. The man who can hold intercourse with France or Germany in the course of a few hours, and who can transfer himself from one end of England to the other with less trouble than he formerly took to visit a neighbour, will have more elements of thought at command, and will form a truer estimate of things, and in a far shorter time than would have been possible to the most accomplished mediæval scholar: even a working railway engineer of the nineteenth century has more practical knowledge of men and things, and consequently has more of those decided views which influence political changes, than the most learned mathematician of the thirteenth. It is not wonderful, then, that the Pariah has lived to see that test which all theoretical

argument requires, applied to his own, and facts beginning to supersede theories: it is even probable that ere this meets the eyes of the reader the Legislature will have been engaged in carrying out the views of the unknown and unpatronised writer, who, under as many disguises as were ever adopted by the Caliph Haroun al Raschid himself, has pursued his object with undeviating perseverance. Truth has worked its way—it is now acknowledged by a large and ever-increasing number that the cottages of England may be inhabited by something better than a race of Helots, and that the Pariahs of Society need not always remain a degraded caste. The cheers which lately hailed the approach of noblemen and gentlemen to the Town Hall of Birmingham to consult on the means of redeeming even the lowest and the most depraved from the grasp of sin and misery, showed how well the intention was appreciated by the warm hearts of the British people; and told in unmistakable language that in order to unite the nation as one man, nothing more is needful than—what "the Lord God requires" of all—i.e., to "do justice and to love mercy" while dealing with our fellows—"to walk humbly with our God"—when bringing our homage to Him who has given to each the talent which He expects to see fructifying in our hands.

What the result has been of refusing this justice and mercy, and endeavouring to perpetuate helotism by the strong hand of power, I need not now pause to say: it is written in characters of blood throughout Europe: nor can any one tell how soon a fresh handwriting on the wall may record a new MENE, TEKEL, for the despotic rulers of oppressed nations; but, at any rate, ENGLAND seems to have learned a better lesson, and is beginning to seek prosperity where it will always be found, in the brotherly union of all classes. I say "beginning," for much remains to be done; yet if the progress in the right direction be as great in the next twenty years as it has been in the last ten, the coming generation will see the realization of much which would have seemed like a dream to our fathers; and which, even in our own days, has been scoffed at by the *soi-disant* "practical men" who would bring down every gene-

rous feeling of human nature to the chill calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence. For the comfort of such, however, let it be remembered that the most prosperous of our manufacturers have found in the bond of Christian brotherhood established between master and men, the surest road to wealth; and it may be safely predicted that national prosperity and political strength will follow upon that union of all classes which would result from affording to the labourer and artisan the means of obtaining mental culture: such mental culture as should not only enable him to lighten his toil by mechanical contrivances, but give to his mind that healthy employment and recreation which is needful to strengthen habits of virtuous industry, and which raises the man in the scale of existence from the animal to the intellectual being.

There is, however, a darker side of the picture which must not be overlooked. When the Pariah pleaded for the reunion of philosophy with Christianity, he pointed out what, to him, appeared the cause of the decay of religious feeling; and was not without a hope that others might see, as he had done, that a dogmatic system which refuses to plead before the tribunal of reason, could not long retain its influence over the people. He showed that it was not so taught at first, and argued that it should not be so taught now; but the warning has not been heeded, and the Pariah has probably been deemed presumptuous for attempting to treat of a subject which was set apart for the business of another caste. Nevertheless, so long as a man is conscious of the power to judge, he will not abandon the right to do so; for who will deny that the gifts of the Creator constitute the rights of the creature: since Omniscience does not stultify itself by bestowing faculties which are not intended for use; and in the healthy and vigorous growth of youthful Christianity it never thought of adopting the heathen fashion of maiming itself in honour of the Deity. All that God bestowed was thankfully used: the rationality of the Gospel was freely appealed to, and when the heathen was converted to the faith, it was because it was more reasonable, more pure, more simple, and more congenial to his better nature than any

of the systems with which he was conversant. Out of the thousands who received that faith during the second century, probably not one owed his conversion to any supernatural proof of its truth; but it was the religion of human nature:—it at once elevated and satisfied man's hopes and wishes: and it was worthy of a Deity infinitely holier and purer than anything that the mythologies of the heathen could produce, and whose perfections even philosophy had but dimly shadowed out. The ennobling power of Christianity was not the least of its recommendations: "For," says Tertullianus, "who that witnesses the constancy under suffering which our people exhibit, will fail to inquire whence they gain this fortitude? and having inquired, his admiration is changed into belief;"—its simplicity was another; the "yoke was easy," the "burthen light;" but Christian sects have vied with each other in depriving it of these characteristics, and overlaying the doctrine whose distinguishing characteristic it was that it was preached to the poor, with complicated dogmata which the poor do not understand, and are ceasing to believe.

This is no imaginary danger, conjured up by a speculative writer:—it is present—extensive—increasing;—and we have only to look into the document lately published by authority to see that if the ministers of the Church of Christ persist in their present system, and continue to separate faith from reason, they will, ere long, find that their occupation is gone; for that the poor have cast away altogether a system which has been rendered too complicated and mysterious for their simple understanding. A heathen accustomed to impure and wearisome observances might be struck with admiration by a holier faith, and embrace it; but he whose childhood has been wearied with catechisms which he did not comprehend, rendered more unattractive by explanations learned by rote, and perhaps enforced by the cane, will most probably leave his Testament and his faith together on the school desk, and abandon for ever a religion which is inseparably connected in his mind with wearisome lessons in unintelligible language, and very likely, punishment also. Let us hear the report of the

Registrar-General, and then judge whether the Pariah raised his warning voice without cause. "While the labouring myriads of our country," says this document, "have been multiplying with our multiplied material prosperity, it cannot, it is feared, be stated that a corresponding increase has occurred in the attendance of this class in our religious edifices. More especially in cities and large towns is it observable how absolutely insignificant a portion of the congregation is composed of artisans. They fill, perhaps, in youth, our National, British, and Sunday Schools, and there receive the elements of a religious education; but no sooner do they mingle in the active world of labour than, subjected to the constant action of opposing influences, they soon become as utter strangers to religious ordinances as the people of a heathen country. From whatever cause in them, or in the manner of their treatment by religious bodies, it is sadly certain that this vast, intelligent, and growingly-important section of our countrymen *is thoroughly estranged from our religious institutions* IN THEIR PRESENT ASPECT. Probably, indeed, the prevalence of *infidelity* has been exaggerated, if the word be taken in its popular meaning as implying some degree of intellectual effort and decision; but no doubt a great extent of negative, inert indifference prevails, the practical effects of which are much the same. There is a sect, originated recently, adherents to a system called 'Secularism,' the principal tenet being, that as the fact of a future life is (in their view) at all events susceptible of *some* degree of doubt, while the fact and the necessities of a present life are matters of direct sensation, it is therefore prudent to attend exclusively to the concerns of that existence which is certain and immediate—not wasting energies required for present duties by a preparation for remote and merely possible contingencies. This is the creed which probably with most exactness indicates the faith which virtually, though not professedly, is entertained by the masses of our working population; by the skilled and unskilled labourer alike—by hosts of minor shopkeepers and Sunday traders—and by miserable denizens of courts and crowded alleys. They are *unconscious*

secularists, engrossed by the demands, the trials, or the pleasures of the passing hour, and ignorant or careless of the future."

Such is the result of official inquiries made with no view to the strengthening an argument or supporting a theory—inquiries made by laymen and men of business, who have viewed the matter as a fact and recorded the information they have gained for the use of the government and the public; and it may well give room for uneasy thought. Were it the most ignorant and degraded class alone which had thus virtually abandoned Christianity, we might hope that the evil would be remedied by education in some of the schools which are everywhere springing up; but a large proportion of our artisans are men of shrewd sense, quickened by the necessity of using it in their several avocations; possessed, too, of a tolerable share of information and anxious for more. This state of things, then, has not been produced by mere ignorance, and it is no part of wisdom to endeavour to disguise the truth. The fact is, however unpalatable it may be to many to acknowledge it, that neither the school lesson nor the Sunday sermon is suited to the needs of this "vast, intelligent, and growingly-important section of our countrymen." The lecture-room is crowded with the very men who forsake the Church!—Does not this tell in sufficiently plain language that the Church no longer gives the kind of instruction which they require? The simple and sublime philosophy of the Gospel, founded on the deepest knowledge of human nature, is ready for those who seek it—why is it refused to the very people for whom it was intended? At present the major part of our population is as little Christian as in the days of Greece and Rome, when pure philosophy was taught, and professed by the few, and οἱ πολλοί, as now, thought only of the present life, and even of that took a very superficial view: for be it remembered that the mythology of the heathen was rather an amusement than a faith, and was maintained rather for the gain it afforded than from any deep conviction of its truth. When the Christians were opposed, it was not because they were teaching untruths, but because

their tenets would put a stop to sacrifices, shrine-making, and games in honour of heathen deities. The established religion was profitable, therefore it was professed; but it filled no place in the mind of the people. And is not this, then, the state of things in this country, according to the authorized account of the Registrar-General? There must be a cause for this; and I trace it to the habit of teaching in childhood a creed which has no hold upon the reason, which is couched in scholastic language for the most part, and unintelligible to the children so taught—mysterious dogmata, beyond a child's comprehension, are taught to those who cannot stretch their mind to any abstract idea whatever, and repeated parrot-like by scholars who attach no meaning to the words they utter. What wonder that in after years they shake off the wearisome remembrance! for what is there in it all which can appear to them to be available to the business of life?

Let me not be misunderstood. There is nothing in Christianity as it was originally taught which need shrink from the closest argument—the most popular explanations;—it is practical and philosophical at once, applicable to the commonest business of life, and so founded on the very nature of man that it explains the most complicated phenomena of that nature, and—as the pure truth always must be—fitted for all classes and all time. But in order to this, it must be freed from the formalities of another age—it must be allowed its expansive force, and be taught as the Apostles taught it: they sent forth a word which conquered the world, and without one attempt to support their cause otherwise than by patient endurance and reasonable remonstrance, succeeded at last in placing a Christian on the throne of the Cæsars. Is the doctrine of Christ other than it was then? Does it not still speak of the easy yoke, the light burthen, the universal brotherhood of man? But even now, as formerly, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." It has not been among learned dignitaries and university functionaries that the movement has begun, to

which I have already called the reader's attention: humble and illiterate men have done the work of Apostles, and with no less success. Let the ministers of the Gospel take the example home to their own hearts in the privacy of their studies, and try whether they cannot—by abandoning the jejune instruction which the people are weary of hearing, and by suiting their preaching to the time, the place, and the auditors, somewhat better than now is the case—recall the wandering flock to the fold of Christ. It is not with such facts staring us in the face that we can afford to be polite; the clergy, with some bright exceptions, *are behind the age*—behind it in information—behind it in activity of mind, and logical precision of reasoning. In order to preach to intelligent and acute men, the preacher must know what they know, and know it better; and why have we such princely establishments connected with our national Church, if it be not for the sake of affording means and leisure for such mental culture as would keep the clergy in advance of their flocks? The question now is, not whether we are to belong to one sect or another; but whether our people are to be Christian or pagan; and a few years more of obstinate adherence to mediæval forms of thought on the part of our clergy, would give rise to another question yet more unpleasant;—for it will naturally be asked, if the work of Christ be thus done by laymen immersed in the business of the world, who yet find time for this, what is the use of a set of men who teach us nothing of all that we want to know: who in science, history, and a knowledge of antiquity, are unable to give us any of the information we need, and who leave the work of God to be done by other hands, the information to be gained from other sources?

Let not the Pariah in this, as in other things, prove a true prophet.

March 18, 1854.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

When the Pariah first published his lucubrations to the world, he scarcely expected that they would meet with so favourable a reception as to call for a second edition: in this it appears, he had deceived himself; and he now sends his "small book" to the press a second time, with the gratified feeling that he has not laboured altogether in vain. He does not, in the guise of writers on lesser subjects, return thanks to the public for its liberal patronage, for profit and fame were no part of his object; but he rejoices in the thought that he may perhaps have contributed somewhat towards the advance of that kingdom of Christ on earth, which has hitherto been the object of our wishes rather than our expectations.

The success of his small work seems to indicate that many are beginning to feel the want of something which should teach them, not only the Christian faith—for of such there are abundance,—but its rational grounds; something which by showing how deeply it is rooted in, and entwined with everything about and within us, may prove that the Framer of the world and its Lawgiver are the same; and thus lead them to the cross of the Redeemer, with the full conviction that the lesson to be learned there is no "cunningly devised fable," but that in truth "the wisdom of God" no less than "the power of God" was there manifested to the world.

This was the object which the writer proposed to himself when he first attempted to put into a portable form the result of many years' thought, and experience gained through suffering. Faith, without rational conviction, is but like the seed which fell in dry places; it withers when the hour of trial comes; for it has not rooted itself deeply enough in the mind to draw thence wholesome nourishment; and hence perhaps arises much of that "falling away," as it is technically termed, which occasionally scandalizes the world among pro-

fessing Christians. The man, on the contrary, who has cleared and worked the soil beforehand, for the reception of the seed sown by the Divine Husbandman, is at least in a fair way of seeing it bear good fruit.

To handle the spade, and root up weeds, is a toil permitted, and indeed appropriated to the lowest caste in society, though to turn up the ground to make it ready for the heavenly seed, be a task which angels might be proud of. Humbly, and yet boldly, therefore, as becomes one of a despised and oppressed caste on a noble mission, he has addressed himself to his work; and, like a wiser and better man,* has bent his knee to the Throne of all grace, and asked for a blessing on his attempt. If any success has attended his endeavours, he feels that it is to the sanctifying effect of such a prayer on his own mind that he owes it: may the reader, like the writer, gain, while turning up the soil, the treasure of a firm faith in Him who is THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE, and who is always found by those who seek Him.

And with this heartfelt good wish, kind reader, the writer takes his leave of thee for the present.

November 10, 1844.

* Joseph Mede.

THERE was a time when none dared profane the name of philosophy by its mention, whose lips had not been touched with hallowed flame by Alma Mater, and who had not dozens of honorary letters following his name, like the tail of a Highland chieftain in olden days: but that time is past: men have at last discovered that the conferring a degree does not always confer sense, and that among the undignified names which go with neither a footman behind, nor a coachman before them, there may be found some who have a nobility of their own; and who, amid disadvantages and difficulties, have contrived to assert their right to the peerage of Intellect.

The Writer of this Work, as the title-page shows, is below even this; he is a Pariah, of a despised caste; unthought of even when the ten pound householders of Stroud or Tamworth have the honour of hearing speeches from, and asking questions of, the great men who in this country are seized with a periodical fit of humility about once in four or five years. He has no pretensions to academical honours, lectures to no institution, he is no hereditary legislator, no limb of representative wisdom: but he has known poverty, sickness, and sorrow; he has bent over the graves of those he loved, and turned again to life to struggle for his own existence, and in this rude school he has learned a lesson which, perhaps, may be not unuseful to his fellow-creatures; he has learned that happiness may be attained under circumstances which seem to forbid it; wrongs borne patiently without losing dignity; privations endured with a gay heart. The philosophy which has done this has made its last and best step,—it has become practical. It is no longer the barren speculation of the meta-

physician or the idle logic of the schools, but healthy intellectual science, grounded on the great facts of human nature, and available in all the circumstances of our varied existence.

There was a time too,—how much of late has sunk in the troubled ocean of human affairs even in the space of one not very long life!—there was a time when intellectual science under the name of metaphysics, was the mark for every witling to try his young jests on, sure of a favourable reception from the great body of his hearers. It is one of the singular facts of our social state, that there are always some few things which no one who pretends to enter good society ought to know; and if all these *pet* ignorances had had their tombstones erected, and epitaphs duly written by their admirers, it would be hard to conceive a more amusing, though in truth melancholy record of human folly. In the days of Addison, no well-bred lady would venture to know how to spell; in later times the prohibition only extended to any cultivation of the intellectual powers, which for a long time was most religiously attended to by all the fair votaries of fashion. In the days of Fielding, it would seem that a very pretty gentleman indeed might gain a grace by misquoting Latin sufficiently to show that he despised the dull routine of school education. Later yet, a mineralogist or a botanist walked a few inches higher, if he could avow himself ignorant of metaphysics, and make some clever jest on the cobweb speculations of its admirers: and all, learned or ignorant, wise or foolish, still unite in thinking it the properest thing in the world to be totally ignorant of the properties of drugs, or their effect on the human body. True it is that a healthy mind in a healthy body is a thing worth having; few deny that: and intellectual and medical science may do somewhat towards the preservation of both; this also is allowed: but to attempt to *know* anything about the matter is really too fatiguing for polished people, who can afford to pay tutors and physicians. But the writer is a Pariah, and having said thus much, he need hardly assure his readers, if any of that so-named "gentle" race ever take up these pages, that he never was great, or fashionable, or scientific enough,

to have a pet of this kind: it would have been a troublesome, sometimes an expensive, always a disagreeable companion, a great hindrance to all rational employment, and no help to one who not unfrequently has found his wits his best heritage.

If such an one cannot afford to keep a pet ignorance, so neither can he afford to carry on abstract speculations which lead to no practical result: corporeal wants must be attended to: the difficulties of this life must be met and vanquished; and if in the midst of the struggles requisite to avoid being trodden under foot in the crowd, those great questions which sooner or later occur to every reasonable mind, present themselves, it is not as curious contemplations, matters of philosophical research merely, which may occupy a portion of the time which is gliding away in the lap of ease and luxury, but as problems whose solution involves everything worth caring for in time or in eternity; problems whose due solution may gild a life which has no other gilding, may set fortune at defiance, direct our steps in difficulties, and like oil upon the waves, spread calm where all was turmoil and danger before: it is then that intellectual science loses its character of barren speculation; every step in advance raises us farther above the mists of earth; and the heart warms, and the limbs grow strong, at seeing the prospect brightening in the distance, under the unclouded beams of truth and love.

It seems, nevertheless, to be necessary that science, as well as man, should pass through its different stages of growth; at first, theoretic and fanciful, then abstruse, and finally, vigorous and practical. Astronomy has so proceeded; many a small wit jested at the idle "star-gazing" of Flamsteed and Halley as satisfactorily as the same genus has scoffed from age to age at the "unintelligible" reveries of Socrates, or any other seeker of the truth, from Pythagoras down to Dugald Stewart and Theodore Jouffroy; but no small wit *now* tries to ground his fame on a successful scoff at "star-gazers;" even Butler's "Elephant in the Moon" has followed the fate of the jests of lesser men, it is neither quoted, nor perhaps by the generality of the world remembered; and the science which guides the

mariner over an untracked ocean with all the assurance of a mapped country, sits enthroned in the affections no less than the respect of the present generation. It is time that metaphysical, or, as I would rather term it, intellectual science,* should take a like place, for it has in its power to do a greater work than this: it can map the gulph between earth and heaven, and teach man, amid the conflicting opinions of the pilots who undertake to steer his bark, to choose and follow the straight course which will lead him over that untracked ocean in safety. The great men whose lives were spent in the pursuit of abstract truth, have left the results of their labours to us, and as the fanciful dreams of proportion in numbers, pushed at last to the exactness of mathematical science, have given us practical astronomy, so it is for us now to avail ourselves of the severe truth to which they have reduced the more imaginative Greek philosophy, and draw from it practical metaphysic.

* "Taken in its largest comprehension, as the knowledge of abstract and separate substances, Aristotle raises the philosophy of mind *above* all other parts of learning. He assigns to it the investigation of the principles and causes of things in general, and ranks it not only as superior, but also as prior in the order of Nature, to the whole of Arts and Sciences. But 'what is first to Nature is not first to Man.' Nature begins with causes, which produce effects. Man begins with effects, and by them ascends to causes. Thus all human study and investigation proceed of necessity in the reverse of the natural order of things; from sensible to intelligible, from body, the effect, to mind, which is both the first and final cause. Now physic being the name given by the Peripatetic to the philosophy of body, from this necessary course of human studies, some of his interpreters called that of mind, Metaphysic, *των μετα τα φυσικα*, implying also by the term, that its subject being more sublime and difficult than any other, as relating to universals, the study of it would come most properly and successfully after that of physics. Taking it, however, in its natural order, as furnishing the general principles of all other parts of learning which descend from thence to the cultivation of particular subjects, Aristotle himself called this the First Philosophy; but as its subject is universal being, particularly mind, which is the highest and most universal, he gave it also the appellation of the Universal Science, common to all the rest; and lastly, to finish his encomium of this First and Universal philosophy, he honoured it with the exclusive name of 'Wisdom.' "—*Tatham's Chart and Scale of Truth*, Vol. I. p. 17.

Had any one else appeared inclined to undertake the task, the Writer would willingly have left it in the hands of the learned and the illustrious in science; but no such attempt seems likely to be made, and as there are but too many of the Pariah race, who, like himself, may find that something more than the trite instruction of the school-room, or even the pulpit, is wanting to brace the mind to resist the rude buffets of the world, he at length steps forward, not as thinking himself wise, but as feeling himself experienced:—

> ——— "Nec nos via fallit euntes:
> Vidimus obscuris primam sub vallibus urbem
> Venatu assiduo, et totum cognovimus amnem."

INTRODUCTORY INQUIRIES.

THERE are some few important questions which have been constantly agitated from the earliest period that we have any record of man's history. The answers attempted have been various; but none, as yet, have been so generally satisfactory as to prevent them from being agitated afresh by every new generation, for to every new generation they present themselves with a never-fading interest.

Man goes forth at his entrance into life, confident in powers which, to his youthful fancy, seem to know no limit; he feels the happiness that his nature is capable of, and that it sighs for, and he rushes on to grasp and to enjoy it; but he soon perceives that a power, exterior to himself, limits, and often thwarts his endeavours; he finds himself at the mercy of circumstances which he can rarely guide, or at best only in a very slight degree; and amid the anguish of disappointed hope he asks himself, "What is this power which I can neither control nor escape from?"

But he is young; he has probably expected to find his happiness in the pleasures of the senses; and a voice within him says that these are gross, and unworthy of the god-like nature

which he is conscious of possessing. He launches into the pursuits of the man; forces himself to acquire science and greatness at the expense of exertions which exhaust his physical strength; and then, when almost sinking under the fatigue of labours which, nevertheless, have not given him all that he sought, he asks himself again, "What is this restless power within, which despises corporeal enjoyment, and triumphs in compelling the sacrifice of bodily comfort for an object which, after all, none attain?"

Insurmountable obstacles limit his progress; the perverseness of men thwarts his views for their benefit no less than his own; he looks round him in querulous displeasure, and again exclaims, "Why is evil in the world?" But old age now approaches, "his thoughts" must "perish" ere he has accomplished half that he has proposed to himself; he must "go hence and be no more seen," before he has even attained the fruit of his labours; he seems to have "walked in a vain shadow, and disquieted himself in vain;" and then, when all that has filled his great aspirations seems shrinking from his grasp, when all appears "vanity and vexation of spirit," he once more asks in a sort of concentrated despair, "Why does man propose ends to himself which he can never compass? What is the good which his nature demands, and how is it to be attained? Is it sensual enjoyment? No! such pleasures pall on the senses, and end in disgust. Is it intellectual? The limited powers of men make the pursuit of science laborious, and death comes ere he has reached what he sought. Is it in the innocent enjoyments of social life? These are soon buried in the graves of those he loves."

These are the questions which every man not wholly brutalized must sooner or later ask himself. These are the questions, in fact, which have agitated mankind in all ages, and whose solution forms the basis of all systems of religion and philosophy. They all may be resolved into three; namely,

1. What is the nature of the power exterior to ourselves?
2. What is the nature of the power within ourselves?
3. What, with reference to these two, is the nature of the

good which man ought to propose to himself as his aim and object?

The solution of the first two questions forms the subject of all metaphysical, or in other words, intellectual science. That of the third gives the practical result. Systems of religion decide these questions authoritatively, systems of philosophy solve them by rational argument, and as, however numerous these systems may be, there can be but ONE TRUTH, so we are justified in assuming that the religious and the philosophical system must tally, or that one or the other is in error. There is, however, this difference between the two, viz., that the authoritative system is necessarily delivered in the form of dogmata to be received, not of arguments to be tried and weighed; and these dogmata are couched in words which, as no previous course of reasoning is recorded, are liable to be misinterpreted by the prejudices of mankind. The philosophical system, on the contrary, is obliged to prove its assertions step by step; and if an undue leaning to any preconceived notion should lead to the adoption of a weak argument, the first dispassionate man who goes over the same ground will perceive and overthrow it: thus, though in the case of sufficiency of external evidence to prove the pretensions of the first to be well grounded it is the shorter process, and therefore most acceptable to man's indolence; yet the second is the more certain one. To be completely satisfactory, the two should be joined together; but though occasionally a voice has been raised to call for this auspicious union, unfortunately for the world, the guardians of the former have generally held her to be too rich a bride to be bestowed on a mate who had no better inheritance than Socrates' old cloak and worn sandals, and have "forbidden the banns." The consequences have been disastrous: philosophy, like a wild youth, has run through a course of licentiousness; and religion, like a wealthy heiress, has become the prey of designing men. It is, perhaps, not too late to rescue both. Let us then begin with philosophy, whose morals—whatever they might have been while he was Socrates' pupil—have in later times been thought by no means faultless.

It would be a long, and to a reader—a wearisome task, to go over all the disputes which have agitated the learned through so many centuries, as to moral perceptions, innate ideas, &c. He who would map a country must explore the by-roads; but he who uses the map, if he finds the road laid down lead to the place he wishes to arrive at, will not think it needful to traverse every lane on his way. It will suffice, therefore, to assume as an axiom—what nobody probably will deny—that truth is reality, namely, what really *is*; error, an unfounded persuasion of something that is not. Now what is, must be either within or exterior to ourselves; and to know what is exterior to ourselves truly, that is, in its reality, we must examine it by the evidence of our senses, or by that of our reasoning faculties, or by both conjointly. There is no other process by which we can arrive at a certainty of knowledge. Thus, then, as an innate idea is one which must be received in the mind as truth without previous evidence, an innate idea of what is exterior to ourselves is a contradiction, and the common voice of mankind has decided on the point, by characterizing those who receive the persuasions of the imagination in the room of evidence as insane. Nor is the impressing itself on the mind without previous evidence the only necessary character of an innate idea; it must also be found in the minds of all mankind as a constituent part of their nature, otherwise it cannot be innate. It will soon be seen that there is only one idea which can answer to this description, namely, that of individuality, whose demonstration rests on that very individual consciousness, an evidence so unhesitatingly allowed by all mankind, that were any one to attempt to overthrow it by arguing that assertion is no proof, he might make good his position, and yet convince no one: for all feel that in order to assert individual existence it is requisite that a man should exist. But all impressions received by this individual consciousness are exterior to it, and consequently require to be examined; and thus intellectual science, like all others, becomes the subject of experiment and inquiry, and can only make progress by being classified and arranged so as to enable

different individuals and succeeding generations to pursue and record their observations upon different portions of it. Even that part which Bacon himself hesitated to subject to the rules of his experimental philosophy, namely, religious knowledge, must submit to the same sort of examination: for from whatever quarter the authoritative dogma comes, it is presented to the senses from without, and cannot be received as authority, without sufficient evidence, both external and internal, to satisfy the mind of its truth; and as in classifying, the most natural arrangement is always the most intelligible, so the great questions which man's experience in life never fails to suggest to him, afford at once the simplest and the best division of the subject.

I. What is the nature of the power exterior to ourselves?

Man's first step, when this inquiry has suggested itself to his mind, is to look round on the objects amid which he moves, and which often appear to be the active agents in causing him either enjoyment or suffering. Does the power which controls him exist there? The untaught savage perhaps answers, yes, and selects his fetiche from the first thing that strikes his fancy. A little more cultivation sends him from the fetiche to something less tangible, and of greater apparent energy, and the heavenly bodies are adored: but when the question occurs in an age of more advancement, a very different process must be resorted to, in order to satisfy a mind accustomed to the severity of demonstration required by real science. We perceive an universe whose slightest movement we are unable to regulate; after ages of thought and observation, we think it our glory that we have arrived at the discovery of the laws by which it coheres: but they are so totally beyond our power to alter, that we can only hope to effect our purpose by shaping it in conformity to them. We have subjected these laws to the strictest examination; we cannot doubt that we have arrived at the truth, but these immutable laws provide only for the regular movement of inert matter. We look round again; we are surrounded by organized bodies, and we have not yet discovered the law by which they exist. We

converse with our fellows, and find something beyond organized life merely; we find intellect, that subtle agent by which our inquiries are carried on, itself offering a problem of no small difficulty. The conclusion from all this—ascending by a legitimate process of induction from what we see and hear to what we cannot discern by any of our external senses, and can only apprehend by means of our reasoning faculties—is, that some power must exist capable of giving birth to all this; and as "ex nihilo nihil fit," had there ever been a time when there was nothing, there never could have been a beginning of existence, therefore that power must be eternal; and as there is nothing but inorganized matter that bears a character of permanency, and the notion of an eternal series is an absurdity; so to produce organized and intelligent beings, that eternal power must be intelligent. How much superior the creating intelligence must be to that created, the man who has constructed a steam-engine may guess; for he knows at what an inconceivable distance in the scale of being he stands from the machine he has put together.

The power exterior to ourselves, then, is eternal and intelligent, and what is eternal, is of necessity self-existent. Now it is a necessary consequence of self-existence that such a being must be unlimited both in power and knowledge; for as he himself exists by his own will, therefore his own nature, no less than all other natures existing by his will, must be perfectly known to him, and entirely under his control, and what is unlimited must be One; for to suppose a second eternal principle would be to suppose a second individual will and purpose, which must produce a constant warfare, and would derange all the operations of nature, whose laws, on the contrary, we find to be immutable. For an incorporeal being can have no individuality but in will and purpose, and if the will be one, then there is an amalgamation of nature. Thus by a legitimate course of reasoning, we arrive at the certainty of one eternal, self-existent, all-wise, and all-powerful Being, whom our simple ancestors, with a degree of philosophical accuracy which no other nation seems to have reached, named God, i.e.

good, for to such a being alone could the perfection belong which justly deserves that appellation.

But we have not even yet exhausted the consequences of this chain of reasoning: for the all-wise and all-powerful Being must be able to effect his will, whatever it may be. We may again look round us, and judge from what we see, what that will is. We see a profusion of means to convey pleasure; a profusion of creatures seemingly made to enjoy it, especially among the lower grades of organized beings. We have already proved that the eternal Intelligence can effect his will, whatever it be; then if that will were malevolent, we should see and feel nothing but destruction and misery; but we do not see it; then that will is not malevolent.

But the sad questioner who began the inquiry as to the nature of this eternal power, may perhaps again inquire, "If the will of the Creator be benevolent, why am I controlled in my wishes, limited to a life which is too short for my projects, and often made miserable during that short life by sickness or by the loss of what I had centred my whole joy in?" But who has assured you that these few years elapsing between the cradle and the tomb are all? The will of the eternal Being is not malevolent, beings of a far lower grade fulfil the end of their being and are happy; you aspire to something which the short span of life never gives. Is it not a proof that your nature is not bounded by that span? Turn then to the next question, for it is now time to do so.

II. What is the nature of the power within ourselves?

Our only way of investigating an intangible and invisible power is by its effects; we can, therefore, only judge of what the power within ourselves is, by noting the phænomena of human nature; these, on a little consideration, will be found to resolve themselves into three classes.

1. The instinctive emotions and appetites, all arising involuntarily, attended with a sensible bodily effect, and causing derangement of bodily health when in excess; anger, fear, &c. all take their place among these.

2. The faculties; which are exercised by choice, but suffer

fatigue in the exercise, require rest, and exhibit other symptoms of their animal origin, but nevertheless slumber, if not called into activity by a voluntary act.

3. The acts of a restless undivided will, which requires no repose, suffers no fatigue; is as strong in the child or the dotard, as in the mature man; which claims for itself the whole individuality of existence, and speaks of *my* body, *my* faculties, but never seems to have the most distant conception that this body or these faculties are identical with itself.

It is quite clear that neither of the two first classes of phænomena can be referred to that power within whose nature we are seeking to ascertain, for this often curbs and contradicts the instinctive emotions, and impels the faculties to continued exertion, when weariness, and pain even, show how much they need repose. Animal nature does not seek to destroy itself knowingly, but man knows that his life is the forfeit of a particular course of action, and yet he pursues it: then the impelling power is of a different nature from the powers which it impels. It is this impelling individual will, then, or "personal power," (as it has been aptly termed by a philosopher* whose works deserve to be more known than they are,) that must form the subject of our inquiry; for on its real nature depends the answer to the last question as to what the good is which man has to seek, and what are the means to obtain that good.

The first indication of this power is seen in the infant angry at its own helplessness, and evincing its discontent by passionate struggles and cries. The individual will has come into a scene which it does not understand, has organs which are insufficient for its desires, and in mere wayward spite, beats the nurse for not comprehending what is the matter. Watch the growing child; questions, curious observations, obstinate persistence in its own views, show a power which is rather seeking information for its own guidance, than by any means partaking in the immaturity of the childish bodily form. Stronger beings have a will also, which they enforce by the infliction of punishment; the child resists till pain teaches him to choose the

* Théodore Jouffroy. "Mélanges Philosophiques—Des facultés de l'âme humaine."

lesser evil, and the point is yielded just when pain or privation has reached the point of being more irksome than the concession demanded;* this concession very generally being not the sacrifice of any instinctive desire, but some endeavour at independence in a thing which is itself of little consequence. The child arrives at maturity, and a fresh struggle for freedom commences. Life is thrown away as mere dust, to cast off slavery or preserve free institutions; for man has discovered practically that his nature only arrives at its highest point in a state of rational independence. Old age and sickness supervene; does this restless power, then, yield to circumstances? No. Impatience at the failure of the organs which have been wont to do its bidding, is the usual concomitant of these, and if we do not find impatience, it is only because it is curbed by the knowledge which the imperious spirit has at last gained, that this worn and enfeebled body is not its home, and that brighter days are approaching. When Maskelyne, amid the wreck caused by old age and palsy, blessed the child that sought him with affection, and could only utter "great man once,"—was the personal power less strong? Those few words showed

* It may be objected by some, that the higher animals exhibit some traces of this independent will; but before this objection be allowed weight, it ought to be considered that there is an animal will, the result of mere organization; the impulse of sensation mechanically propagated through the nerves and brain, until the nerves of voluntary motion in their turn receive and propagate the excitement to the muscles; which is, in fact, the whole mystery of instinct. It will be difficult to show that in animals anything more than this instinctive will is ever discovered, but even supposing there were, let the argument have its weight: it might go to prove, perhaps, that the occasional sufferings of the animal creation are parts of a system not yet fully developed, but it alters not the case as regards man, for we cannot argue from unknown premises; and before we can draw any deduction from animal nature to apply to our own, we must know much more about it than we do. The pride of man has disclaimed the fellowship of the animal creation, but we should be puzzled to find any sufficient proof one way or the other; let us then be contented to leave this matter where we found it, and argue only from what we know, satisfied that man will suffer no deterioration, even if

"in that distant sky
His faithful dog should bear him company."

what he would again have done, had he but had the organs requisite for the work. In sleep even, this voluntary power slumbers not; it resigns the reins, indeed, for a time, on the repeated petition of eyes, limbs, and brain, all declaring that they can do no more; but it remains on the watch to use whip and spur again the moment it finds its servants capable of action. If any one doubt this, let him only strongly resolve at going to sleep, to wake at a particular hour, or a particular sound; and without any other known cause than the will, behold the man wakes, though, in any other case he would have slept to a much later hour, or continued asleep through much louder sounds. This is a thing of too common occurrence to require particular instances to be given. Finally, in death itself, the last symptom of life that we see, is usually an ineffectual effort to do or say something which the dying person evidently thinks of importance, disappointment at being unable to do it is visible, and the man dies.

We have traced the body from helplessness to death: it varies in its powers; first some instincts prevail, then others: then the faculties are developed, and then they fail. We can easily conceive that this waxing and waning power may return to its elements and be recompounded in a fresh form; but the unchanged individuality which neither grows nor decays, how is this to perish? What seeds of mortality can we find in that? The anatomist traces nerves of sensation, influencing in their turn the nerves of voluntary action, and shows a beautiful arrangement thus made for the preservation of the animal, but the individual power steps in, says to sensation, "You may stimulate the nerves of voluntary action, but I forbid it;" and to the nerves of voluntary action, "You shall not wait for the stimulus of sensation; I command, and you shall do my bidding." In what part of bodily organization then is this power seated? The philosophical seeker of the truth must answer, It is not a part of bodily organization; it shares not in the growth or decay of the body; then by analogy, neither does it share in its death;* it sighs for other joys, despises

* In proportion as science advances, the great truths of Christianity stand forth in a clearer light. In former times the life and the soul were con-

what the body offers, spurns at the limited span of life. What is this but an indication of its destiny? Happiness consists in the full development of all the powers of Nature: no animal seeks that which it is unable to enjoy—the fish remains quiet in the water without seeking to quit it to share the pleasures of the quadruped or the fowl. Man sighs for the felicity of the Deity; then man is of a kindred nature. We proceed therefore to the final question.

III. What, with reference to the two powers already treated of, is the nature of the good which man ought to propose to himself as his aim and object?

Our inquiry here will not be long. Whatever other orders of intelligent beings there may be, there are only two that we can form any judgment of:—The One, the subject of our first, the other that of our second question. We assume it as an axiom in philosophy that the felicity of the being must consist in the full development of its natural powers, and we see this to be the case with all the inferior grades of animals: we turn to man, and we see that the development of his *animal* powers does not satisfy him, he asks for more; he asks for knowledge, greatness, immortality, and these are the felicities of the Deity; then, the good which he has to seek can be none other than the development of an intelligent, and not an animal nature. We have already seen that the individuality is concentered in that interior power whose nature we have been examining; that interior power is akin to the Deity; then, the felicity of

sidered as identical, and many a puzzling question arose out of this mistake. *Now*, physiology has shown that the vital power, inscrutable as its nature has hitherto been found, is nevertheless the same in the animal and the vegetable; consequently that life is not dependent on the soul, but is a perfectly distinct force, acting by its own peculiar laws. But though the soul and the life be different, still the former is an acting force which the physiologist is obliged to acknowledge; for it not unfrequently contends with the vital force, and occasions much disturbance in the system. One of the most distinguished scientific writers of the present age, when treating of organism, distinctly reckons this disturbing force among the different independent causes of the phænomena of man's being. Thus it is that science and religion, the two great inscriptions on God's fabric of creation, always tell the same tale, though it be written in different characters.

the Deity in kind, though not in degree, may be his, and no rational man will propose to himself any other.

Such are the conclusions of philosophy, such were its conclusions from the time when these questions were first agitated, and wise and good men, long before our æra, had suffered exile, imprisonment and death, rather than abstain from promulgating these great truths. Who now will dare to stand forward and say that there is any "just cause or impediment" why philosophy and Christianity should not plight their troth to each other, and bless the world henceforward by their holy union? Once more "I publish the banns," and defy man to put asunder those whom God has willed should be joined together. "Fecisti nos tibi et manet cor inquietum donec restet in tẽ,"* was the sentiment of Augustine. "Ex vita ita discedo tanquam ex hospitio non tanquam ex domo," says Cicero in the character of Cato. "O præclarum diem cum ad illum divinum animorum concilium, cœtumque proficiscar; cumque ex hac turbâ et colluvione discedam!"† Where is the difference between the philosopher and the Christian?

I have now gone over the general outline of the classification which I propose to make of intellectual science. I have, I think, proved in answer to the first question that there exists an eternal, self-existent, creating Intelligence; all-wise, all-powerful, and benevolent; and the portion of intellectual science which treats of this Being I propose to call *Theology*.‡

* "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart is unquiet till it rests in Thee."

† "I depart from life as from an inn, not as from home. O what a delightful day will it be when I shall join that company of divine souls—when I shall quit this throng and this mire!"

‡ The term *Theology* has been so long applied to a peculiar department of literature that the meaning of the word is in great measure forgotten. I reclaim for it the original sense; for as *Conchology* means the science which tells of the nature of shells, or *Geology* that which tells of the nature of the earth, so *Theology* in strictness means the science which tells of the nature of God; and it is misapplied when used to classify works which mix up the moral duties and the prospects of man, with the abstract science of the Divine Essence. The word would be novel, but it would aid us

I have, I think, proved in answer to the second question, that the individuality of man consists in a restless, undying intelligence, akin in its nature to that of the Deity; and I propose to call the portion of intellectual science which relates to the functions of this intelligent, individual power, *Psychology*.

I have drawn as a conclusion in answer to the third question, That such being the nature of that individual power, the good it has to seek is, assimilation to the Deity in will and kind of felicity. The titles given to this part of the science have been various. Some have called it *Morality*, some *Religion*; but as unfortunately these two terms have been set up as rivals to each other, neither conveys the exact meaning to men's minds which I would wish. It would be easy to coin another Greek compound, and *Agathology* would not ill express that part of the science which relates to the nature of this "summum bonum" and the means of attaining it; but for a plain man a plain word is better, and I would rather head the last division as the practical result of the two former. In what I have to say further, I shall consider these divisions as applicable no less to the authoritative, than the philosophic system. The external evidence of the former I take for granted; Christianity must have had an origin, and it is far less outrage to common sense to suppose its outset was such as its first promulgators assert, than to allegorize Christ and his apostles into the sun and the signs of the zodiac, or anything else as strange and as improbable. The existence of Christianity is too notorious to be denied; and if, as a system, it offers all that man's best reason has been able to discover, if it offer as a perfect whole, comprehensible to the meanest capacity, what no single man, however great, quite accomplished, then it is no imposture, it is THE TRUTH; that truth which Socrates died for, and which armed Cicero's timid nature to meet his assassins with the courage of a hero. It is in vain that we attempt to reject it;

to define the limits and objects of the science much better, if we were to include all that relates to the mission of Christ to man, and the obligations therefrom resulting, under the general term *Christology*.

the man who professes to cast aside Revelation altogether, still, if he be not a vicious man, lives as a Christian, has a Christian's benévolence; a Christian's hopes; it is in his nature; his instincts oblige him to love his fellows; his faculties compel him to acknowledge a First Cause, his dearest wish is immortality: Christianity comes but to second the dictates of his better self, and to give a sanction to his hopes; but with this advantage, that he whose mind has not been enough cultivated to reason out a foundation for these hopes, or to argue man's duties from his nature, finds plain precepts for his guidance which embody all and somewhat more than philosophy could have taught him:—if this system be not divine, at any rate had the Deity given a revelation to man, he could have given no other.

It will be my endeavour now to show how the one truth which forms the centre of both the authoritative and philosophical systems will be reflected back from each in turn, so as to throw light upon the other; and if, in so doing, I may set at rest some few of the angry feelings which are too apt to prevail on subjects where they are the most misplaced, if but one heart should learn to feel with me that where all are eagerly looking for the truth, that circumstance ought to make us rather friends than enemies, and that the path we take matters far less than the place we are going to;—I shall have at least one cheering thought to go with me to my grave, brightening my path as all else grows darker.

THEOLOGY.

One of the most fruitful sources of angry discussion on this subject on the one hand, and idle scoffs on the other, has been the disposition so prevalent among men, to a species of Anthropomorphism in their notions of the Deity: for though all will not go the length of the Egyptian monks who nearly murdered their bishop for endeavouring to persuade them that

God had not actual hands and feet,—as they alleged they found written in the Scripture,—yet many would go nearly that length with him who should dare to assert that God has no more of the vindictive passions than of the bodily form of a man. Yet we must see clearly that one is nearly as absurd a fancy as the other, if we consider that a pure spiritual existence has no individuality but in will, and purpose, and feeling; and that therefore any of those changes in mood which are in truth a part of the *animal* nature of man would be equivalent to a change of individuality in the Deity; for a change of purpose is a change of person, where there is no animal nature to create or suffer that change. Philosophy asserts this, so does Christianity; in God "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," yet men in all ages have misapprehended a few eastern hyperboles in the language of the Scripture, till they have made a Deity for themselves such as we should not select, even for a human friend. "I defy you to say so hard a thing of the devil," said John Wesley when speaking of Whitfield's doctrine of Reprobation; yet Wesley was not free from the prevailing anthropomorphism himself.

The very first step then, if we would wish either to understand what is predicated of the Deity in our Scriptures, or to know how we ourselves stand with regard to this exterior power, whose will evidently must control us something in the same way that the parent controls the child, is, to ascertain what are the necessary conditions of eternity and self-existence, for it is in vain to say that the Deity is utterly beyond the reach of our reasoning faculties. We can conceive eternity, we can conceive self-existence; every strong and cultivated mind that has turned its attention to these subjects knows this; though it is one of those parts of individual consciousness which admits no other proof than the feeling that we can. We can conceive,—that is, though unable to comprehend, (using the word in its sense of the entire grasping of a subject,) we can apprehend, or reach to and lay hold on, the great features of the case:—we can arrive in thought at an approximation to the nature of an immaterial existence, though

we cannot fathom all its depths; and that we can do so is perhaps one of the strongest, though least conspicuous proofs that we have a sort of imperfect specimen within us of what immaterial existence is; for experience shows that man is unable to conceive what he has no exemplar of. The wildest imagination, while endeavouring to form a monster, has never done more than take disjointed parts of known things, and put them togther. The essence of eternity and of self-existence is, that it is boundless, for, as I have already observed, if we suppose any other like power, we must either suppose a difference, or an agreement of individual will and purpose: if a difference, then there must be discord and destruction: if agreement, then, as there are no bodily parts to prevent entire union, there is an amalgamation, and the power is one; one, in its individuality, that is,—but,—as some ancient Christian philosophers have well observed,—not necessarily one in its parts or functions, since the individuality, the wisdom,* and the actively exerted will, are distinct principles appertaining to the same essence: for it is clear that the individuality might exist for ever without any active exertion, yet the power of exertion is in it, and capable of being manifested at any time; and though the individuality, the wisdom and the exerted will, are distinct parts or functions of the one self-existent Being, they are necessary consequences of each other, and being each perfect, can be susceptible of no change; for the knowledge which directs the will being entire, the choice consequent upon it must be always the same, nor can there be any other essential part or function affirmed of the eternal self-existent Being than these three; all the rest must be mere negatives consequent on them. Thus God cannot be mistaken in the means to an end, or find his purpose changed by unexpected circumstances; because perfect knowledge forbids both. Nor can God suffer pain or grief, because

* The mere English reader is not aware, and even some scholars scarcely consider that the term λόγος, which in the Gospel of St. John is translated "Word;" has the meaning in the Greek of the "Reasoning Power," or "Wisdom in active operation."

either the one or the other results from the action of some force, exterior and superior to the being so suffering: a thing which perfect power equally forbids.

Again, there can be no distinction of past or future with the Deity. Man measures time by the revolutions of the earth, and by his own waxing and waning powers. Give him an eternal day and an unaltered body, what then will be his past and future? The past is what he has done and knows, the future what he has not yet done, and therefore does not know: but the Deity knows all, where then is his distinction of time? To him it is one unbounded present, and all the events of the world, no less than its component parts, lie spread before him as in a map; save that our map only represents material objects, whereas it is the mind of man which the Deity looks through, — sees the motives which operate there, and bends the events of nature so far to control the actions resulting from them, as to make evil intentions conducive to some good end. It is an earthly and a human notion which figures to itself the Deity arranging the affairs of the world by patching here, and mending there, as if any event could take the Creator by surprise. And here arises the question which has been repeated through all ages, "Why then is there evil? Why is there suffering in the world?" for if an all-powerful Deity sees and permits, it is equivalent to the causing it. Even in human law, the man who stands by and sees a murder committed, without endeavouring to prevent it, is held a party to the crime.

The answer to this is to be found in the nature of the beings in question. There is one thing which even to the Deity is impossible. The self-existent cannot make another self-existent, and what is not self-existent is bounded; for there is an antecedent and a greater power: and what is bounded is imperfect; for there is something which it does not know, and therefore it can commit errors. Now experience shows us that there is no happiness but in voluntary action: minerals have chemical affinities and combine necessarily, but there is no sensation of pleasure; the heart performs its functions

involuntarily, and there is no sensation of pleasure in their performance; the goods of life as they are called, such as health, riches, &c., when in quiet possession, give no pleasure further than they afford the means of seeking it, which is voluntary action. To make a being capable of a high degree of happiness then, he must have a free and intelligent will; and thus he is akin to the Deity, and capable of tasting the same felicity. This necessarily imperfect being, therefore, has a complete freedom of choice, consequently the power of erring in his choice; what then would be the course pursued by unbounded benevolence to preserve him from error? Would it not hedge him round with difficulties at every step towards that wrong path; with inward discomfort, pain, and a long train of evil consequences to prevent him from pursuing it? Would it not school him, as a parent does his child, by allowing him to suffer from his thoughtlessness to make him wiser in future? An imperfect being might not know how to prize or to enjoy the Divine felicity, till taught its worth by having tried in other directions and found himself wrong. Is there then actual evil in the world if we except that of the perverse will of man? I think a short consideration will show that there is not. I think that there is no man who has attained middle age, who will not acknowledge that in the irremediable events of his life there has always been either a grief avoided, or a good to be gained, if he chose to lay hold on it. A friend, the beloved above all others, dies perhaps; is it long before we can see cause to thank heaven that he is safe from the evil which he would otherwise have had to endure from evil men? His death has changed all our views and aims;—do we not find that in this change of views and aims we have gained more than an equivalent for what we have, after all, lost but for a time? We have gained probably a further power of doing good; have formed fresh connexions over whom we may exercise a beneficial influence; are becoming more capable of intellectual happiness ourselves, and of leading others to enjoy it; more assimilated to God, and more fitted for a joyful reunion with those whom He has

taken to Himself. If our conclusion as to the real nature of man be just, (and I know not how we are to avoid acknowledging it to be so), then what passes in the short span of bodily existence is but one part of a great whole; and in passing through that state which is the school of our intellectual nature, enjoying pleasure while pursuing the right course, and suffering pain when following the wrong one, we are only undergoing a necessary preparation for a higher degree of happiness; after which, having gained the experience necessary to enable us to choose aright, we may find in the bosom of the Divinity and in the society of others perfected like ourselves, the entire felicity which we have sighed for.

Thus far philosophy speaks. Christianity goes farther, though in the same tone. Christianity says, "Man's path, even though thus fenced, may be mistaken," and it proceeds to offer a set of precepts which make that path still plainer; it offers more yet, it sets before him an exemplar of human virtue, made perfect by the indwelling of the Deity, and by showing how lovely such a life might be, even with no circumstance of worldly grandeur or pleasure to recommend it, has brought every feeling of man's heart into accordance with his true interests. "Never man spake like this man," "All were astonished at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth," &c. &c. sufficiently show how that bright pattern of excellence laid hold on the minds of the most indifferent.

Nor is this all: we have already seen that the qualities of the Divine nature may be argued out by a sound philosophy. Man finds himself in a certain degree a partaker of that nature, therefore, by the necessary law of all existence, his happiness must be of the same kind; and to seek any other would be but the insanity of a man who should plunge into the Arctic seas to follow the whale. If then, convinced of this truth, he school his mind to wish what the Deity wills; to seek, in short, the same felicity, he will no longer have to complain of his finite nature; for Infinite Power is already accomplishing his wish, almost before he has known how to shape it. He has no dread that the attainment of his

object will be defeated; for he knows that if the scheme he has devised prove vain, it is only because it was not in reality calculated to promote the end he had in view, and his inmost heart thus becomes a spring of never-failing content and satisfaction, a well of living water, freshening and beautifying all around as well as all within.

None who have not tried are aware of the large influence which a soul thus constituted has, even upon the bodily health, though physicians have not unfrequently observed that a quiet and happy mind is the best medicine in illness. Sickness is one of those evils which are thought the immediate infliction of the Deity, though, were the matter better considered, it would appear that it is most generally of man's making; but even when thus produced, it may become a blessing instead of a misfortune, by steadily pursuing the same course. If in health, we can imitate the perfections and seek the felicity of the Deity, by diffusing happiness around us, and enjoying the contemplation of it; in sickness we may seek the knowledge which forms another part of His attributes. It is a false notion that application of the mind to science is impossible or hurtful, in such a state; on the contrary, it takes off the tedium of confinement, withdraws the attention from pain, and makes what would otherwise be wearisome, a source of enjoyment; for those who have active duties to fulfil, often have scanty leisure for acquiring what nevertheless they sigh for. In the quiet of a sick chamber knowledge may be sought and yet no duty neglected; and with convalescence comes the additional pleasure of feeling that we go forth to our duties with a mind strengthened by its high contemplations, and with increased powers of usefulness from the acquisition of knowledge. This is no imaginary picture; if the philosophy which the writer now presents to those who, like him, need it for practical use, be worth anything, let him who profits by it remember that it was so acquired. It was during months of illness that he stole time to hold intercourse with the master minds of antiquity; and often has he hailed, almost with delight, the respite thus afforded him from worldly toil. If, then, to an individual

deeply involved in all the perplexities caused by man's perverse will, the mere schooling his wishes to the divine similitude be productive of so much peace and happiness, what would be the consequence if a whole community were under the same influence? The question of "Why evil is in the world?" would not then be asked; for there would be none. Health would not be worn out by extreme labour; for who that loved his neighbour would require or allow it? Hearts would not be broken by unkindness; for the follower of such a system "loves his brother." Disease would not be brought on by excess, or transmitted in the blood to an unfortunate progeny; for men would no longer debase themselves by sensuality. Science would meet and control the dangers arising from natural causes; and death itself would be but a pleasant journey to a happier land, where friends and kindred were awaiting us. Again I repeat that the mass of suffering which man sternly mounts upon to arraign the Deity, is heaped up by himself only, and might be swept away again by the same hands that placed it there. Three generations of a wise and virtuous race would nearly efface the mischiefs of all the ages of sin and sorrow which had preceded them. There is nothing in all this, probably, that has not been said before, and perhaps better said; but, unfortunately, the necessity of using words as the medium of thought frequently leads us to forget that they are only the medium and not the ideas themselves. Thus we find it daily repeated that God is eternal, self-existent, almighty: and when these words are uttered it is thought sufficient. Among those who utter them, who is there who has accurately weighed the necessary conditions of such an existence? The most contradictory propositions are brought forward and insisted on, and none perceive the contradiction unless the very word should bear it upon its face. Thus, he who should assert that God is wise and ignorant, powerful and weak, at the same time, might be doubted; but he who asserts such changes of purpose in the Deity, as we find resulting from the want of power or knowledge in man, gains credit, because it is not perceived that omnipotence and omniscience leave no

room for any such change, and that eternity and self-existence entirely forbid the possibility of it: this is but one of the many propositions of this kind which daily pass current in the world. If, therefore, an accurate notion of the nature of the ruling power on whom we depend be requisite to the understanding our position, and regulating our actions, it is of no small importance to awaken men's minds to the logical consequences of their admitted creed. Indeed, were this course generally followed, there would be an end of the dissensions which now disgrace the Christian world; for a really false opinion would soon manifest itself to the mind of the inquirer, by the absurdity of its consequences, and all other differences—which arise merely from taking words for ideas and then imagining that our neighbour means differently, because he uses a different word—would merge in the one truth which all love, and either seek or think they have attained. I believe that if each of the words which have in turn been made the "Shibboleth" of a party had been subjected to such a process, we might now be living in peace, "one fold, under one shepherd!" Sure I am, that as THE TRUTH can be but ONE, there must be a fault in the course pursued, or those who have honestly sought it could not have remained, as—alas for Christian charity!—many wise and otherwise good men have remained —in bitter opposition to each other.

"The man is other and better than his belief," says Coleridge: so deep a thinker ought to have gone farther, and told us why it is so; for the maxim is a true one. Is it not that the conviction of the heart, from which his actions flow, finds imperfect expression in words, and that even those words fail to convey to others the meaning he has intended to give them? His words are attacked, and he defends them as the visible signs of what he thinks and feels; but are they so? Let any man try to express his own interior conviction in accurate terms, and see how many deep feelings of unseen realities, how many humble prostrations of human weakness before Divine perfection, are unsusceptible of any expression at all; and when he begins to attempt a definition, how his very soul groans

over the unsuited tools he has to use; and when he has felt all this, let him, if he can, condemn his neighbour's creed, when he sees his neighbour's life, and reads in that what he must have intended to express.

We have now seen what are the necessary conditions of self-existence. Will either Unitarians or Trinitarians dissent from this? Athanasius, the most decided of Trinitarians, expressed himself in nearly the same terms that I have used. Priestley could hardly have wished for any other definition. Why, then, have they been considered of different sects? Because each has attacked or defended *words;* and the *things* which those words were intended to convey a notion of, have not been duly considered; and then, when controversy once begins, and passion enters where placid reasoning alone should find place, adieu to the hope of brotherly fellowship! Evil feelings are engendered; the church of Christ is split; and he who endeavours to make peace by showing each party that in the heat of dispute both have gone too far, is looked upon as lukewarm in the cause, or perhaps as a traitor to that very faith which he is endeavouring to preserve "in the bond of unity."

The tradition of the church tells us that when the apostle John, sinking under the pressure of years and infirmity, could no longer preach to his converts, he was wont to be carried in a chair into the midst of them, where he pronounced simply these words, "Children, love one another." If this was the last lesson of the disciple "whom Jesus loved," of one who had heard the gracious words of Him who "spake as never man spake," surely we shall do well to remember that "brotherly love" is orthodoxy, and that charitable indulgence, not unmeasured zeal, is "the fulfilling of the law."

PSYCHOLOGY.

If Theology has been embarrassed by inadequate conceptions of the nature of the Self-Existent, Psychology has suffered no less from confined notions of the nature of man. Though it

has been very generally believed that this nature is compound, and though the words "soul" and "body" are in every one's mouth, yet we find no distinct ideas respecting the functions of each, even among those who are the most decided in their assertion that such are the component parts of man. We find no great laws established by experimental proof, as in other sciences; no accurate classification; and he who, without a previously-formed theory of his own to guide him through the labyrinth, should take up any of the works professedly written to explain the subject, would very probably find himself more bewildered when he had finished than when he began.

When a science is in this state of chaotic disorder, there is no chance of progress; the very first step towards its advancement, therefore, must be a classification which may at least reduce the subject it embraces to something like arrangement. It may be imperfect, it may even be erroneous; but at any rate, the objects requiring attention will have been disentangled from each other, and so placed that they may be viewed separately, and examined on all sides; it is easy then to shift their position if, after such examination, it should appear necessary.

But the very thing which makes classification needful makes it also difficult. Whoever may attempt it will be met by his contemporaries with the taunt, "What new sense has been given to you, that you imagine yourself able to do what abler minds have not accomplished?" Those who think that the adytum of the temple ought to be dark, or lighted only by the torch of the mystagogue for the entrance of the initiated, will denounce the endeavour to admit daylight as a sacrilege. What have the *people* to do in such matters? and what can a Pariah know of them? All this and more must be expected, but it alters not the case; a first step must be made, or a second never can be: and if the people, the multitude, the οἱ πολλοι (I care not by what term of contempt I and my compeers may be denominated), if the masses, I say, are to be what God made them to be, something more must be done than to tell them that they have instinctive feelings given them

by a benevolent Deity which it is a sin to indulge; for which reason severe laws abridge their gratification as far as possible; and that they have a soul destined for an immortality of spiritual enjoyment which they have no means given them of preparing for. Something more than this, I repeat, is needful to make us fit denizens of heaven: we must know how much of what we now feel is to go with us beyond the grave, how far it is to be controlled; how far indulged. We must, in short, ascertain the boundary line between the animal and the immortal nature; and this must be done, not for the *few* who have grown pale over their midnight studies, but for the *many;* for those who can only snatch a moment from the labours of the day for a short book, and whose toil has made them sleep too soundly at night to allow of long speculations. The philosophy of the multitude must be as brief as it is practical.

We began with a slight classification of the phenomena of man's nature into

1. The instinctive emotions and appetites.
2. The faculties.
3. The will.

And I assumed that as the two first partook of the changes which the body undergoes, they were bodily; but that as the individual and intelligent will partakes of none of these changes, it was of a different nature. Had we never heard of soul and body, so marked a distinction in phenomena would have led us to look for a double principle to cause it; and I therefore propose to reduce man's nature to its ultimate elements, by arranging the whole under two simple divisions.

I. Material and animal functions subjected to bodily change, and subdivided into

1. Appetites.
2. Instinctive emotions.
3. Faculties.

II. Spiritual and unchanging functions.

The latter division only is, strictly speaking, the province of Psychology: but in a nature so intimately blended, the one part so influences the other, that a system which should leave

out either would be very imperfect. I therefore proceed to consider,

I. Material and animal functions subjected to bodily change.

1. I need not waste time in proving that appetites, such as hunger and the like, are a part of our bodily and animal nature. No one denies it; and whoever should doubt it might soon be convinced by trying the experiment of preventing their gratification. Man would perish from the earth under such a regimen.

2. There has been more doubt as to what I here call the instinctive emotions: anger, fear, and many other emotions of this kind, have generally been termed passions, and referred to the soul for their origin; but when it is considered that they rise involuntarily in the first instance, and are attended with such a change in the circulation, and other bodily functions, as to disorder the health, and even in some instances to cause instant death, and when, moreover, it is considered that these so-called passions are requisite to the preservation and well-being of the species,—for anger impels us to self-defence, fear to the avoidance of danger, &c.—we shall be justified, I think, in giving them the appellation I have done; since, though passion, if we take it in the strict sense, means only a thing suffered *passively*, yet in common parlance it has been strangely confounded in its meaning, and is not unfrequently so used as to signify a thing done *actively*. Of course from this class of instinctive emotions must be rejected some of the feelings hitherto classed among passions, such as Hope, which is attended with no bodily disorder, and has therefore no claim to the title of passion, or a thing suffered. It will not be necessary to specify every one of the emotions thus to be classed; it is so easy to examine whether any bodily disorder is ever occasioned by it, or not, that none can be at a loss in determining the question.

3. The faculties have been variously considered by different writers: but as a recapitulation of their opinions would take much space, those who wish to know what they are must con-

sult their works. Pursuing the inquiry on the same ground that I have taken with respect to the instinctive emotions, I find clear indications of bodily origin, in the fatigue occasioned to the brain by their exercise, the necessity for repose ere they can again be set to work, their complete derangement by bodily disease, their debility in the last decrepitude of age. We need hardly ask the physiologist for his assistance here; common observation suffices for this conclusion. And here we may notice, that as the instinctive emotions are requisite for the preservation of the animal, so also are the faculties in a certain degree; for though the combinations effected in the brain may be applied to other purposes, which I shall presently speak of, yet the first and most obvious use is in the ministering to bodily needs;—contrivances for defence, for shelter, for procuring food, are the result of such combinations; and unarmed with natural covering or natural weapons as a man is, it is evident that without these contrivances the species would soon perish. Thus far therefore we have a mere animal, with the properties and capacities requisite for his preservation.

II. Spiritual or unchanging functions.

These appear to be two: i.e. the intelligent will, and that species of memory which forms the consciousness of identity; and which—however ordinary recollections may be impaired by the injury or disease of the brain—never suffers any change from infancy to death, and even in sleep remains unaltered.

We have as yet considered man as an animal only, and have seen all parts of his frame acting harmoniously together; the appetites, and the involuntary or instinctive emotions by turns stimulating the faculties to provide for the needs of the body, these faculties being operations of the brain, and therefore coming within reach of the mechanical action of the system. But another power now enters upon the scene, and, for good or for evil, not unfrequently thwarts and disorders the whole. The instinctive emotions, which in themselves are evanescent, are wrought up by this untiring energy into permanent affections. The faculties which naturally only act under the stimulus of bodily wants,—that is to say, under the

impulses mechanically conveyed to the brain,—are now seized upon by this restless inquisitive power, and compelled, in spite of fatigue, and even utter derangement of health in consequence, to minister to its requisitions, and supply it with the information it wants; untired, unchanging, it drags on its weary slave with immitigable determination, till at last it scornfully casts it into the grave as no longer fit for its purpose, and asks for other worlds, and ages yet to come, to satisfy its impatient longings for wisdom or for enjoyment. But though, when speaking of functions, I have divided them into two, as manifesting themselves differently, it is clear that they proceed from one principle; it is the conscious individual essence which pours itself forth in this energetic and unwearied activity, and is able, when it knows its powers, to appropriate to its own purposes the whole of the unrivalled machinery placed within its reach.

But though this nice mechanism be capable of responding to the touch of that power within, which makes man so godlike when his nature has its full play, it is too frequently left at the mercy of outward impressions, and remains the mere animal to the last; for we have already seen that the exertion of the intelligent will over the bodily functions is not requisite to their performance so as to preserve life. Man may exist as an animal, or at least very little removed from that state, and when the brain has never been exercised in those nicer operations which the individual essence can at its choice require from it, it becomes as unfit for use as the hands of a Hindoo devotee when he has resolutely kept them shut for ten years together. Active use is the necessary condition for keeping any bodily fibre in a healthy and serviceable state; and we see that this active use is stimulated by the sensations from without, which at our first entrance into the world are so abundant in all directions. The first impulse of the child is a restless curiosity, and at the same time an endeavour to combine and arrange ideas from what he sees and hears. Sensation has done its work; the brain has perceived; the individual is beginning to discover the organ he has at his command,

and he is already directing it to the inquiries needful for his information; but too frequently the child has no one who can reply to his inquiries; he gets weary of useless question, or is reproved for it; the brain consequently becomes inactive as to all its higher functions, and no further progress is made. The will is either not exerted at all,—for the mere action of nerves of voluntary motion stimulated by sensation must not be confounded with the ruling individual will,—or if it be exerted, having no longer power over the faculties so as to acquire useful information, its whole energy is devoted to the giving force and permanence to the instinctive emotions, which being involuntary, never can slumber as the faculties are wont to do. The man becomes thus the creature of passion, and that immaterial essence which should have been the guide to all that is excellent and noble in knowledge and feeling, panders only to the impulses of the body, and degrades itself from its high dignity merely to sink both below the level of the brute; for the brute, when the appetite is satisfied, goes no farther; but bring the intelligent will once to aid, and the jaded appetite is pampered and stimulated; fresh excitement is sought, and the body is at last worn out by the endeavours of its unwearied ally to minister to its gratification.

In cases of idiocy it is evident that the brain never has attained a sufficient power for supplying the individual will with the information it needs; but the proverbial obstinacy of idiotic persons shows that this power is as strong in them as in others; and were a careful training given to such children, it would be found that they are capable of much more than is supposed.* I knew a family in humble life, some years ago, where three of the children were thus afflicted; two of them were trained as persons in that rank usually are, to labour, and attend the church on Sunday. The third, and youngest, was the mother's darling, and nothing was required of him. The first two remained weak in intellect, but capable of performing many manual labours; were honest and indus-

* See "Small Books," &c., No. 3, § 14.

trious in their way, and were conscientious in the discharge of their humble duties. The third was the reckless, spiteful idiot too often seen.

Again, in insanity we find a no less resolute will; but misled by the false report of the brain, it is devoted to useless or mischievous purposes; and here too it is probable, that were the office of the brain, of the instinctive emotions, and of the ruling will, duly distinguished, this most miserable of all calamities might be either wholly averted or greatly mitigated. Its origin is either in a diseased state of the brain, from injury, or the violent action of some instinctive emotion, or a devotion of the cerebral power to one subject exclusively of all others, till it has no longer the power to apply to any but that. Now were the ruling will in the habit of claiming that supremacy which it *can* claim, it seems probable that in every one of these instances it might, if not prevent the evil wholly,—as it probably would in the two latter,—yet greatly mitigate it. Else how is it that we find in cases of confirmed insanity the fear of pain will curb the fit? Here the will is excited to use its power to avoid an evil, and for the time it uses it successfully.

Few know or believe the immense power which this undying energy is capable of exercising over the body, for it is only now and then that it is seen in full action; but that it is both master of, and widely different from the animal nature, may be sufficiently shown from those instances. For example, when a man resolves on putting an end to his existence by abstaining from food,—and this has been done,—the tyrannical sway exercised over every sensation and craving of the body, is complete and durable, as well as in entire contradiction to every impulse of the animal nature. Or if it be said that this has been merely the last resort of a man wearied out with suffering, let us take the case of one hazarding or throwing away his own life to save another from perishing. A stranger it may be, one from whom he has nothing to expect, and where he has no incitement but the intimate conviction that a higher and a nobler nature claims the sacrifice of the mere

animal. He knows that he is rushing upon death, he feels probably some natural shudder in doing so; yet this is overruled, and he goes on with his resolute purpose. Take away the influence of such a principle within, and half the actions of men are utterly unaccountable; for it is the natural tendency of all things to accomplish the end of their being; and if it be sentient, to be happy in doing so. The plant blossoms and bears fruit before it decays, and its life may be prolonged by preventing it from blossoming. The mere animal eats, drinks, propagates its species, and is satisfied; but man is always aiming at objects to which his life is frequently sacrificed, and no one calls him insane. On the contrary, in the proportion that he is ready with this sacrifice, he is honoured and esteemed; because every one has an anterior consciousness that it is what his own nature aspires to. He feels that he is now but the larva of himself, and that he has a higher career opening before him, where all that was beginning to develop itself will acquire perfection, where all the gentler sympathies of our nature may still find place and scope, and from whence the grosser animal gratifications alone will be banished, along with the earthly frame which required them.

PRACTICAL RESULTS.

"WHAT is a Religion? and what is a system of Philosophy? They are two different answers to the questions most interesting to man. Examine all the religions which have long held sway over the minds of men, all the philosophical systems which have united under their banner a large portion of the enlightened part of mankind, and you will find that these religions and their systems have one distinction common to both; that they have boldly proposed and solved the whole of those problems. It is by this character that we recognise a really great system, and we may truly say that if one of these questions has been prætermitted, it is but half a

religion or half a system of philosophy. Would you have an example of the stretch and extent of a great religion, look at Christianity! Ask a Christian 'Whence the human race is derived?' He can tell you.—'What is man's object, and what his destiny?' He can tell you. Ask a poor child from school, why he is here, and what will become of him after death? He will make you an answer full of sublime truths which probably he may not half understand, but which are not therefore the less admirable. Ask him, how the world was created, and why?—how the earth has been peopled?—why men suffer, and how all this will end?—He can tell. He knows the duties of man towards God and towards his fellow-men, and when he is older, and has learned the system more completely, he will not hesitate at all more respecting natural, political, and national rights; for each of these parts of knowledge flows as naturally from Christianity as light from the sun. Such is what I call a great system."

These are the words of a French philosopher who himself was not a Christian,* but I can find no words which would more aptly trace the way in which a "great system" must influence all the relations of life; and most truly does he pronounce that to be but a half doctrine which is incapable of this extended rule over men's minds and actions. When, therefore, I come to the practical result of a scheme of philosophy which walks hand in hand with the "great system" which M. Jouffroy has so well described, it will not be astonishing if I find myself obliged to touch on many points where great differences of opinion have existed. To those who may not take the same view of the subject, I can only say with Themistocles, "Strike if you please, but hear me." Weigh at least, whether there be not some truth that deserves

* Perhaps I ought rather to say, that disgusted with the narrow views of contending sects, he was unable to find any one to which he could associate himself, and thus, unphilosophic only in this, overlooked his own proposition, that great systems, whether of philosophy or religion, are only two modes of solving the same question, not two solutions; and that, therefore, he who professes a pure and true philosophy is a Christian, whether he knows it or not.

your farther attention in the propositions which at first may seem strange and perhaps displeasing.

We have already considered the exterior and interior power in their separate nature and functions: we now come to the mutual relations which must subsist between them, and the influence these have on man's position, prospects, and final destiny. We have seen man endued with instincts and faculties purely corporeal in their origin and mode of exercise; and yet, in the midst of these corporeal instincts and faculties, we find another power introduced of a different nature, capable of diverting them from their natural course, and exercising an almost illimitable sway over them; like the musical instruments which by their regular machinery can produce a set number of tunes, but yet have keys annexed by which a skilful player can produce harmony at his will; and this complex nature of man is the work of a Being who, having all power and all knowledge, must do what is best for the proposed end.

If we look through creation in every instance where we have an opportunity of watching the operations of *nature,* as writers on such subjects are wont to say, or as I should say, of the *Framer* of nature, we find no substance formed with particular properties for an especial occasion, which properties never come into use afterwards. Every chemist knows that each substance has its peculiar qualities and laws which avail equally be it free or in combination, be it part of an organized or an unorganized body; and that amid all the mutations which are continually going on, nothing is wasted, nothing so far changed in nature that it cannot be resolved again into its component parts, which by the same unchanging laws form fresh combinations, each nevertheless still retaining the fundamental character impressed upon it. We see too that all organized beings,—I am not speaking now of man,—have exactly those qualities, organs, and impulses given them, which conduce to the end of their being; which end they scarcely ever fail to accomplish; the plant, the insect, the animal, have their different modes of life and production; but they live and produce; no property inherent in them interferes to prevent

this. We further see that when we have established any great law of creation by reasonable induction, we can explain hitherto puzzling phenomena by a reference to these laws.

Upon these last grounds, then, I assume that man's instincts and faculties are given him for purposes of permanent utility extending beyond this life; because it is evident that he has a property inherent in him, which interferes with, and very frequently wholly prevents, the full development of his animal nature; and therefore that animal nature, and the period of its duration, is not all of man. And if any one objects that man is in a fallen state, and therefore that these instincts and faculties are corrupt, and that we are not to look for good, but for evil from them, I reply, that those who make this objection doubtless will allow that when man came from the hands of his Maker, his nature, as well as all the rest of the new world, was "very good." Now we have already seen that these instincts and faculties are corporeal; provided for by a very simple and complete mechanism, but still by mechanism, as much as the bending of the joints or the growth of the body; then these instincts and faculties were in man originally such as they now are, excepting in instances where they are impaired by disease, and are no more corrupt than his bones or his muscles; and it is only when the individual power interferes to give intensity and duration to these animal functions that they run into excess, and thus become an evil, from the due balance between them being overthrown. It is no small happiness to the world that those kindly feelings which bind man to man, are all found among the instinctive emotions, which being consequent on the very frame of man, and altogether involuntary in the first instance, are therefore in no danger of being ever wholly stifled; while the sterner part of his nature which we have called *the faculties*, results from cerebral combinations produced by a voluntary act, and therefore subsequent to the first impulse of sensation.

Let us now see how the individual is likely to be affected by this corporeal mechanism. He enters the world inexperienced and full of wonder at the scenes around him, and the first

sensation that is awakened after that of mere appetite is, love to the parent who cherishes him; the next, grief at the sight of an angry or a sad countenance. It is only gradually that the brain acquires power for its higher exercises, and long ere this has taken place, the feelings have taught the individual better than the most luminous argument could have done, that it is good to love those who are kind to us, and to avoid exciting their anger or their grief; and this is become so habitual, that a deviation from the usual course of feeling is painful in the first instance. Here then, the very first of instinctive emotions provide a never-failing source of happy intercourse; and there is so much pleasure in yielding to them, that nothing further is requisite than a curbing power. The individual readily abandons himself to the gentle influence; but he may follow it too far. A parent or a companion may ask a wrong compliance: it is then that the intelligent will may call in the aid of the faculties to combine arguments, and weigh consequences; and, sitting like a sovereign at his council board, finally resolve, that the petitioning feeling ought not to be attended to. How soon the brain shall be capable of thus giving counsel, depends on the wholesome exercise it has had; for where no stores of knowledge have been laid up, arguments cannot be found; and where the habit has not been acquired by daily use, combinations of ideas are formed with difficulty. It would seem that mere sensation had found itself the straightest road, and that the more complex convolutions in which, according to some, memory and the higher reasoning faculties are exercised, were so unaccustomed to be called into use, that the parts were grown stiff and inactive; nay, as we see that size and strength of limb is only gained by exercise, it is not impossible that a brain never called into use may not even have its full proportions: and thus, from neglect in childhood, a physical incapacity may be engendered. Suppose this the case, and that either from want of exercise or of power, the faculties in their higher uses are not duly developed, it follows that the individual will, having no guide but the emotions, will follow them blindly, they themselves being but a blind

impulse; and when "the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch." But this is no corruption of nature, all these functions are useful and good in themselves; it is merely a neglect of one part which throws the rest off their balance.

Let us now suppose that the faculties having been cultivated to the utmost, the will has listened to them almost exclusively: a harsh character will be engendered; for no human being is perfect, and if we bestow our regard *only* in the ratio of specific merit, we shall seldom find enough excellence meet our notice to justify any large share of it. It is then that a yet more powerful instinct steps in: love between the sexes teaches at once the generous self-devotion which the combinations of rational argument might have been long in inculcating, and perhaps have attempted ineffectually; and all the gentler social relations arise out of it to sweeten life, and give a yet higher scope to our wishes; for who that truly loves will be satisfied that the union shall be broken at the gates of the grave, which has been so sweet an one through life? And how often do we see that he who cared not if his loose companions looked upon his vices, has shrunk from, and perhaps quitted them, when he thought of the innocent child whom he could not bear to contaminate! And thus we see two kinds of animal functions mutually balancing each other, uniting to school the individual will to all that is amiable and exalted. The instinctive emotions softening the sternness of the faculties, the faculties curbing the animal force of the emotions; and the will, impelled by the solicitations of the one, and guided by the information and caution of the other, acquiring by degrees those habits of judging and feeling rightly, which qualify man for the spiritual felicity of his Creator. He has learned the enjoyment of benevolence and the excellence of knowledge, and his heaven has already begun on this side the tomb; and thus, though these emotions and these faculties may cease with the bodily mechanism which causes them, they have stamped their impress on the individual. Like metal poured from the furnace into a mould, which retains for ever the form so acquired, though the mould be but of earth, the will has acquired the

character it will carry with it into eternity, though the mould in which it was cast be returned to its dust.

Can the Christian who holds Philosophy to be "foolishness," deny that these warm though instinctive emotions, these aspiring faculties, are in exact conformity with the rule he acknowledges? The God who made man was not so limited in power or knowledge, or so wanting in benevolence, as to have given him properties unfitted for the fulfilment of his high destiny. The Saviour himself has pronounced that a man shall leave all else to "cleave to his wife." He has given as the badge of his followers, that they should "love one another" —as the rule of our life, that we should strive to be "perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect." We look into our hearts, and we find that we are naturally led to love the woman of our choice, beyond all other things; that we cannot be happy, or even retain a sane mind and healthy body without social intercourse, and that we aspire to knowledge, to greatness, to immortality, to perfection in short, with a longing that is never satisfied in this life, yet never wholly subdued. Is that philosophy *foolishness*, which by rational argument deduces the truths of the gospel from the very nature of things, and thus leaves no room for hesitation or disbelief?

But if this be the case—if a due balance of instincts and faculties be needful to school the Will, so as to fit it for the only felicity suited to its nature—what sort of training ought man to have, and what must be the sensations of one who feels this truth deeply, when he looks round on the habits and maxims of society, and the principles on which legislation is too generally founded? "The poor man must learn to restrain his passions," say political economists: let them first define what passion means. It is convenient when an ambiguous term hides, instead of explaining, the intention; and this well-sounding term means that, because it suits those who have the power, to retain the soil as their own property, therefore the man who is debarred from any share of it is to be debarred also from the due perfection of his nature. Those very instincts given to mould it to benevolence and kindness are to be rooted

out; or, if God be stronger than man, and this endeavour fail, they are to be made instruments of evil instead of good, and what would have been the parent of all the lovely social affections is to become the mere appetite of the brute, indulged when the animal nature is importunate, but so indulged as to degrade and deteriorate, instead of improving the individual.

"We must have servants and labourers, hewers of wood and drawers of water," say the rich and the luxurious; "it is therefore idle to teach the poor what will only set them above their work." I only ask, does it so really? Where are the instances of the real lover of intellectual improvement, who has been inefficient in what he has undertaken? But suppose it were as is objected—suppose a few hours were lost, or a few shillings spent on intellectual pleasures—do we never see either one or the other wasted at the beer house? And which is the better way of spending them? But setting aside all this, setting aside—what I have always found—that mental cultivation strengthens our power for whatever we undertake; I ask again, what right have you to cramp and stifle the intellectual faculties of a large portion of your fellow creatures, in order that you may purchase their bodily labour, even supposing that you could no otherwise secure it?—to rob men of the best gift God has given them, in order that you may "fare sumptuously every day," and "be clothed in purple and fine linen?" The mutes of the seraglio were deprived of the power of speech, that they might not tell the secrets of their master. Would you condemn as cruelty the depriving a child of one bodily organ, and yet justify the cramping the whole system of mental powers, merely that there may be a Pariah caste—a Helot race—who shall never rise above the soil they tread on, and look up to their masters as to beings of another species? If such were to be the enduring state of society, there would be some justification for those who might strive to overturn all existing institutions, in the hope that human nature would find means to assert its rights in the confusion. Such are not the lessons of the gospel, for "there is no respect of persons" before God, and yet probably never till now, and in this so-called free

land of England, was the distinction of rank made to press so heavily on the poor man. The slave in Greece and Rome was in some things better off. He was instructed that he might be serviceable; and finished, not unfrequently, by being the friend and companion of his master as his freed man. The mistress and her female slave sate and span together. In the modern states of continental Europe, even, the servant or the labourer enjoys a certain degree of familiarity; and is in consequence more contented, though poorer. The increase of riches and refinement in England has given the upper classes a character of their own;—with a selfish exclusiveness, they wish to retain this distinction; and with an instinctive feeling that intellectual strength is power, however the maxim may have been hackneyed and ridiculed, they hide from their own hearts, even, the uneasy dread of being encroached on, under the specious argument that for the poor man his Bible suffices. A blessed and cheering book it is doubtless; but how much richer a harvest of useful precept does it afford to those whose minds have been enlarged by further culture: how many mistakes would be avoided if the great principles of Philosophy were better studied; how much light would be thrown on it if something were known of the times, the places where, and the people to whom its words were spoken? The Bible alone is not enough; the mind requires relaxation: the commonest events of England raise curiosity respecting other lands and habits of life; and the young who hear a sailor narrating the wonders of his voyages, or the soldier of his campaigns, naturally wish to know something about the things they hear of. Why is innocent pleasure to be denied them? We should have a more moral population if amusements of a higher and more intellectual character were placed within their reach. It is not enough to give them food and raiment merely—they feel the wish to be respected as men.

Let me not be misunderstood. I call for no agrarian law, no equality, which if established to-day, must cease to-morrow, from the very difference of individual strength and inclination; but I call for justice;—I call upon legislators to remember

what God remembers, i. e. "whereof we are made." I call upon them not to damn their immortal fellow-men, by curbing with all the force of stringent laws on the one hand, and cold neglect on the other, the development of a nature which God looked upon when he had made it, and lo, "it was very good." Interested men have parted what ought to have been joined. Philosophy and Christianity have been severed, and both have been made to speak a language foreign to their purpose; but though man for a time may obscure those eternal verities, it is but like the smoke which hides the sun; the light must break forth again; and let us thank God that it must.

It may be asked what I would substitute for the order of things I complain of? This is the ready way of getting rid of disagreeable representations, yet I will not shrink from this either; but the subject is large enough to require to be treated separately, and my business here is with the establishment of great principles; these once established, details spring naturally from them. I return therefore for the present to man and his nature, position, prospects, and final destiny. I have assumed, upon what I think sufficient ground, that all the phænomena of our nature are to be referred to animal appetite, instinctive emotions, faculties, and intelligent will, coupled with that memory which constitutes the perception of identity; and I have assumed farther, that the last class of phænomena only, can be considered as properly belonging to the operations of the soul. I have also stated that an essential part of the great Self-Existent Cause of all things is a free and governing Will. Man therefore in this bears the image of his Maker; and inasmuch as he partakes in a certain degree of the nature of his Creator, his happiness and his destiny must be of a kind somewhat analogous. The felicity of the Creator, as far as we can judge, must consist in the constant harmony of his nature with his acts; in the will to do what is best, and the power to effect it; or, in other words, in unbounded knowledge, power, and benevolence. Now, though man's finite nature can follow but at humble distance, it *can* follow. He may act in conformity to his nature; he may delight in conferring

happiness, and in seeking knowledge: and I believe all who have tried the experiment will bear testimony that this course confers, even in this life, a peace of mind, a joy even in the midst of the turmoils of the world, which is more akin to heaven than earth.

Christianity teaches this, but in a simpler manner, by precept without argument; and it might therefore seem at first sight that the argument was superfluous: but it is not; for those who attend only to the precept are apt to consider the command to "love our neighbour,"—to be "conformed to Christ,"—to "be perfect as our Father which is in heaven is perfect,"—and the announcement of the misery that would attend the neglect of these commands,—as *merely arbitrary* laws, established by the Creator for reasons known only to himself; and he is thus made to appear as a despotic sovereign, to be feared because he has power to punish the infraction of his laws, rather than as an object of grateful and affectionate adoration, no less for the good he has given, than for what he has promised. Take the argument with the precept—show that it is in the nature of things that whatever felicity an intellectual being is capable of, must be akin to that enjoyed by the Deity; and that therefore if we seek happiness in any other direction, we shall necessarily fail of our object—and we immediately see the fatherly kindness of the command; and the very announcement that any other course would be attended with perdurable misery, instead of appearing in the light of a vindictive denunciation of punishment, shows itself to be what it really is—the caution of an affectionate and anxious parent, who

> "metuensque moneret
> Acres esse viros, cum dura prælia gente;"

and does not send forth his child to the combat till he has given him every counsel, and provided him with every defence which the fondest concern could dictate.

This is not, I am aware, the most usual mode of viewing the subject, and it is perhaps because it is not, that our religion is frequently cold and unprofitable. If the conforming our will

to the will of the Deity, or in other words, the finding our pleasure in the same objects, be requisite to our happiness, it is clear that *fear* will be a very ineffectual agent in the business. We may choose a certain course of action because we dread the punishment consequent on the contrary course, but we shall not do so because it is a *pleasure* to us. Even the most unphilosophical religious teacher will allow that this is not the state of mind which the true Christian should aim at, for says St. John, "Perfect love casteth out fear;" and nothing can be juster than the distinction made by the late Alexander Knox, between the imperfect Christian who *fears*, and the perfect one who *loves;* for as the doing an act under the dread of punishment is but a yielding of the will to one of the least exalted of the animal emotions, so it tends very little, if at all, to the amelioration of the character. The evil actions which might engender evil habits have been avoided, but we have accustomed ourselves to be actuated by a cowardly motive which a great mind ought to despise, and a Christian to eschew. Added to all this, the emotion which is the foundation of this kind of virtue is of a painful nature, and therefore another instinctive emotion,—that of shrinking from present suffering,—very quickly counteracts it; for in proportion as the fear is great, will be the effort of nature to allay or stifle it; thus the small influence it exercises over the will is transitory also.

It is no new discovery of mine that we must do what we like, or in other words, like what we do, in order to be happy. All men know and act upon this principle; can we suppose it unknown to Him who made us? and can we suppose also, that knowing the conformity of our will to His to be our happiness, He would take by preference so inadequate an agent as fear, to lead us to identify ourselves with Him? for this identity of will with the Deity, it cannot be too often repeated, is the sum and substance of religion as well as of philosophy. We are to become, as it were, a part of the Divine essence; His *children;* one in our interests, our affections, our designs: and thus identified with the Father of our love, we have His wisdom for our guide, His power to effect

our utmost desires. A religion made up of terrors offers no attraction; we only half believe it, for it is repugnant to all our rational and instinctive feelings; it is unlovely; we cannot cherish it in our hearts as the source of happiness, or keep it beside us in our lighter hours as our companion and guide. On the contrary, the philosophic view being in itself pleasant, never seems importunate or misplaced: it lays hold on our feelings, and dwells with them till it becomes a constant principle of action. It is rational, and satisfies the intellect; and the will thus learning to love what is both agreeable and wise, all inclination to any other course disappears. We feel that by pursuing a different one we should be unhappy; for it is not till we have depraved our nature that we make even a step in the wrong path without pain, and what at first was weighed and judged fitting, becomes at last so habitual, that we may act almost without reflection, and act right.

There is always one great obstacle to the reception of the simple religion or philosophy (for I know no difference between them) taught by Christ during his ministry on earth; it is its *very simplicity*. It is hard to persuade men that it is not some "great thing" that is required of them; like Naaman, who despised the order to "wash and be clean" of his leprosy. Yet it is this simplicity, this conformity to common sense and common feeling, which proves its divinity the most decidedly; for the law, and the nature to be governed by that law, have evidently been the work of the same hand. "Est enim virtus nihil aliud quam in se perfecta et ad summum perducta natura,"* said the Roman philosopher long ago, and it is a truth well worth remembering. The same objection that is now made to the rational views of Christianity, viz., that it makes its professors men of this world, was made to its first great teacher; "Behold a glutton and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Yet when the Saviour thought it not beneath him to sit at

* "Virtue is nothing but the utmost perfection of our nature."—Cic. *de Legib.* l. i. c. ix. 25.

the table of Zaccheus at what we should now call a large dinner party, it is evident that no sour restraints are imposed on the Christian, even if he have never heard of any rule of life but the following His steps who was sent to be an example for us. The Saviour did not sit at that table in vain; we hear of no severe reproofs; no stern lecture; but he who knew well what man's affections could do, won the heart of Zaccheus. "The half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have done any wrong to any man, I restore him fourfold," was the resolution taken by the giver of the feast at that dinner; and it is thus that the servant of Christ, the philosopher in the true sense of the word—for what is love of wisdom but love of the wisdom or λογος of God?—it is thus, I say, that the servant of Christ may move in the world, blessing and blessed. Polished, eloquent, dignified, Christ exhibited, amid the world which he did not fly from, a pattern of everything that was attractive in man. So may, and so should the Christian; and thus sanctify and purify society by his presence and example, till the precepts of our great Master become its precepts also; till forgiveness of injuries and purity of life be thought as necessary to the character of a gentleman, as truth is even now; till amusements and business, trade and politics, shall alike own the healing influence, and "the kingdoms of the world" become what,—notwithstanding the boastful title of Christendom,*—they never have been yet, "the kingdoms of God and of his Christ."

It was the pure philosophy of Christianity, its exact accordance with every want and wish of our nature, that spread the doctrine of the poor fishermen of Galilee through the palaces and the schools, no less than the shops and the farms, of Greece and Rome. It has now ceased to spread, and why? Is it not because its Philosophy is forgotten? Is it not that by being made to consist in a certain set of mysterious dogmata which it is almost forbidden to examine, it is put on a level with those false systems which shrink from the light, because they know

* The domain of Christ.

they will suffer from being seen when exposed to it? It was not thus that Christianity was *first* preached to the world. Its teachers and its martyrs appealed to its rationality, to its accordance with the highest conceptions of the wisest and the best of the Grecian sages. They contrasted its purity with the abominations of Paganism; the brotherly love of its followers, with the ferocity, treachery, and hatred of the rest of the world; they showed that there must be a God, and that He could be no other than they described. The Eternal God, said they, must be essentially rational. Exerted or not, the wisdom to know, and the power to act must be co-eternal in him. We do not worship two Gods, as you object to us; the λογος (rational faculty) of God, animated a human form, and spoke to us through human lips, "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself," and him we worship. We do not say that our God suffered or died. The body which he wore as a raiment was sacrificed, but God is impassible, ONE SELF-EXISTENT ETERNAL MIND.* It was thus that the early apologists for Christianity explained its tenets to the Pagan world; and the Pagan world received them. What have we gained by abandoning the philosophy of these Martyrs of the truth? We have abundance of technical terms; but have we the *Spirit* of the Gospel? Do we bear the badge of Christ, "hereby shall men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another?" If we do not—if rich and poor, Dissenter and Churchman, Romanist and Socinian, are, as it were, separate classes that hold no fellowship together—then is our Christianity as faulty as our philosophy—we have "the *form* of Godliness," but not "the *power* thereof," and however we may boast "the temple of the Lord" (and, blessed be God, it does yet afford shelter to some whom their Lord at his coming will own as his true disciples), we may find at last that phrases are of less importance than motives; and see,—Heaven grant that it may not be too late!—that "God is no respecter of persons," but that "in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

* Vide Tertullian, Athenagoras, Arnobius, &c. &c.

The following is a List of the other Published Works of Miss Cornwallis.

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.

Nos.

2. On the Connection between Physiology and Intellectual Science.
3. On Man's Power over Himself to prevent or control Insanity.
4. Introduction to Practical Organic Chemistry.
5. Brief View of Greek Philosophy up to the age of Pericles.
6. A Brief View of Greek Philosophy from the Age of Socrates to the Coming of Christ.
7. Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Second Century.
10. On the Principles of Criminal Law.
12. General Principles of Grammar.
14. On the State of Man before the Promulgation of Christianity.
17. Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Twelfth Century.
18. The Philosophy of Ragged Schools.
19. On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity.
    Part I. From the first to the fourth century.
20. On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity.
    Part II. From the fourth to the seventh century.
21. On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity.
    Part III. From the seventh to the eleventh century.
22. On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity.
    Part IV. From the eleventh to the end of the fifteenth century.*

* Numbers 8, 11, 13, and 15 are not included in the list, as Miss Cornwallis was indebted to two or three friends for a good deal of the matter,

Pericles: a Tale of Athens in the Eighty-Third Olympiad. 2 Vols.

Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency. 1853. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Articles contributed to the Westminster Review.

Wycliffe and his Times. . . .	No. XI., July, 1854.
Self Education	No. XV., July, 1855.
History of the House of Savoy.	No. XVII., January, 1856.
The Property of Married Women.	No. XX., October, 1856.
The Capabilities and Disabilities of Women.	No. XXI., January, 1857.

Articles contributed to Fraser's Magazine.

The Naval School on Board the "Illustrious."	No. CCCIV., April, 1855.
Naval Education	No. CCCXXXIII., September, 1857.

although they were arranged, edited, and in great part written by her. Number 9 was contributed by another hand, and number 16, on the "Responsibilities of Employers," was by the late David Power, Esq., Q.C.

JUVENILE COMPOSITIONS.

The following interesting description of her youngest daughter, when seven years old, is extracted from Mrs. Cornwallis's Journal:—

"I shall feel it more difficult to delineate her mind. Her temper is irritable to the highest degree, and affectionate and generous as it is warm: subjected to sudden starts of pettishness, and then the most penitent of human beings, entertaining the most humble consciousness of her imperfections, and the most hearty desire to conquer them, for which purpose she at times exerts a resolution far beyond her years. Her fancy is brilliant and her genius refined, tinctured with romance, and roving into the region of the air for subjects on which to exert itself. Her memory strong and extremely quick, capable of comprehending anything offered her through the medium of amusement, but tortured by any application to what is dry and unadorned. She reads English as well as any woman can do, writes most wonderfully, as well as most young persons of twelve years, and takes great delight in it. Her taste for drawing is very great, and she executes everything she chooses, and manages water-colours very dexterously. She reads French also very prettily, though she only *knows* a few words; but it is impossible to attract her attention to this language except by fairy tales. She is entirely intimate with Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and knows it almost all by heart; her dolls all represent fairies, and are valuable only as they are to perform parts she destines them for. Plays of all kinds enchant her; she comprehends the plot, humour, &c., and enters into different characters with uncommon vivacity and spirit. She is all feeling: her health even suffers by a tale of woe, and she does not overcome a sight of distress of any kind. Tremblingly alive to pleasure and pain of every kind, she possesses uncommon courage to endure pain, and a great sense of honour, truth, and heroic virtue. But her strongest charac-

teristic is her love for her father, which exceeds everything I ever saw, and has been ever since she could speak. It is a passion—a preference, which distinguishes itself in everything she says and does, and though she loves me with extreme affection, it is quite of a different kind. She is delicate in her language and attitudes, clean to a degree, and handy in all she attempts; sprightly but unequal, running to extremes which, without care, would prove hysterical. Such is the dear but dangerous child I have trained thus far, and I tremble for her; being but too sensible that she has all those qualities which tend to the disquiet of the owner."

A few extracts from the numerous compositions in prose and verse, which were the amusement of her childhood from the time she could hold a pen until she was about thirteen years old, will serve to illustrate the truth of this portrait. The original manuscripts are adorned by plans, coloured maps, and drawings, which latter exhibit an extraordinarily inventive fancy and vividness of imagination. The histories, poems, commentaries, and essays would fill volumes, and the Fauna and Flora of "Zolgog" are made out with scientific precision, as well as the grammar and vocabulary of the language. The following is one of the earliest specimens,—written in a very childish hand:—

HISTORY OF ZOLGOG,

DURING THE

REIGN OF THE FOURTEEN FIRST KINGS.

BY

I. G. BOTTA, M.R.A.,

Regius Professor of the Gnomese Language at the University of Titanium.

Explanation of the Map.

Gnombraakn	Continent of Gnomeland, in general.	Brarradob .	Black Gnomeland.
Gattyclata .	Brown Gnomeland.	Coisque . . .	White Gnomeland.
Splasoldo . .	Yellow Gnomeland.	Zolgog . . .	Pink Gnomeland.
Akkaravau .	Green Gnomeland.	Spodbokka .	Blue Gnomeland.
		Fuzdgrombog	Red Gnomeland.

The desire for novelty and the wish of knowing the origin of those countries which have of later years become conspicuous, has induced many to attempt to elucidate the remote history of neighbouring nations; but, though many writers have undertaken to give a history of the Continent of Gnomebraakn in general, and many more of the particular kingdoms into which it is divided, yet the one part has deviated into absurdity from a too ready belief of the improbable fiction to which the Gnome Commonalty are so greatly attached, while the other, without examining what gave rise to those fictions, has sunk all the former part of the history in obscurity and darkness. But in excuse of these writers we may urge that the records, so carefully preserved through succeeding ages, have till lately been inaccessible, and the history of past events, when entrusted to memory or oral tradition, soon becomes so disfigured by fable or lost in ignorance, that it is a difficult, not to say an impossible task, to separate the truth from a large proportion of falsehood. Since the Gnomese records have been unfolded to the eyes of the inquirer, the history which was before confined and uncertain is elucidated, particularly that of the kingdom of Zolgog, which is so much enlarged that it may now properly be the subject of a distinct work. Disregarding, therefore, the other nations, except where they are connected with this, we shall confine ourselves to the interesting events transmitted to us in the sacred records of the Zolgese.

This country, when compared with the other nations of Gnombraakn, may be deemed civilized, but in the eyes of an inhabitant of the empire it must still appear in a state of barbarism. Still ruled with the most despotic sway by crafty and ambitious men, who, under the mask of religion, exercise their tyranny equally over the king and the kubshak, little progress can be made by them in science or the polite arts. The priests, knowing that with knowledge their power is incompatible, guard the ancient customs with the most scrupulous exactness from any innovation, and while their power continues thus absolute, all attempts at civilization are rendered

useless. But the time, it is to be hoped, is not far off when this iniquitous fabric will fall to the ground,—when the eyes of the people will be opened to their true interest, and when shaking off the iron yoke they so long have borne they will enjoy the sweets of freedom and commerce.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact origin of this nation, for though the common tradition tells us that it was produced by the union of a native of Fuzdgrombog and Coisque, yet this is unconfirmed by the records, and therefore cannot be credited. We must, therefore, leave this circumstance to future conjectures, when the red colour of the skin of the Zolgese may be more easily derived from natural causes. The Zolgese are by no means disagreeable in their appearance, were there not so much pains taken to disfigure them. Their colour alone renders them extraordinary in the eye of a stranger; yet this to an enlightened mind is nothing, for why should the rosy hue which is admired on the cheek of a European be thought disgusting when diffused over the whole body of a Zolgen?

The year at which the records begin their account of this nation is supposed to be about A.D. 980. The first purport to be written by Uggimachius I., and the others have been the work of the priests from time to time, and have hitherto been guarded so diligently that none but the Zolguc knew there were such writings in existence. The Zolgese at this time were in a state of complete barbarism; plunder was their only subsistence, till the neighbouring nations, provoked at being the continual subjects of their depredations, entered into a combination to exterminate them from the earth. It was then that a small party of them, flying from the rage of the Coisquans, took refuge in the woods and morasses beyond the mountains of Zolgog, and here, having lost their accustomed subsistence, were forced to have recourse to the fruits of the earth to support themselves and families, and tillage was their only resource against famine and death. Here, then, we behold the rugged and fierce barbarian changed at once into a peaceful husbandman. They soon found that unless the

woods were in part cleared, they must fall a prey to the wild beasts which inhabited them. But how was this to be accomplished? Destitute of tools, not knowing the use of metal, or perhaps having never seen any, how deplorable must have been the condition of these wretched outcasts. But necessity, ever the mother of invention, taught them to observe the violent hurricanes which sometimes tore up the deepest-rooted trees, and from this they learnt to dig and hollow round the roots of the trees they wished to fell, and thus rendered them an easy prey to the fury of the winds. Thus settled in their miserable situation, this people grew and increased till it again became formidable to the surrounding nations, who again prepared for a second massacre of the unhappy Zolgese. In this perilous situation they applied to their priests, who are here first mentioned, but alas! even this failed—they gave no answers. As a last resource they looked round among their countrymen for some one to lead them forth to battle against their implacable enemies. Uggimachius now stood forth and offered himself as their leader. He was accepted, and the fight ended in a total slaughter of the Gattylations, and the other nations, discouraged by this event, withdrew themselves into their own countries again. The Zolgese, whose gratitude to Uggimachius exceeded all bounds, now begged him to retain the power they had conferred upon him in their late distress, as a reward for his services. From this time, therefore, viz., about A.D. 1094, we date the reign of Uggimachius I.

The preeminent talents of this great man shone forth even through the barbarism of those remote ages. Seldom is it that we meet with such characters even in civilized nations; how justly, then, is this monarch celebrated as the best, the greatest of men. He found the Zolgese rough and untaught. They had not even made themselves dwelling-places, but at night, when they retired from the toils of the day, they laid down under a tree, and took their short repose. His first care was to render the task of tilling the earth more easy, and to this end he fashioned wooden tools of different shapes with fire, and taught his subjects to make and use them. He

devised weapons which answered equally the purpose of defending them from wild beasts and from their foreign enemies; and in a few years brought his kingdom to such a pitch of grandeur compared with the other nations, that they now courted his alliance, and at last he secured his safety on that side by a marriage with the daughter of the King of Spodbokka. We now behold the Zolgese in a very different light: from a rude horde of barbarians, we see them become the subjects of a government which, though still barbarous, was yet far advanced beyond their former state—we see them in the unmolested enjoyment of more extended territories, cultivating the arts of peace, under this Alfred, this Czar Peter of Zolgog.

During these years of peace, Uggimachius established the religion he had received from his ancestors, and the first attempts at architecture were employed in building altars to the gods. The people no longer rested under trees, but lived in pits covered with branches of trees, which by gradual improvement have arrived at the houses in which the lower orders now dwell. But the people, however improved, were yet ignorant of the art of writing, of communicating their ideas through the medium of sight. To accomplish this was a work worthy of this great monarch. He did accomplish it, and their records are written with his own hand, and signed with his own name, in these new invented characters. And now we may suppose that Uggimachius first assumed the character of a lawgiver; he had before humanized the minds of his people, he now gave them laws to regulate their conduct. The first code, we may easily think, was rude and unfinished, yet happy had it been for the following ages, had they even preserved it in its original purity. In a nation whose strength consisted in its numbers, Uggimachius feared to make death the forfeit of any crime; the laws, therefore, were enforced by fines, and in extraordinary cases by bodily punishment. The fine for theft was a fourth part of the property of the offender, and the punishment of murder in a rich man was the confiscation of his whole property, and hard labour—in a poor

one, repeated stripes. The wisdom of these laws must be evident to every one, but unhappily in later times, through the indolence and supineness of the kings, the priests have encroached upon these salutary regulations, and the fine for theft, provided the offender takes refuge in the temple of Filshgoggle, is only a fourth part of the booty, while if he is overtaken before he has taken sanctuary, he is delivered over to the malice and cruelty of the person he has robbed, thus making the punishment depend, not on the degree of guilt, but on the degree of swiftness of which he is possessed. This instance will suffice to show the lamentable consequences of their unbounded power. Unhappily for Zolgog the priests (whose interest it was) have either lost or destroyed the rest of the laws of this admirable legislator.

During the time occupied by these transactions the nation increased till their present habitation became inconvenient for so large a number. The charring the wood was a most tedious work, since the trees did not always yield to their stratagem, while the morasses with which they were almost wholly surrounded rendered their farther extension improbable, unless they could be drained from the stagnant moisture. Uggimachius perceived this: he therefore took a survey of the borders of the morass, and found that it was caused by the river now called the Obe, which, having no regular channel, diffused itself over a great extent of country, and afterwards took its course through the mountains of Zolgog. He therefore caused all his subjects to employ themselves in scooping out a bed for the river, which, when done, by the help of smaller channels which emptied themselves into it, and which are still visible in the province of Quamtua, soon drained the neighbouring lands, which were thus rendered capable of tillage. Not long after the Zolgese had in this manner extended their possessions, the King of Gattyclata, again jealous of their rapid increase, which he feared would encroach upon his territories, again raised a great army of Gattyclatians and Coisquaws, and marched against Uggimachius, who, hearing of these preparations, was not unprepared. The people knowing that on this battle de-

pended their very existence, flocked to the standard of their king, and in a few days a most decisive battle was fought. The King of Gattyclata was killed, and his army fled precipitately before the conquering Zolgese. The Gattyclatians did not dare to renew a war in which they had twice suffered so considerably, but were contented to cede to the Zolgese the greatest part of what is now called Quamtum, and that part of Sackneu which lies near the mountains of Coneu; and in order to make these concessions more lasting, the young king took the daughter of Uggimachius for his queen. Then did they acquire a territory extending from E. to W. nearly nine hundred miles by one well-fought battle. But though the peace with the Gattyclatians was thus secured, yet the war was not finished, for the Coisquaws, enraged at the defeat which their troops had received, in combination with that nation, resolved to pursue the war to the utmost extremity. But though he was now opposed against the most powerful nation of the whole continent of Grombraatra, yet the active mind of Uggimachius, never discouraged, secured his subjects from the attacks of their invaders in the following manner:—He ordered his troops to heap up stones in all the passes of the mountains so as to block each passage in four or five places, and then disposed a body of men to guard their rude fortifications. As soon as the Coisquaws appeared, and were, owing to the narrowness of the path, obliged to go very few abreast, they pushed down the first heap upon them, which, throwing them into confusion, they plied them so successfully with the remaining stones that they gave up their enterprise, deeming the place impregnable.

After this we hear of no more wars during the reign of Uggimachius, who was now growing in years. But years made no alteration in his love for his country; still trying to find some new improvement he was never satisfied with what he had done, and he now put the finishing stroke to his great scheme by assigning lands to his different subjects, and marking the boundaries, instead of letting their flocks and herds rove unconfined over the whole country. This last regulation com-

pletely settled the people; they now no longer fluctuated from one part to another, as fancy led them, but resided in fixed habitations, cultivating the land allotted to them. This truly great man lived to see the happy effect of his laws, and then died at the age of seventy-six, full of years and glory, being perhaps the noblest character ever recorded in the pages of history. He reigned forty-five years, over an affectionate and devoted people, and has justly obtained the title of the Great.

Uggimachius possessed in the highest degree all the virtues requisite to the monarch, the warrior, and the legislator. With the most undaunted valour, invincible firmness, and unbiassed justice, he joined a heart susceptible of those softer passions so seldom known among barbarians, and a most tender feeling for the distresses of his fellow-creatures. Both in peace and in war he showed the most consummate prudence, and the prosperity to which the Zolgese attained during his reign is a sufficient testimony of his wisdom and foresight. We are not certain how many children he had; we find only two mentioned, viz., a son, Uggimachius, who succeeded him, and a daughter, Uggimachle, who was married to the King of Gattyclata. His queen, a woman of masculine sense, survived him some years.

The following is the Title Page of a long Tragedy in Blank Verse:—

WICKELBUP;

OR,

THE FATE OF GNOMELAND:

A Tragedy.

TOGETHER WITH THE ENTERTAINMENT

OF

ADDLEPATON;

OR,

THE HAPPY UNION:

AS THEY WERE PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL ZEDIGOG, BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES.

BY

J. G. BOTTA, M.R.A.,

Regius Professor of the Gnomese Language in the University of Titanium,
Late Envoy-Extraordinary to the Court of Zedigog.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

BY

FRED. AUG. ALAN ROMNEY,

Major-General of His Majesty's Forces, Knight of the Most Serene Order of the Morning Star, Member of His Imperial Majesty's Ancient Sylphic Council of the Arborcamfadaucamgisticus.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Wickelbup . .	King of Pink Gnomeland.
Thaucantion . .	The brother of Wickelbup, in love with Kalsrada.
Penargob . .	Prime Minister and Pog of Coppersamdog.
Phrastigon . .	Friend of Thaucantion.
Nickbobdul . .	The Rebel Chief, in love with Kalsrada.
Gowltab . . .	His friend, also a Chief.
Coddledod . .	Captain of the Guard.
Fittleton . . .	Chang of Obblesgog—a Rebel.
Barbolina . .	Queen.
Kalsrada . .	Princess of White Gnomeland, betrothed to the Prince.
Erichta . . .	Confidante of the Queen.
Arisha . . .	A favourite attendant on Kalsrada.

Soldiers, Guards, &c.

The Scene lies in Zedigog and in the two Camps.

Another poetical composition in ten-syllable lines, entitled the *Son of the Woods*, and supposed to be translated from the Gnomese language, is made the subject of some very elaborate notes, and the translator thus introduces his work :—

The following poem is generally supposed to be founded on fact; but the records of the temple at Zedigog do not mention anything respecting the prince who is the subject of them, excepting this short sentence: "In the days of Tasé lived a King of White Gnomeland, who was born in our land, by whom we boast the dominion of White Gnomeland; also from whom are descended our kings, as Bichelbaga espoused his descendant." This obscure passage seems to relate to Valoraine, but is not sufficient to found any certainty upon; by the days of Tasé are meant the times when Tasé used to come upon earth, which they say he has not done for some centuries. The manners of the people even now have the most striking coincidence with those described by the poet, which plainly shows that very little improvement has been made of late in the civilization of this country: but their coincidence enables me with greater facility to explain the difficulties which may arise from not being acquainted with the customs of a people who differ so widely from anything which ancient or modern history can

produce. Before I enter upon the subject of the poem, I shall give my reader, in a few words, all the information I have been able to obtain respecting its author. It is asserted by Blokdol that Nakdul was not a Pink Gnome by birth; but as he gives no authority for this insinuation, I think it deserves no credit. It is true that Nakdul appears partial to the White Gnomes, which was probably the foundation of this account of his birth; but I think it plainly appears that he has throughout raised the Pink Gnomes above the White in beauty and courage. I shall therefore prefix the account of that most excellent commentator, who says that in the temple at Zedigog in his days there were two robes hung up, upon one of which was written the following inscription, which I have literally translated:—

NAKDUL,
Priest of Tasé, the Mighty,
was united
To Obberande the Priestess
in the bands
Of Tasé, who has bound them
together, and has seen
On his altar the Sacred Mouse,
The Beard, and the Bird.
So may they remain for ever, O Tasé.

From this inscription it must be clear to every one that Nakdul was a Pink Gnome and of the purest descent, unmixed with any other nation, for no others were ever priests of Tasé. Having now ascertained, I hope to the satisfaction of my readers, that Nakdul was born in Pink Gnomeland, that he was priest to Tasé in the temple at Zedigog, that he was married to the priestess Obberande, I must confess myself ignorant of any other circumstance relating to his life. There are many conjectures on this subject in the Gnome commentators, but none of them are at all probable in my opinion. There are also many popular legends respecting him—as, that he was beloved by the goddess Naggarab, who took him into Heaven, by which means he was enabled to describe all the

gods, and their mode of living. Others also say that he was the son of Tasé by Queen Floana, but this is not believed generally. I also was informed by one of the Pogs to whom I was introduced at Zedigog, that he was descended from Nakdul, in confirmation of which he showed me the quill with which he wrote his poem; he also showed me a copy of *Jormodang* and *Aziuzie*, which he said was in his handwriting; but it was plainly of much later date. The poem which I now lay before my readers was copied for me from the original in the temple of Tasé by one of the priests, to whom I presented four hundred drachms as a reward, for had it been known he would have been burnt for sacrilege in suffering it to be seen by strangers.

It now remains to discover in what reign of the Gnomese monarchs he lived; but on this subject I can obtain no information. Nor does he in the poem afford any light which might guide us to the truth: but it is certain that the human sacrifices to Imago have been abolished many hundred years. I am truly concerned that no traces of the life of this great poet are to be found in any of the ancient records; but this is another testimony of the injustice of fame, who publishes the most trivial actions of the tyrant and the warrior, but veils in oblivion the more deserving and illustrious candidates of renown, the poet or the philosopher.

It is also confidently asserted by Blockdol, that, in his travels, he had met with a tomb in White Gnomeland, on which was painted a man writing, with Tasé whispering in his ear, and at a distance, battles, tempests, &c.; but this account is not deserving of much more credit than the former, for this commentator is no less remarkable for the falsity of his accounts than for his ignorance and stupidity: besides, it is not a proof that it was his tomb because wars and tempests were painted on it. I should therefore rather think it the tomb of one of the heroes who had been celebrated in the poem of Nakdul, perhaps even of Valoraine himself. Another writer, of more candour, asserts that on a ruined temple in Brown Gnomeland the words Gangan Gangen Nakdul—that is, Heavenly Nakdul, were inscribed. To this I answer, that

it is common to inscribe on the walls of the temple the names of great personages or distinguished favourites of the gods, so that it does not necessarily follow that Nakdul ever was in that country, though it appears, from his profound knowledge of the geography of all the neighbouring nations, that he had probably travelled throughout Gnomeland at some period of his life.

Accept, young prince, these tributary lays,
Which faithful Nakdul to thy virtue pays;
Whatever virtues ornament my song,
To thee, my prince, to thee they all belong.
Attend, O Gnomeland, to the tale I sing,
To every one it shall improvement bring.

While all the world in solemn darkness lies,
The God convenes th' assembly of the skies.
First, Patirasticob, with step divine,
Immortal glories round his visage shine,
High o'er the rest, as to the traveller's eye
Appears Mount Atlas tow'ring to the sky,
The neighbouring hills all tremble at the sight,
And bow their heads before superior might,—
So towers the God above his menial train,
As towers the mountain o'er the subject plain.
In black clouds rising from the abyss of Hell,
Behold fierce Smogo, with a dreadful yell;
As the dread lion roaring for his prey
Drives all the trembling herds in wild dismay,
So Smogo's voice affrights the kindred gods,
And to unhappy mortals ill forebodes.

2 Fogglegob is the god that usually convenes the assembly of the gods.

9 "So towers the God above his menial train," &c.

As these lines may seem rather impolite, it is necessary to say that by this the gods are not meant, but his spirits, the word not being (here follows a hieroglyphic of the Gnomese language) *gods*, but (another hieroglyphic) *spirits*: but this not easily coming into verse, I took the liberty of substituting "menial train."

15 "So Smogo's voice affrights the kindred gods,
And to unhappy mortals ill forebodes."

The reason of this expression is that Smogo in general does not come to

Next o'er the pavement Poto wheels his car
Before dread Marron, Sovereign of the war,
Who rolls triumphant o'er the aerial fields,
And in his hand a bloody falchion wields.
Bright Tasé, soft on floating clouds is borne,
Resplendent as the sun that gilds the morn.
Now drowsy Snorribus asleep appears,
Borne by ten Spirits to the aerial spheres.
See Fogglegob appears—majestic God!
And Yelpus, who on blust'ring tempests rode.
The seven last Gods come rushing to the hall,
And leave to Spirits the terrestrial ball.
O'er Gangan's pavement then they bend their way,
To spend in revels all the heavenly day.

the assembly of the gods without he has some mischief in his head: thus Smogo came this time to solicit a decree for the death of Valoraine from Patirasticob, and this was the occasion of that Council of the Gods rendered memorable by our poet. Thus his presence served two ends; first, though he could not procure the death of Valoraine, yet he obtained power to torment him; and secondly, he promoted dissension among the gods, which was likely to answer his ends; else if he had not, by his policy, made the gods declare which side they were of, he could neither have circumvented his enemies, nor kept his friends strong in his interest by conciliatory behaviour on his part.

27 It may be asked why Nakdul did not describe the approach of the other gods. My opinion is that, had they been all described one after another, it would have rendered the narrative tedious; but most of the Gnome authors are of opinion that that part of the poem has been lost, and the above lines substituted to make up the loss; but this opinion savours strongly of the Gnome barbarity and ignorance of the art of poetry and the Fine Arts. But whether Nakdul thought that length was better than elegance, no one can tell, as he lived so many years ago. I have read most of the authors on the subject, but still am of the same opinion as that I stated above. Blokdol thinks that Nakdul was tired when he had got thus far, and for that reason substituted the above lines; but this thought is of a piece with the rest of his criticisms on Nakdul, to whom he always showed the most inveterate hatred.

29 To understand these lines the reader must know what ideas the Gnomes form to themselves of their Gangan, or Heaven. I cannot do justice to their account of it; I shall give the reader the words of Garrobball, the best author on that subject, literally translated:—"Our opinion of Gangan," says he, "is as follows: It is well known by the most common Gnome that Gangan is round, therefore it is certain that the gods

The poem, which is unfinished, is continued in the same strain for nearly 200 lines, with the same running commentary of learned notes.

The *Travels in Brown Gnomeland* describe with scientific accuracy all the natural productions of the country; and another voluminous composition has the following title:—

Scattered Hints and Observations upon the Fairy Empire, showing the Manifold Mistakes of former Authors on the Subject, with Anecdotes of Celebrated Personages of this and former Ages; illustrated with a Map of that celebrated Kingdom.

cannot walk on it; therefore Yelpus and Fogglegob were charged by the Great God with the paving of Gangan. It is revealed to us, also, that it is paved with smooth azure stones, which are supported over our heads." This is the opinion of our learned author with respect to this obscure line; but Blokdol, who is a perfect marplot in criticism and religion, opposes this. These are his words:—"I know that Garrobball and most of the chief priests are of the above opinion, yet I do not think so, for the following reasons: first, Who will believe that Yelpus, and especially Fogglegob, whom we know by the poem of Nakdul, now under consideration, to be proud, haughty, and imperious, how can we, then, believe that these gods would submit to such an ignominious occupation as that of paving Gangan, though at the command of the Great God? second, How is a pavement of stone to be supported over our heads? Though I believe, as a part of my religion, that the heavens are round, and that the gods live therein, yet why should not the gods, by their supreme power, be able to walk on a round surface of air as on a flat one of stone." This is Blokdol's opinion, but I must own that I like that of the Grand Priest Garrobball best. The 13th line also wants some explanation; but, as I suppose the reader will like better to have the Gnome comments on the poem than mine, I shall again give that of Garrobball, who, being a priest, certainly ought to know best. These are his words:—"It is necessary for any Gnome who reads this poem to be informed of what the heavenly day is, as it seems a great contradiction in one place to say—

"'While all the world in solemn darkness lies,
The God,' &c., &c.,

And in another place—

"'To spend in revels all the heavenly day.'

This seems an evident contradiction; but it is easily explained by saying that by the heavenly day is meant the earthly night; for when Fogglegob withdraws from the earth he retires to Gangan." Thus far the learned Garrobball.

EXTRACTS FROM SISMONDI'S LETTERS TO MISS CORNWALLIS.

Genève, 18 Juillet, 1830.

. . . . Après tout, la plus vive jouissance de ces gens à piété exaltée, pourroit fort bien se rapprocher d'une satisfaction d'amour propre ; ils se croient plus saints, plus éclairés que les autres ; si on sondoit bien avant dans leur cœur, on trouveroit qu'ils croient avoir leur petite part dans le don de prophétie et celui des miracles. Je suis loin de vouloir leur disputer leurs petits plaisirs, mais je voudrois bien que les saints sussent s'abstenir de gouverner ceux qui ne prétendent pas l'être. Une vie d'extases n'est bonne que pour ceux qui les ont. . . . Ce que vous me dites de l'isolement dans lequel vous tombez toujours plus, de ce nombre si petit d'êtres auxquels vous vous interessez encore, m'a vivement touché. Agissez, tandisqu'il en est tems encore, pour vous donner de nouveaux liens ; cherchez quelque ressource dans votre voisinage, car il n'est que trop vrai qu'en avançant dans la vie le moment arrive où l'on ne peut plus se livrer à de nouveaux objets d'affection, en même tems qu'on auroit plus besoin que jamais d'aimer et d'être aimé.

Nous sommes aujourd'hui aux plus fort de deux crises importantes. Je voudrois avoir moyen de vous envoyer un article que j'ai publié dans la Revue Encyclopédique de Mai, 1830, sur l'expédition d'Alger ; vous y verriez l'importance que je crois que le monde civilisé doit attacher à la colonisation de l'Afrique par la France. Aujourd'hui on assure que Lord Stuart de Rothsay a adressé des notes fort arrogantes au ministère français pour demander l'évacuation d'Alger, et déclarer que l'Angleterre s'opposeroit à ce que la France garde, ce qu'elle a conquis. De son côté la nation française, qui y a perdu beaucoup de monde et beaucoup d'argent, ne se laissera sûrement pas faire la loi, contre tout droit, contre tout principe d'honneur ; la querelle s'envenimeroit bien facilement sur cette

question; et si les Anglais prétendoient forcer la France à évacuer Alger, ils seroient bien sûrs que la nation entière courroit aux armes contre eux. L'autre crise simultanée est celle des élections. La majorité contre le ministère sera probablement plus de cent membres; en France, et dans toutes les classes de citoyens, la majorité est plus grande encore. Aucune personne de bons sens qui a suivi de près les affaires de France ne peut hésiter à croire que l'intention du roi est de renverser la constitution, qu'il n'a nommé son ministère du 8 Avril que dans ce but, et qu'il continue à y persister aujourd'hui encore que ses nouveaux ministres, l'un après l'autre, reconnoissent l'impossibilité de triompher de la nation française qui se montre si attachée à ses lois, et essaient chacun à leur tour de lui recommander la modération. La chambre nouvelle, toute puissante qu'elle est, ne désire point engager le combat; elle l'évitera aussi longtems qu'elle le pourra. Au moment où le roi voudra s'arrêter, et renoncer, à bouleverser ce qui existe, elle s'arrêtera aussi; elle ne demande pas mieux que la conservation de l'état actuel; mais si le roi continue ses attaques, si, avec l'imprudence d'un fou ou d'un fanatique, il veut commencer la guerre avec sa nation et son parlement, pour leur enlever leur constitution, sa chûte est certaine; la lutte peut-être plus ou moins longue, plus ou moins terrible, mais elle ne se terminera que par l'expulsion des Bourbons. Ma politique a rempli ma lettre; il me reste à peine la place de vous assurer de mon tendre et inviolable attachement.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

. . . . J'ai peut-être plus de sympathie que vous pour les Italiens qui travaillent à délivrer leur patrie des fers qu'elle porte—d'autant plus que depuis que vous l'avez quittée, les persécutions ont recommencé avec une apreté dont vous n'avez pas d'idée. Il arrive sans cesse des émigrés de Milan, des plus grands noms de la Lombardie; tandis que toutes les nuits, à Gênes, à Milan, et dans toutes les grandes villes, on vient enlever dans leurs lits des hommes honorables soupçonnés

de n'être pas convaincus que le despotisme est le meilleur de tous les gouvernements. N'accusez donc point votre ami d'engager personne à se faire pendre: il n'y a personne en Lombardie qui n'est déjà, sans qu'il s'en soit mêlé, une corde autour du col. . . . . .

Je n'étois pas sans alarme sur vous. Votre comté a donné le signal de ces étranges incendies, de ces insurrections pour bruler les meules de blé de peur de la famine. Je suis réellement surpris que vous ne paroissez pas en éprouver plus d'inquiétude. Je crois bien que votre gouvernement réussira à rétablir l'ordre, mais le symptôme de cet état des esprits, de cette exasperation de ceux qui n'ont rien contre ceux qui ont quelque chose, n'en est pas moins effrayant. Je suis tout étonné de vous voir plus sévère pour Lord Wellington que je ne le suis. Ses victoires autrefois me paroissent les défaites du genre humain, et son système, celui de Metternich, tendoit à la destruction de toute liberté, de toute lumière, de toute vertu sur la terre. Mais je ne l'accuse pas de la crise que vous éprouvez aujourd'hui. C'est la conséquence de trente ans, non de deux ans d'un faux système, de ce système que j'ai déjà attaqué il y a dix ans dans mes *nouveaux principes* d'économie politique, qui ne considère que l'augmentation de la richesse matérielle, et non sa distribution, et son effet moral, qui sacrifie toujours les hommes aux choses, qui a accumulé plus de richesses et créé plus de misères en Angleterre que dans aucun pays de l'univers. Au reste, nous sommes partout dans un moment de crise. Je crois indubitablement à la guerre. La Russie, l'Autriche, et la Prusse n'avoient que deux partis à prendre—satisfaire leurs peuples par des concessions, ou les effrayer par des supplices en même tems qu'ils les étourdiroient par la guerre. Leurs nouvelles rigueurs prouvent qu'ils ont choisi le dernier. La France désire ardemment la paix, mais elle est prête pour la guerre, qui ranime déjà l'enthousiasme, fait taire les partis, et rend déjà de la force au gouvernement. La sainte alliance se croit prête comme le ministère Polignac se croyoit prête; au moment où elle voudra porter les premiers coups, je suis persuadé qu'elle croulera. En Suisse aussi nous

sommes au milieu des révolutions. Les aristocraties de Zurich, de Fribourg, et de Lucerne, sont déjà renversées; celles d'Argau, et de Soleure chancelent. Celle de Berne est toujours debout, et menace encore. Pour la sûreté de la Suisse il est urgent qu'elle tombe aussi, afin que la Diète Helvetique ne soit plus animée que d'un seul esprit, qu'elle agisse d'après un seul principe, quand le moment du danger qui approche sera venu, et que la guerre éclatera autour de nos frontières.

Chênes, 9 Décembre, 1830.

Genève, Lundi, 21 Février, 1831.

. . . . Votre ami est je le suppose à présent comme moi, dans une agitation extrême entre la crainte et l'espérance. Toute la moyenne Italie est soulevée, de Plaisance jusqu'aux frontières de Naples, et nous attendons de jour en jour la nouvelle d'un mouvement semblable à Rome, à Naples, en Toscane, et en Piémont, tandis que tous les Italiens désirent ardemment qu'il n'en éclate aucun dans la Lombardie Autrichienne. Les Autrichiens n'ont absolument aucun droit d'intervenir dans des états indépendans, et qui secouent une tyrannie insupportable, mais le manque de droit ne les arrêteroit pas s'ils n'étoient retenus par la crainte de la France, qui a déclaré qu'elle ne troubleroit personne mais qu'elle ne voudroit laisser troubler personne. Les Autrichiens attendront donc probablement que les Russes soient arrivés sur le Rhin. Cette attente est le but unique de toutes les négociations suivantes sur la Belgique. Les puissances du Nord, déterminées à étouffer l'esprit de liberté en France, et ensuite en Angleterre, à imposer silence à une tribune qui tour à tour à Paris et à Londres rappeloit aux peuples leurs droits et les encourageait à les défendre, à supprimer des journaux qui portaient la fermentation dans des pays qu'ils s'efforcent de tenir tranquilles en y introduisant toute espèce de lumière, savent fort bien feindre jusqu'à ce qu'elles soient en mesure de combattre. Diebitsh est entré en Pologne, et la férocité de ses proclamations, la férocité avec laquelle il annonce qu'il y fera la guerre, brulant les villes et

détruisant les populations, n'est à ses yeux qu'un moyen plus expéditif d'arriver sur le Rhin pour seconder les Prussiens, les Autrichiens, et les Hollandois qui l'attendent. Tant qu'il fera la guerre en Pologne et protestera de son respect pour la neutralité de la France, s'il réussit en Pologne, il entrera en Belgique, protestant qu'il veut seulement assurer les droits du gendre de son empereur, le Prince d'Orange. Après les Belges, viendra la France, et si celle-là se laisse subjuguer, après elle viendra l'Angleterre, car le système pour lequel ils combattent ne sera affermi qu'après votre asservissement. J'espère bien qu'il se trompera dans tous ses calculs, et j'estime bien que la France et même l'Angleterre serait folle si elle laissait le Prince d'Orange s'établir dans la Belgique. Mais je l'avoue, quant à toute la politique étrangère, votre ministère me paroit frappé d'aveuglement. Sa défiance de la France, tandis que non seulement elle est seule contre tout l'Europe, mais qu'elle est même le champion qui va se battre pour vous, peut compromettre la civilisation dans tout l'univers.

. . . . Présentez mes plus tendres complimens à Mdme. votre mère, et croyez à l'inaltérable amitié de votre dévoué

J. C L. DE SISMONDI.

Chênes, 23 Octobre, 1831.

I have left, my dear friend, several months to elapse before answering to your kind letter of the 8th of June. I am indeed very busily occupied, and sometimes negligent of my correspondents, but I confess my silence had another cause besides. I felt from your letter that we were completely opposed in principles and desires as to political matters, and in a moment in which the party spirit runs so high, I would not expose myself to shock you, when we have so few other subjects on which to expatiate, and no other means to soothe those opposite feelings which a disunion cannot but excite. I am a Reformer, and you are not; but that is not all. I am not only a Reformer because the excitation of the times makes me think a compliance with the wishes of the times necessary;

I am one because I dislike the whole system—because, far from thinking it has worked well, I consider the state of English society, with its extremes of wealth and poverty, as dangerous; the temper it has raised in the nation—the share she has taken in foreign politics, &c. &c., as being equally in need of reform. I shall not follow farther the subject, or point out in how many feelings and wishes we differ. I should, indeed, rather speak of the tolerance we should all have in the present moment for opposed views in politics, for we are all of us on a new ground; experience is but of little avail, and pure theory of less. Still, and however, we are to act, and we shall be acted on. For, seeing what opposite courses are recommended by men we were used to respect, we must not call them fools or knaves, but distrust ourselves, and the power of the human mind. . . . .

When I set my foot on English ground, I feel so afraid of your English bills, which I dislike much more than Reform bills, that I do not dare to tarry anywhere, so I shall pass very near you without having the pleasure of seeing you. After five or six weeks spent in Wales, we shall return with as much rapidity. I will feel extremely sorry to be so near to you, or to dear Mrs. Cornwallis, without exchanging at least a kind word; but time will press on me as well as money. . . .

The state of politics in France gives me a great deal of anxiety, and the more perhaps as it is my friends who are at the head of affairs, and whose line of conduct I do not approve. I do not doubt they will have cruelly to regret their abandonment of Italy and Poland. Very likely you will have been much struck in England with the abolition of hereditary peerage, because the similitude of names makes you suppose an identity of substance; while, on the contrary, the two houses had almost nothing in common. The peerage was no part of the ancient constitution of France. The oldest peer had been created sixteen years ago, and while the Bourbons could not succeed in creating a new aristocracy, it would be absurd in the new dynasty to adopt their foundling, who, if it grew at all, would grow to become the enemy of the present

king. But what has been put in its place seems to me still worse. The whole system—the whole debate on both sides—appears to me foolish, and far from considering the constitution as settled, I apprehend the necessity of new changes, and I find nowhere the prudence necessary to direct them.

Chênes, 15 Mai, 1832.

Je vous réponds à lettre vue, ma bonne et ancienne amie, et cependant je ne réponds à personne, je ne veux voir personne, je suis horriblement malheureux. Je vous écris à côté du lit de ma femme, qu'elle n'a pas quitté depuis 29 jours d'une maladie dangereuse, et qui l'a fait infiniment souffrir. . . . Je ne quitte pas sa chambre, je n'ai pas d'autre pensée, je n'ai pas voulu voir un seul de mes amis, et je ne suis guère en état de répondre avec intérêt à votre lettre si amicale.

Nous voici cependant au milieu de la crise politique que nous avons prévu depuis longtems, et que nous avons jugé d'une manière assez diverse. *Galignani* hier au soir nous apporte la nouvelle de la défaite du Ministère dans la Chambre des Pairs et de sa résignation. Pendant le mois de Février et les premiers jours de Mars que j'avois passé à Londres, j'avois vu plusieurs des chefs des deux parti, et entre autres Lord Lyndhurst qui a dirigé la bataille, et je n'avois déjà guère de doutes sur le résultât. A mon retour à Paris, je l'annonçais à mes amis, je leur dis, que puisque Lord Grey n'avoit pas su ou pas pu créer une douzaine de pairs, non pas pour se donner la majorité mais pour montrer qu'il en avoit le pouvoir, et réunir ainsi les faibles à son parti, il seroit défait dans le comité, quand il n'y auroit plus de remède. Quel dommage que nous profitions si peu de la sage expérience de nos ancêtres, que nous ne mettions point à profit les leçons de l'histoire. Au seizième siècle, quand les grands de Bohème se mirent en opposition avec le peuple, la bourgeoisie de Prague monta aux palais des Etats, et fit sauter par les fenêtres dans la Moldau, autant de pairs qu'il en fallait pour ramener la majorité du bon côté. La majorité chez vous a été de 35, il faudroit donc

en faire sauter 70, et si les eaux de la Thamise sont aussi efficaces que celles de la Moldau, on trouveroit que ce remède constitutionel, si simple, si benin, si conciliant, auroit des suites merveilleuses pour faire entendre raison au reste. Jusqu'à present vos grands personnages sont d'autant plus hardis qu'ils savent que les dangers ne les atteignent jamais. Les grands seigneurs Carlistes de France ont une expérience toute contraire, aussi quand même ils crient, ils menacent, ils conspirent, on ne sauroit se figurer avec quelle prudence admirable ils s'enferment dans leurs maisons quand il y a des coups à gagner. On prétend aujourd'hui que ce n'est pas la Duchesse de Berry qui a été prise dans le bateau Carlo Alberto, mais la Duchesse d'Almaran, nom nouveau qu'a pris le Comte Louis de St. Priest; je connois celui-ci, et je serois bien surpris s'il etoit venu sur les côtes de France autrement qu'avec la Princesse. Sur le tout l'histoire me paroit un imbroglio de comédie. Personne n'auroit voulu que la Princesse fût punié pour avoir tenté d'allumer la guerre civile, mais on auroit désiré qu'elle en ressentit assez la peur, qu'elle eut assez de reconnaissance quand on la remettroit en liberté pour ne pas recommencer huit jours après.

Chênes, 5 Août, 1832.

. . . . . .

. . . De cet état si critique, si effrayant de l'Europe et de la cause de l'humanité, j'accuse directement Louis Philippe. Il a manqué de prévoyance, de résolution, et de talent. Quoique personnellement brave, et il en a encore plus récemment donné des preuves, il n'a point le courage de l'esprit, il n'ose pas envisager le danger, et il se perd dans de petites combinaisons, de petits ménagemens. Mais je ne crois pas qu'on le juge avec justice d'après les lueurs incertaines qui parviennent de l'autre côté du canal. La mesure très imprudente et très odieuse de l'état de siége, est une concession qu'il a faite malgré lui au parti doctrinaire, au parti des banquiers et boutiquiers qui domine aujourd'hui. Il les a trouvés irrités,

comme les gens nouveaux au pouvoir, et inaccoutumés à l'opposition, il leur a accordi par faiblesse des mesures vigoureuses, et par faiblesse encore il n'en a tiré aucun parti. Il reconnoit la sottise et l'incapacité de son Ministère, mais il ne sait pas prendre la résolution de le changer, pour dire vrai, il ne se présente nulle-part des hommes de talent pour remplacer ceux qu'il faudroit renvoyer. Il veut trop gouverner, et je n'en suis pas surpris, car c'est son existence qui est en jeu, et non le système de son gouvernement, en sorte qu'il répugne à se laisser mener par son Ministère, comme un voyageur répugne à lâcher la bride à son mulet quand il parcourt un chemin le long des précipices, et pourtant il n'a pas une volonté assez ferme, il ne peut pas tenir la bride qu'il ne sait pas lâcher.

Chênes, près Genève, 13 Janvier, 1833.

Je suis bien reconnaissant, chère Miss Cornwallis, de la constante amitié que je trouve dans vos lettres, et plus j'avance dans la vie, plus je vois tomber successivement autour de moi, ceux avec lequels je l'ai commencée, ceux dont j'espérois voir durer la vie autant que la mienne, plus je m'attache avec attendrissement et reconnoissance à une amie de quarante ans, à une amie qui se souvient de moi presque d'aussi loin qu'elle se souvient d'aucune chose. Ce sentiment reprend peut-être aujourd'hui une teinte plus mélancolique aussi bien que plus tendre, parcequ'il y a moins de 24 heures que j'ai perdu une amie plus ancienne encore que vous, une amie de mon âge, ma voisine d'enfance, et après que nous avions changé tous deux de demeure, ma voisine jusqu'à sa mort. . . . Nous pouvons, chère Miss Cornwallis, tirer quelque vanité de notre amitié; elle a résisté à de grandes épreuves, avant tout une si longue absence, une séparation pendant laquelle nous avons cru dans une direction différente, et nous nous sommes retrouvés après tant de longues années de tout autres êtres que nous ne nous etions devinés; enfin une grande opposition dans nos sentiments politiques. Le hasard a fait que je me trouve

prendre un intérêt presque aussi vif que vous aux dissensions de votre propre pays, et en particulier aux derniers élections. Je me suis intéressé à celle de trois de mes beaux-frères, tous trois appartenant au parti qui a triomphé, celui des Whigs, par opposition aux Conservatives et aux Radicaux. . . .

Je fus fort frappé en voyant dans les journaux, il y a un mois environ, la mort de notre vieux ami, Dr. Lettice. N'ayant plus eu depuis si longtemps aucune espèce de communication avec lui, ce ne pouvoit être du chagrin que je ressentois, mais de l'étonnement sur la durée possible de la vie. En effet, lorsque je l'ai connu pour la dernière fois, il etoit alors ou à peu près, à l'âge où je suis parvenu à présent; combien il s'en faut que je puisse attendre un avenir aussi long que ce passé. Quelles révolutions ces quarante années ont produites! Et combien le monde me paroîtroit étrange, si comme lui j'atteignois 96 ans, je pouvois le voir dans 36 ans d'ici. Je n'en ai, je vous assure, nulle envie. Il me suffiroit de pouvoir vivre et travailler le quart de cette période, neuf ans seulement, pour terminer mon grand ouvrage, où le conduire du moins jusqu'à une période où il voudroit autant qu'un autre le continue au lieu de moi. . . . . J'ai pu donner beaucoup plus de temps au travail par la résolution que nous avons prise de passer l'hiver à la campagne. C'est celle où vous nous avez vus; nous sommes assez près pour aller passer très fréquemment nos soirées à la ville, mais je me dispense presque absolument d'aller au conseil. J'ai trop à faire à arranger les affaires du seizième siècle, pour me donner la peine d'arranger aussi celles du 19ème Notre politique de Suisse paroit fort embrouillée, et si parfois vous en trouvez quelques détails dans vos journaux, vous nous croyez peut-être sur un volcan. Il y a pourtant une illusion qu'on se fait presque toujours sur les vieilles Républiques; on ne connoit pas l'esprit d'ordre et de sagesse qui amène les masses, et qui fait que tout cette fermentation en paroles, très bonne pour remplir les journaux, est à peine sentie dans le pays même. Le lendemain d'une assemblée où l'on a paru fort echauffée, chacun retourne à ses affaires, laboure son champ, rentre sa récolte, et n'y songe plus pendant six mois, en attendant il ne

se commet pas une violence, il ne se donne pas un coup de poing, et les ennemis politiques dans la vie inférieure boivent tranquillement ensemble au cabaret; dans la supérieure s'asseyent à la même table de whist.

Chênes, 6 Mars, 1834.

. . . . . .

. . . . Sur un autre sujet, les peines causés par un manque de sympathie, un manque d'affection, ce n'est pas l'épine la moins cruelle de ce genre de peines, qu'elle s'enveniment en les avouant. On sent que les paroles leur donnent un corps. Quand on a créé ce spectre, en le confessant, en le détaillant, on le voit toujours devant ses yeux et il vous effraye ensuite. Je conçois, ma pauvre amie, combien votre vie a été triste: une vie qui, jugée par ses circonstances extérieures, auroit paru heureuse. Une famille respectée, une aisance qui vous a à peine laissée connôitre un obstacle à vos désirs dans la fortune, une constitution que je crois auroit été vigoureuse, si les peines de l'âme ne l'avoient pas rongée, une grande puissance de facultés qui vous a permise de diriger votre esprit même vers les études les plus fortes, un succès abondant dans les études; des amis plus distingués, plus riches en idées que vous ne deviez naturellement vous attendre a les rencontrer dans une vie solitaire de campagne; un beau pays, et une nation heureuse. . . . . Que vous avez raison de regarder comme le but auquel nous devons tendre l'union du christianisme avec la philosophie, le progrès par conséquent de tous les peuples vers une seule vérité qui les reunira tous. C'est déjà admettre la puissance de la raison, comme la seule mesure qui nous ait été donnée, quelque défecteuse qu'elle soit, pour distinguer le vrai du faux; c'est encore recevoir la direction de la raison, pour suivre dans les recherches religieuses elles-mêmes seulement les parties que la raison peut atteindre.

C'est ce qu'il est impossible de prouver qu'on établit par l'intolérance, c'est lorsqu'il est le plus difficile de croire qu'il est le moins permis de douter, et comme toutes les sectes

chrétiennes en appellant au même livre, où chacune trouve tout ce qu'elle veut, chacune ne peut préférer son interprétation aux autres qu'en se reposant sur une inspiration personelle. Je crois que—n'est pas loin de l'avouer; il croit que le St. Esprit parle en lui et le seul prophète s'il n'ose pas le dire. Il est intolérant parcequ'une révolte contre sa pensée infaillible lui semble une révolte contre Dieu, alors il se croit le droit, le devoir d'être dur et insensible. Combien il seroit étonné s'il voyait tout à coup, que ce qu'il a cru être en lui le triomphe de la foi et de la grâce, n'etoit que le triomphe de sa vanité, qui se deifioit lui-même.

Chênes, 1re Juin, 1834.

. . . . . .

. . . . Je suis heureux de penser que vous vous faites quelque plaisir de me revoir, et ce désir, cette volonté suffiroit surement pour vaincre les obstacles, si je vis. Ce doute il est vrai se réprésente tous les jours quand on a passé soixante ans, et la rapidité avec laquelle la mort et la malheur frappent autour de nous m'avertit plus fortement encore que le terme est prochain. Vous avez bien plus de temps devant vous, chère amie, car je n'oublie point qu'au temps où notre liaïson a commencé, j'etois l'ami de votre mère bien plus que le votre. Cependant vous aussi vous avez eu déjà une carrière assez longue pour pouvoir regarder en arrière avec quelque complaisance, avec plus de sérénité et de resignation que peut-être vous n'en trouvez à présent dans votre cœur. Vous avez, il est vrai, eu toujours à lutter avec une santé foible et menaçante, mais vous avez été richement partager en jouissances, et par le développement de votre intelligence, et l'etendue des connoissances que vous avez acquises, et par les hommes distingués avec lesquels vous avez été liée, et par les beautés des arts et de la nature que vous avez été appelée à voir, et que vous saviez si bien gouter, à Londres, en France, en Italie. Comparez votre lot tout entier à celui de votre mère, qui elle aussi avoit été si bien douée par la nature, et vous trouverez que vous avez été bien mieux partagée qu'elle. Vous avez eu plus de jouissances, vous avez eu

moins de douleurs. Vous trouverez peut-être l'indication d'une grande tristesse dans cette manière de juger la vie en bloc, comme si elle etoit finie, ne tenant compte que de son passé, regardant par avance comme calmés les regrets du jour, et comparant les douleurs à d'autres douleurs, comme un lot nécessaire. Il est vrai; je suis particulièrement triste aujourd'hui. Ce matin est morte après d'atroces douleurs, la fille d'une de nos amies, de Mrs. Marcet, bien connue en Angleterre par sa *Conversations on Chemistry*. C'etoit une femme de 25 ans, d'une charmante figure, riche, adorée de son mari, jouissant de son bonheur presque jusqu'à l'ivresse. La mère faisait un voyage de plaisir, on ne sait point encore qu'elle ait reçu la nouvelle de sa maladie, et elle arrivera pour trouver le tombeau refermé. . . . Vous savez que je suis bien eloigné des idées dogmatiques de Madame votre mère, mais je prends les maux comme des agens qui nous ont été donnés pour notre éducation morale, si nous savons en faire usage, et je dis à moi-même, à ceux que j'aime, et à vous, par conséquent, profitons en et soumettons nous.

Chênes, 12 Oct. 1835.

. . . . . .

. . . . Vous êtes également, chère amie, entourée d'objets lugubres, et ceux-là aussi m'ont été très chère. Il y a quarante-trois ans que je fis connaissance avec Mrs. Cornwallis, et alors elle nous montra cette hospitalité Anglaise, cette hospitalité du cœur, qui est une vertu, et non pas un usage du monde; cette hospitalité qui s'attache à vous non pas parceque vous êtes introduits, ou bien placée dans le monde, mais parceque vous êtes étrangers, tristes et sans amis. Elle nous donna ce dont nous avions besoin, une tendre affection; elle était jolie, elle avait de l'instruction, de l'esprit, de la gaieté, une seule pensée ne dominait point alors son imagination; elle appartenoit au monde où elle était placée, elle l'ornoit et y faisoit du bien. Autant que je vivrai je lui conserverai de la reconnoissance pour nous avoir rendu dans l'exil le sentiment de la patrie. Parlez lui, je vous en prie,

chère amie, et de ma tendre affection, et de ma sympathie dans ses souffrances. Sans doute vous ne pouvez point penser à présent à vous éloigner d'elle, mais je ne vois pas même pourquoi vous y penseriez dans un autre tems. Plus on avance dans la vie et plus ces habitudes errantes qui font illusion pendant qu'elles durent, et qu'on prend tour à tour pour de l'occupation ou pour du plaisir, laissent de vide dans l'âme. Elles sont mauvaises parcequ'elles brisent tous les liens, toutes les associations avec ce qu'on doit aimer; elles sont mauvaises parcequ'elles font oublier tous les devoirs envers la patrie. Je me reprocherois de vous avoir engagé dans votre premier voyage si je vous avois fait ainsi contracter l'habitude de ne pouvoir être heureuse dans l'heureuse Angleterre.

. . . . . .

Ma femme vous envoye son affectueux souvenir. Recevrez aussi l'expression de ma vieille et inaltérable amitié.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

Botteghino, 2 Mars, 1836.

C'est ici, ma bonne amie, que je reçois votre lettre du 9 Février, qui m'a été renvoyée de Genève. J'avois déjà appris, je crois par *Galignani*, la mort de votre digne mère, et j'en avois reçu cette impression non pas triste mais sérieuse que me cause le départ successif de tous ceux dont j'avois partagé l'amitié avec mes parens, de tous ceux qui m'ont précédé de quelques pas dans la vie. J'ai connu Mrs. Cornwallis douée de toutes les grâces féminines, d'un esprit fin et vrai, d'un jugement juste, d'un cœur sensible. Toute la famille ici vous présente ses souvenirs affectueux, ma femme et ma belle-sœur y joignent les leurs; et quant à mon vieux attachement, j'espère bien que vous y comptez pour le reste de ma vie.

Rome, 12 Avril, 1837.

. . . . . .

. . . Votre lettre m'a vivement affligé en me faisant sentir combien peu votre esprit étoit en repos, combien vous étiez

peu contente de votre situation, combien la mort de Madame Cornwallis vous a laissé isolée, deracinée sur la terre. La brouillerie avec —— ajoute encore de nouvelles épines. Je suis peut-être beaucoup trop disposé à ressentir un préjugé contre les Saints, et à souhaiter de n'avoir jamais d'affaires d'argent avec eux; ceux que j'ai connu ne m'ont jamais paru ni animés par cette scrupuleuse délicatesse qui pour juger de ses intérêts commence toujours par se mettre à la place de ceux qui ont un intérêt directement contraire, ni remplis de l'idée que leur richesse leur impose des devoirs à remplir, au lieu de ne leur être donnée que pour satisfaire leurs goûts. En tout, même en laissant de côté l'hypocrisie, ce ne sont point vos *serious people*, vos gens tout occupés de religion, qui me paroissent les plus gens de bien. Nos facultés sont tellement bornées, notre pouvoir d'attention si limité, que nous ne nous dévouons jamais à une poursuite sans abandonner les autres, et sans abandonner le plus celle surtout qui a le plus de rapport avec notre goût exclusif. Ainsi vos *serious people* ont tous vu dans la religion la théologie, et se sont attachés à bien posséder les doctrines orthodoxes, et le tems même qu'ils leur ont donné a été ôté de l'étude de la morale. Ils ont cru trouver celle-ci toute préparée pour leur usage dans l'évangile; c'est encore une erreur. L'évangile est inspiré par une douce morale, mais il ne contient pas plus un traité de morale qu'un code de lois. C'est dans l'étude du cœur humain, c'est dans les principes de la bienveillance qu'il faut chercher la morale et la déduire par un raisonnement régulier; alors on la retrouve d'accord soit avec le sentiment soit avec l'évangile; quand on suit la marche contraire on ne trouve que des commandemens détachés, et il est merveilleux de voir comme l'égoïsme sait passer entre deux pour se servir toujours soi-même, combien, *tu ne voleras point*, laisse encore de latitude, pour s'approprier le bien d'autrui. Mais laissons—qui après tout je ne connais point—laissons la sensualité et la vanité qui me choquent souvent ici dans vos saints, grands observateurs du Dimanche, et tout autrement larges dans l'intelligence de tous les autres commandemens. Je ne puis m'empêcher de

vous souhaiter les habitudes sédentaires comme un des plus grands moyens de remplacer les affections, peut-être de les faire renaître. Votre vie trop errante, le changement continuel de vos études comme de vos *acquaintances* dont vous me parlez dans cette lettre, ne sont pas, il s'en faut de beaucoup des moyens de bonheur. . . . . Adieu, chère Miss Cornwallis; ne traitez pas trop légèrement mes conseils, et croyez à mon tendre attachement. Ma femme vous envoye ses complimens les plus empressés.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

Chênes, 25 Février, 1839.

Je ne suis pas moins frappé que vous, chère amie, de la frivolité croissante des auteurs et des lecteurs, et c'est tout au plus si je l'explique avec autant de bienveillance et d'espérance. Dans les derniers siècles on a beaucoup souffert du patronage des gens de lettres par les grands. Ceux-ci les rendoient serviles, menteurs, ils n'encouragoient guère que ceux qui flattoient leurs passions. Nous sommes tombés aujourd'hui sous le patronage des petits. A tout prendre nous avons peut-être gagné au change, cependant nous éprouvons vivement aussi des inconvéniens de ce que tout travail d'esprit est destiné désormais à flatter les goûts de la médiocrité, médiocrité de savoir et d'intelligence, comme médiocrité de fortune, gens occupés, affairés, qui ne donnent à la pensée que la demie de leur tems, qui veulent savoir vîte, et qui demandent sur toute chose qu'on leur économise le travail.

Je serois fort embarrassé de vous recommander des livres dans la littérature Française; je crois qu'il en paroit fort peu qui aient un vrai mérite, mais de plus j'en lis fort peu; je suis tellement accablé par la bibliothéque qu'il me faut dévorer pour mon histoire de France, que je n'ai ensuite ni courage ni organes pour ce qui ne s'y rapporte pas. De plus mes goûts ne m'attirent pas vers les lectures que vous préferez, ni les sciences naturelles, ni la métaphysique; je n'ai en particulier jamais lu une ligne de *l'Herminie*. Notre Suisse est

à présent assez agitée par les conséquences d'un livre qui a fait infiniment de bruit en Allemagne, "Das Leben Jesu, von Strauss." Il avoit perdu sa place de professeur à Tubingen, et il vient d'être appelé à Zurich. Le clergé, et la grande masse de la population qui obéit à son influence, ont protesté contre cette nomination, et forceront probablement le gouvernement de Zurich à l'annuler, où tout au moins à faire dire sous main à Strauss de ne pas l'accepter. Strauss est un homme et religieux, et fort savant, mais qui a causé en Allemagne un assez grand scandale par la hardiesse de ses doctrines. Frappé des contradictions assez nombreuses entre les quatre évangiles, de toutes les histoires de démoniaques qui ne se trouvent que dans St. Matthieu, et qui tiennent aux superstitions des Juifs, du tems assez long qui s'est écoulé entre la mort de Jésus et la composition des évangiles, des marques enfin qu'on trouve dans ceux-ci d'un récit primitif, que chaque écrivain a modifié selon l'esprit qui lui étoit propre, il a cherché à séparer les faits réels d'avec le surnaturel que la tradition y a ajouté après coup: il l'a fait de bonne foi, et avec une logique serrée et une immense érudition; mais sur un plan si complet que ses lecteurs ont été effrayés des morceaux de ruines dont ils s'entouroient et du peu qui restoit debout. Un tel travail dans les universités d'Allemagne, où le pour et le contre sont examinés avec scrupule, où chaque opinion trouve des défendeurs, où la passion ne prévaut pas sur la vraie science, et où ce ne sont pas les femmes qui menent le branle, étoit à peu près sans inconvénients admis ou rejete qu'il fut, il approchoit toujours plus de la vérité; mais c'étoit une haute inconvenance au gouvernement de Zurich d'appeler ce docteur seul en quelque sorte, et en opposition avec la masse du clergé pour diriger l'éducation ecclésiastique. C'étoit prendre parti sur des questions scientifiques que ceux qui les décidaient n'entendoient pas, et prende parti contre la religion. Le docteur Strauss est chrétien de très bonne foi lui-même, quoiqu'à sa manière, tandisque ceux qui l'ont appelé paroissent l'avoir fait en haine du christianisme. Aussi leur nomination pourroit bien amener une réaction en faveur de l'orthodoxie, qui ne vaudra pas mieux que cette nomination même.

Ma femme vous prie d'agréer son affectueux souvenir. Moi je porte le mieux que je puis ma vieillesse; je travaille comme si elle ne m'avoit pas déjà atteint, et je preserve aussi toute mon affection pour mes vieux amis.

Croyez à toute sa sincerité,

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

Chênes, 9 Mars, 1839.

. . . . . .

Je suis charmé que vous vous procuriez le livre de Strauss. Si j'avois le tems il exciteroit fort ma curiosité, et en tout les travaux des rationalistes Allemands, me semblent de toute manière dignes d'estime, et par la parfaite bonne foi avec laquelle ils y sont engagés, et par le but qui n'a jamais été de leur part d'ébranler ou les appuis donnés à la morale, ou les consolations religieuses, et enfin par l'étendue du savoir, la puissance de la vraie critique qu'ils y ont déployée. Depuis la réformation tous les chrétiens sont plus ou moins rationalistes, plus ou moins ils cherchent à mettre d'accord ce qui leur est indiqué d'une part comme des vérités révélées, de l'autre comme des vérités démontrées par le progrès de la science. Il n'y a plus personne, je pense, qui voulut aller chercher ses notions d'astronomie, ou de géologie, ou d'histoire naturelle dans la Genése, il y en a fort peu qui prennent encore leur démonologie dans l'évangile. Cependant, la formation du ciel avec la moitié des eaux, dont l'autre moitié fut employée à faire la mer, est racontée tout aussi expressement, tout aussi dogmatiquement, que la création de l'homme. Il est singulier qu'on se soit contenté de cette conclusion, "dans ce récit tout ce qui a pu être soumis depuis à l'expérience s'est trouvé n'être pas vrai, mais tout ce qu'on n'a pas pu examiner est indubitable." Quoiqu'il en soit, dès les premières lignes des livres révélés on est appelé à reconnoître qu'il faut avoir recours à la critique pour les juger, et que tout ce qu'ils contiennent ne doit pas être reçu sans examen. Sous ce rapport les critiques Allemands ont rendu un grand service en appelant

toujours la science des faits, la science morale, et la raison à rectifier, à épurer les traditions du vieux monde. Mais après avoir soulevé ce premier doute, je retourne—moins qu'ils ne font, aux origines. C'est dans son état actuel que je prens le christianisme que je l'aime, et que je l'accepte; c'est comme une religion qui a cru avec le monde, qui a été éclairée de la science des siècles, qui a été enrichie de tous les progrès de la poésie et de l'expérience, qui est perfectible comme le genre humain, et qui est destinée à se perfectionner encore. De même que notre idée de l'univers est beaucoup plus grande que celle qu'on en pouvoit avoir au siècle d'Auguste, notre idée de Dieu est bien plus grande aussi, bien plus parfaite. Le ciel s'est écroulé sous nos télescopes; mais depuis que Dieu n'est plus au ciel il est partout. Son éternité, sa puissance infinie, sa bonté, sa justice, nous sont plus accessibles depuis que nous lui avons ôté ce visage humain et ces passions humaines dont l'homme l'avoit revêtu. Il en est de même de l'immortalité de l'âme, c'est une notion qui a bien grandi depuis les phrases par lesquelles elle se trouvoit exprimée autrefois. Si l'on faisoit l'histoire des mots employés dans le langage religieux, on seroit confondu de voir à quel point chacun d'eux a changé de sens, comme ils se sont étendus avec les idées. A mes yeux la religion est le dépôt de ce que le genre humain a de plus précieux, il n'y a pas un de ses progrès, pas une de ses découvertes, qu'il n'y fasse entrer. Malheureusement une partie de la place est déjà occupée par de la friperie (rubbishes) et l'on n'a point encore trouvé de procédé convenable pour les déménager.

Ne croyez point, chère amie, que je sois *ungallant* pour les femmes, que je leur refuse la part prodigieuse que leur intelligence doit tenir dans le monde, ou que je ne sente pas tout le bien qu'on peut espérer de leur influence. Mais je ne crois point que les facultés des femmes et celles des hommes soient les mêmes; je désire que les uns et les autres contribuent à leur manière, sans usurper le rôle les uns des autres, au bonheur, au développement de tous. Les qualités du cœur sont celles par lesquelles avant toutes les autres vous l'emportez

sur nous : ces qualités même, et cette mobilité, sont causes que toutes vos opinions se traduisent en amour et en haine ; que dans une discussion, ou de politique, ou de religion, ou de philosophie, vous avez décidé que l'un est un honnête homme, l'autre est un coquin, parcequ'ils soutiennent tel ou tel système plutôt que d'examiner le système. Eh bien, je serois bien fâché que vous renonçassiez à cette sensibilité, à cette impetuosité : appelée pour votre part à faire des hommes, je ne mets que fort peu d'importance aux notions vraies ou fausses de science que vous pourriez implanter en eux durant leurs premières années ; j'en mets une infinie aux sentimens que vous développez en eux. Dieu garde les enfans de mères qui seroient hommes ; il n'y auroit plus de jeunesse pour eux, plus d'enthousiasme, plus de dévouement, peut-être plus de pitié. Que —— demande puisqu'elle le veut ses droits de citoyen, mais qu'elle renonce à porter des jupons. Il est très vrai qu'il y a quelque chose de masculin dans son esprit et son caractère, mais c'est une erreur de la nature, ou plutôt, c'est un bienfait de la Providence de ne lui avoir point donné d'enfans.

Chênes, 23 Février, 1840.

C'est bien vous qui me deviez une lettre, ma bonne amie, mais je ne m'en plains pas, car vous venez de me payer cette dette de la manière la plus agréable. Un des plaisirs qu'elle m'a fait éprouver c'est de vous peindre à moi dans une disposition d'esprit plus heureuse qu'aucune des précédentes. J'en fais honneur en partie à votre nouvelle résidence, où il me semble que vous vous trouvez bien et comfortablement établie ; en partie aux heureuses que vous faites autour de vous, et certes vous ne pouviez prendre un moyen plus sûr d'en faire que d'inviter deux amans à se rencontrer et à passer un mois chez vous.

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. . . . Vous m'avez tout-à-fait guéri de l'envie de lire Strauss. Il y a quelque chose de vrai et d'important dans l'étude de la formation des traditions, mais quand on en fait un système,

comme la classification des mythes, on se fausse nécessairement l'esprit. Je ne me refuse point à croire aux miracles, seulement pour les admettre il faut qu'ils soient beaucoup mieux attestés que les simples faits historiques. De même je ne conteste point la bonne foi des évangélistes; mais je remarque qu'ils ne parlent pas comme témoins eux-mêmes de ce qu'ils racontent. Il n'y a rien de personnel dans leur récit, et en cela ils diffèrent essentiellement de ceux qui ont écrit les épîtres. Ni les uns ni les autres ne nous disent expressément qu'ils sont inspirés; il faut donc les prendre pour des témoignages humains, et comme tels ils prêtent fort à la critique; soit quand ils s'accordent, soit quand ils ne s'accordent pas, car les faits historiques sont établis par la concordance d'écrivains qui ont des préjugés ou des intérêts opposés, ce qui n'est pas le cas en eux. Leur goût du merveilleux et leur manque de critique me frappe, et il ne me semble pas que votre argument pour leur adoption des opinions superstitieuses de leur pays soit concluant, *because they weré harmless;* car en faisant croire aux possessions et à la magie ils ont contribué pendant 1800 ans à toutes les persécutions, les supplices, et les abominations qui ont été la conséquence de ces superstitions sur toute la face du monde chrétien. Aussi je vais chercher le christianisme plutôt dans ce qu'il est devenu que dans ce qu'il étoit à son origine. Quelles qu'aient été les révélations et la divinité sur lesquelles le long cours des âges et l'influence des passions humaines ont étendu un voile, le christianisme s'est enrichi de toutes les méditations pieuses, de toutes les études sur le cœur humain, de tout ce que l'amour de la divinité a inspiré aux hommes de plus beau et de plus pur, pendant une longue suite de siècles, et avec toute l'expérience que donnent des tems de prospérité et d'adversité, de barbarie, et de civilisation. Tel qu'il est prêché dans les églises réformées les plus pures, il est le plus beau corps de doctrines et d'enseignement moral qui existe. C'est là que j'aime à le voir, et que comme toutes les choses confiées aux hommes par la divinité, j'espère et je crois qu'il se développera et se perfectionnera encore. Tandisque tous les efforts

qu'on fait pour retourner en arrière, pour le saisir dans des monumens qui n'ont point été exempts d'altération, et que chaque siècle a changé et change encore par ses interprétations, me semble n'avoir d'autre effet que de lui ôter de sa beauté et de son utilité.

Tenby, Lundi, 22 Juin, 1840.

Chère Miss Cornwallis—Il y a déjà six semaines que vous avez eu la bonté de m'écrire une lettre toute affectueuse, toute hospitalière, où vous m'invitiez à profiter de mon prochain séjour à Londres pour aller vous voir, mais vous m'adressiez cette lettre à Génève d'où j'étais parti depuis quinze jours. Nous avions déjà commencé notre vie errante qui doit continuer quelque tems encore, et il était presqu' impossible que votre lettre qui me fut renvoyée, m'atteignit ailleurs qu'ici à l'extrémité du pays de Galles, où nous faisons un séjour un peu plus long qu'ailleurs. . . . . .

. . . Le tems nous presse. Avec l'intention de naviguer sur le Rhin, il est bien important de dévancer les brouillards; c'est ce qui nous force de tracer notre itinéraire d'une manière si positive; et je vois avec bien de regret qu'il nous éloigne toujours plus de vous. Recevez, cependant, tous mes remercimens de votre invitation si hospitalière, et l'expression de mes regrets de n'avoir pu en profiter. Aujourd'hui je me trouve aussi loin de vous que si j'étois encore à Paris. . . . . .

Avant de quitter Tenby j'ai encore le tems, chère amie, de recevoir ici une lettre de vous. Ayez donc la bonté de me l'adresser chez ——. Croyez à mon tendre attachement, et recevez les complimens de ma femme.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

Chênes, 1er de l'an, 1842.

Ma bonne amie—J'ai reçu il y a déjà quelques jours, et je ne sais encore par quel moyen, le magnifique présent que vous m'avez envoyé, les trois premières livraisons des Portraits of

Wild Animals by W. Cornwallis Harris. Je les avois acceptés d'avance avec reconnoissance, mais je ne me figurois point alors que ce fut quelque chose de si splendide. La grandeur du papier, la beauté de l'impression, l'éclat des gravures colorées en font un livre bien plus digne des galeries royales que de ma pauvre habitation. . . . . Cependant je n'en suis encore qu'à l'extérieur de ce beau livre, à ses gravures. Je n'ai encore en de suite aucune de ces chasses qui me semblent écrités avec tant d'ardeur et de vie; ce sera une des jouissances de mon premier repos.

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. . . . N'admirez vous pas la hardiesse de l'homme qui fait de si longs projets, qui prend possession de deux années d'avance, en même tems qu'il se sent vieux et malade? Au fait cette hardiesse n'est que dans le langage. Il faut bien parler de l'avenir puisqu'il existera du moins pour quelqu'un, mais personne n'y compte moins que moi, n'a moins que moi la confiance qu'il le verra. Parlons donc seulement du passé; où vous êtes depuis bien long-tems dans ma vie, et du présent, où je sens que je vous suis bien tendrement attaché.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

THE END.

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